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SIXTY-SIX YEARS AGO—WASHINGTON AT BOSTON.

"They come, the shapes of joy and woe,
The airy crowds of long ago,
The dreams and fancies known of yore,
That have been, and shall be no more;
They change the cloisters of the night
Into a garden of delight—
They make the dark and dreary hours
Open and blossom into flowers!"

I HAVE sometimes the privilege of passing a few hours with an aged and invalid friend, now residing, in much seclusion, in one of the larger towns of New England.

Her youth was spent in Boston, with those advantages of society which wealth, beauty, and attractive manners, will always command. The recollections of such a person, reaching back through a period of nearly eighty-five years, must, of course, be full of interest, from the many persons of note with whom she has been associated, and the varied scenes and vicissitudes incident to so prolonged a life.

Recently, while passing a day with this venerable lady, some one brought, for her amusement, "The Republican Court." The author would most assuredly have been gratified, could he have witnessed the satisfaction and heard the expressions of delight with which leaf after leaf was turned, and faces and names recognized which were familiar so many years ago.

At the request of our old friend, we read to her the chapter containing Washington's Northern Tour—most of the incidents of which she recalled, and with much more de-

tail. When we followed the chieftain into the metropolis, and paused with him before the spot from which this lady witnessed his entrance, it seemed as if the scene were passing again before her eye. She still beheld that august and venerated form, heard the gratulations and plaudits of the people—witnessing and sharing in the excitement of the gathered multitude.

With clasped hands and tears in her eyes, she told me of his grand and stately presence, of his sweet and cordial smile, and the dignity and amenity of his bearing. She assured me her recollections of Washington were so clear and vivid, and his features so indelibly impressed upon her mind, that, if an artist, she could have painted him from memory. She recalled, with equal distinctness, his triumphal entrance into the city, and the ball afterwards given in his honor.

There was great note of preparation, when it was certainly known that our first President would visit Boston, and other of the larger towns of New England. It was not confined to the military, and others in authority, but it extended through all classes of social life.

His former companions in the field

(and there were many here) rejoiced that they should look once more on the beloved face of their general. The young were carried away by a perfect furor of enthusiasm. Women, old and young, were full of joyful excitement and festal preparation. As the day approached, the town had apparently doubled its population.

Country cousins were suddenly smitten with an affectionate interest in their city relatives, and felt and expressed a strong necessity for inquiring personally into their welfare. Gifts of rural dainties arrived from distant regions, accompanied by intimations that the donors had never seen Washington. Unstinted hospitality was a characteristic of Boston, and, indeed, of all New England, in those good old days. It was the custom of the time, practiced by all classes, and enforced, as one of the practical virtues, in the education of the young.

There were, then, but few boarding-houses and taverns, and no large hotels. The army of country people, however, who, on this occasion, made good their entrance into the capital, were cordially welcomed and entertained. They came in every variety of wheeled thing then in use—the coach, chariot, square-topped chaise, sulky, and wagon. Many came on horseback; great numbers on foot; but the larger part of this immense multitude were brought in covered carts or wagons, such as would accommodate a large family, and enable the farmers and their wives to extend a kindness, and make up social parties of their less fortunate country neighbors.

At an early hour, on the 25th of October, 1789, a continuous stream of these vehicles poured into the capital of Massachusetts. Some were open and uncovered, with chairs and cushioned seats for the elders—benches, and other temporary arrangements, for the young people. They were such carriages, borrowed from the farm, as are still frequently called into use, in the rural districts, for picnics and country merry-makings—and as well furnished, undoubtedly, with store of good things, carefully packed under the seats.

These spacious carriages stood, through the day, in rows, in some of the unfrequented streets in the outskirts—which are now in the very heart of the city. The horses were unhitched, and

supplied with fodder brought by themselves. These parties, excepting those who had friends residing on the line of the procession, would usually make their way to swell the crowd on the common, or in the main street. Boys, from the schools, were arranging on the common—each lad bearing a large quill, as his badge of scholarship.

My narrator viewed the procession from a building on the south corner of Queen and Maine streets. The lower part of Washington street, from School street to the northern extremity, was formerly known as Maine, or the main street, and sometimes known as Cornhill—this last term has been retained almost to the present day. No part of Washington (still the main street of Boston) was named for the President, until after his reception on this occasion. Queen is now Court street. I will say here that, though State street had, at that time, dropped its original name of King street, it is more agreeable to me, as I am writing of the last century, to retain that, and other of the earlier names. The position of my friend would naturally have been one of the best in the city, for a quiet spectator, from its vicinity to a triumphal arch, and being nearly opposite the old State House. Temporary balconies, hung on the outside with flags and other draperies, were thrown out from this and, probably, other buildings. I asked my narrator if these seats, or standing-places, were to let, and received the indignant reply that no one in Boston would have been guilty of what would have been accounted so mean an act—the receiving money on such an occasion. The balconies were erected by the liberal and public-spirited proprietors, or occupants of the stores—intended more particularly for the accommodation of their own families and personal friends, but freely open to others.

Here was congregated a brilliant and fashionable assemblage of ladies, though it was necessary to secure places at an early hour, and maintain them with some energy, from the great pressure of the crowd. Projecting from the lower windows of many of the stores, at that time, were platforms or shelves, overhanging the sidewalk. The corners were rounded, and they were intended for the display of articles to be disposed of within. The city fathers would not,

in those days, allow such an encroachment on the narrow streets, even to the most favored of their children. Very possibly the old buildings stood further back than now; consequently, the street would be wider, at that time. These little platforms were eagerly sought, as "coigns of vantage," giving the opportunity of sitting, when fatigued, and, in standing, a commanding view over the heads of the surrounding crowd.

I must call your attention here to the old State House—long may it stand! It was then frequently called the Town House; the lower floor being used by the selectmen, and others in authority, for such business as is usually transacted in town-meetings. Their entrance was from Cornhill. That part of the building belonging to the State—the Governor's chamber, Hall of Representatives, and the like—was the second story; the entrance entirely distinct, being a high flight of steps on the back, or, perhaps, the true front of the building, in King street.

A temporary balcony, light, but with a bold and circular projection, was erected on the main street front. It was supported by pillars, and richly draped and decorated. The inside was covered with a costly Persian carpet, and furnished with couches and cushions. A large arm-chair, sacred to the distinguished guest, was in the centre—which quite overhung the street. Behind this chair was raised, on a high pedestal, a statue, representing peace with her olive branch—or was it plenty? for there was also the cornucopia.

Here, also, from the south corner of Queen to King street, was the triumphal arch, quite high, and raised, artistically and scientifically, on two smaller arches. Above all this was a platform, or gallery, with a light balustrade. And here, in great glory, sits Mr. Daniel Rea, with his musical associates; we quite envy their commanding view of the scene. Above them is a canopy, surmounted by a large gold eagle. The whole is set off with mottoes, shields, banners, and the like, and is altogether splendid.

The day, unfortunately, was very cold, cloudy, and blustering. One of the most uncomfortable days of the early spring seemed to have found its way into beautiful and genial October; but no rain fell, and the clouds gradually dissipated.

Let us take a view of the dense mul-

titude closely packed in the street beneath our balcony. We shall have plenty of time; for Governor Hancock keeps us waiting five mortal hours, till preliminary questions and etiquettes are satisfactorily settled—in the mean time, Washington cannot enter the city. Very many of these people are from the country—sturdy, athletic farmers, with their ruddy-cheeked wives and blooming daughters, then, as now, intelligent, well-dressed, and self-respecting. This large proportion of country people, in the streets, is owing to the residents generally having freer access to the houses, where they view the scene from window, balcony, or roof. Then, many citizens are in the procession, and most of the boys on the common. In all this crowd, there is no one in rags—no one with the appearance of great poverty. The French gentlemen present might have asked, as their countryman, Lafayette, did, at a later day: "Where is your *cannaille*?" Yet, many here, but a few short years since, hungered and thirsted, and were without shoes or beds in their winter encampments; or lying, ill and maimed, in temporary hospitals, apart from their families, and without the comforts of home.

There are some here, with deep scars won in battle, leaning on crutches, or with a loose and empty sleeve, buttoned over the breast. They fall into groups, and are kindly put forward by the crowd, that they may catch the eye, or touch the hand of their old commander.

Little French midshipmen are floating about, with an eye on the French sailors on shore, from their vessels, for the day. The sailors with one eye on their youthful commanders, and the other for the blooming damsels beside them. Both midshipmen and sailors are bandying jests and exchanging practical jokes with the good-natured crowd. Officials, with gold-laced hats, and badges of office, stand on the steps of the State House, and aid in keeping the street sufficiently open.

A long procession, representing the different trades and professions of the city, lead from here to the Roxbury line. They have, each, a white silk banner, appropriately painted, and richly ornamented.

They stand in open lines, leaving a space in the centre of the street, for the chieftain, with his military escort, and

the attending citizens and strangers to pass through. We think the mariners, from the shipping then in port, keep open the passage, in this part of the city. There is a great variety, and much picturesqueness in the costume. The long-waisted garment, with its peculiar collar, immense cuffs, and capacious pockets; the ample and long vest, and ruffled shirt; the small-clothes, of leather, corduroy, or velveteen; the cocked hat, with its large sides to turn downward, as a shelter in stormy weather; the shoe and knee buckles, and gathering of the hair in a queue, or a bag, are all equally familiar. But this is the dress of the gentleman of the period. Many of these honest yeomen are clad in homespun suits, manufactured from the coarse native wool—the produce of their own farms, all the varied processes of cleansing, combing, and carding, spinning, weaving, and dyeing, being performed under their own roof-trees. Nut brown was a favorite color—being a dye of domestic manufacture. The best was frequently of bright red, on a black and white stripe of home-made material.

High boots accompanied this dress, or, frequently, stout leggings, or gaiters over the leather shoe. The broad-leaved hat was somewhat rolled at the side, showing an affinity, or family likeness to the cocked hat of the wealthier classes.

How shall I describe the women? During the war, there was but little variety in our own manufactures; and imported goods were very costly, and difficult to procure. Some half-dozen years of peace had made but little change with the poorer classes—for my intelligent readers will remember the distress caused by the issue of a false currency. Clothing, especially, was very expensive; and, though made a matter of more consequence than now, as marking the distinctions of rank, still so sedulously maintained, it was often difficult for persons of much pretension to keep up the outward appearance of gentility. For this reason, all apparel was preserved with much care. I have seen specimens of mending, piecing, and darning, in garments belonging to good old families, which would have commanded a premium from some of our modern industrial societies. The raiment purchased for a young woman's bridal was still worn

by her in her old age; and young girls of the household were glad to assume the faded relics of a grandmother's wardrobe. Rich dresses, in those days, were considered of sufficient importance to be mentioned in wills, and left, as an inheritance, to relatives or friends.

Utility and strength were, therefore, the great considerations in the purchase of new material. All this will account for some discrepancies in the appearance of the women. You would see the blue or brown homespun shawl side by side with brocade and satin. Knit comforters and shawls, and warm cloaks, with fur tippets or trimmings, were called into requisition by the inclemency of the day.

Very large calashes were then in vogue; beneath which you would catch glimpses of the nicely-cremped muslin cap, or more showy head-dress of lace or ribbon. The calash, I suppose, is well understood, having prevailed, at intervals, from a period long anterior to that of which I write, and nearly to our own time.

Coarse straw hats were much worn by the younger women; bonnets of black or gray were more usual with the elder. They were placed high on the head, and somewhat overshadowed the face.

Keeping modestly in the rear, and hovering on the outskirts of this crowd, might be seen, here and there, bright, happy faces, of a swarthy hue, as interested, eager, and excited, as those of their white companions. The red men, in their addresses, called Washington Great Father; and so might these, his darker children, have hailed him as not only great, but good; for in great measure to him did they owe the blessing that they possessed themselves in peace. In conquering a peace with England, he had helped to give these poor blacks their freedom. I know little of the statistics of this subject, but referring to a trustworthy authority, find that slavery was abolished the first year of our Independence. It must have been one of the first acts of our fathers, on throwing off the yoke themselves, to give freedom to all within their borders. Honor to old Massachusetts!

The men were hardly to be distinguished, save in complexion, from others around them. But colored women, at that time, rarely wore bonnets; thus differing materially from their descend-

ants, who are often only distinguished from whites by looking closely under their veils. Their heads were protected by many-colored handkerchiefs, often quite tastefully arranged in the turban form. Their fondness for ornament also made them conspicuous; nearly every dusky throat being encircled by strings of gold beads, while most of them wore ear-rings also.

These necklaces of gold beads (a peculiarity of the time) are worthy of a more particular notice. I have seen the remains of several, belonging to aged white women, who had earned them in their youth. The beads were perfectly round and polished, and of a different tinge from the gold now in use. They were of three different sizes. I think the prices were three, four, and five dollars each. It was customary for the country girl to purchase one at a time, of the traveling merchant, exchanging the products of her loom, dairy, or spinning-wheel. There being no savings banks in those days, it was considered a good investment, as, if uninjured, they would always command their original value. When a few had been earned, they were arranged in a little loop in front. And the full necklace, when the prescribed number was completed, was worn with much pride, not only as an ornament, but a proof of active industry. Without this explanation, I should hardly have obtained credit, or been understood, had I simply stated that Yankee girls were fond of "telling their beads."

We turn back to the city dames. Of the older members of this gracious and goodly company, I shall say but little. Cloaks, mantles, and tippets, called for by the coldness of the day, so conceal the peculiar fashion and material of the gown, that the general effect is not very unlike that of a similar gathering in our own time. The difference is more perceptible in the head-dress, and arrangement of the hair. But I have two especial friends here, and as I perceive my younger readers are disappointed at so much generalizing, I am prepared to enter into a minute detail of their appearance on this occasion. One of these young ladies, and my favorite, was born in the early part of 1771, and consequently, at this time, was in her nineteenth year. The other is just seventeen. I once knew a farmer's wife, in the interior of Massachu-

setts, who, in her early years, had been seamstress in the family of these ladies. I asked her to describe them, as they appeared at this time. With unconscious poetry, she brought me a beautiful specimen of the pale iris—that old-fashioned flower, which has almost disappeared from our modern gardens. It was the emblem, she said, which always recalled to her the eldest of these sisters, partly from the airy grace and elegance of the flower, and partly that its pure, pearly tints suggested the silken robes—her favorite and usual attire. The unlabeled woman expressed herself in nearly the same beautiful and simple words afterwards used by the poet:

"But not so beautiful it wears its airy cup of blue,

As turned her sweet eyes to the light,
Brimmed with their tender dew."

I shall therefore assume that the gown on the occasion was of a pearly-gray lutestrung—where did it get its melodious name? It is ornamented with one very deep flounce, a small portion of the upper part of which stands up as a heading. The bodice is long and square. The sleeves fit closely to the rounded arm, and come a little below the elbow. Sleeves and bodice are both ornamented with bows of the same material. The shoes are of Spanish morocco, which was of finer green and nicer finish than ours. The heel is three inches in height, tapering, black, and polished. The night has been damp, and no sun having yet shone, the walking, of course, is bad. Therefore our friends wear each their neat little *galoches* (pronounced go-low-shoes). These are somewhat like the English clog, but much lighter. The thick sole extends but half way back, and an elastic strap from the side is drawn up over the high heel, to keep it in place. It is a protection from the dampness for the front of the foot—the only part which touches the ground. Now, those of my youthful readers who have but few associations with these olden times, expect to hear of immense paste buckles; by no means—you would be more likely to find these glittering ornaments in the street below, among those who might casually own such articles, but with few opportunities for displaying them in the drawing-room, their legitimate sphere. There were various modes of ornamenting the shoe

—immense rosettes, or a full *nache* of ribbon, were worn; but these were more suited to the house than the dusty street. Sometimes the lining was turned over on the front, forming a lappet; this was cut in points, of any fanciful shape, and covered with the kid, satin, or morocco, of which the shoe was made; they might be plain, or trimmed with gimp, plaited ribbon, or narrow fringe. But I see you all look disappointed that my young ladies should be deficient in what has usually been considered so important an accessory to the costume of the day. I must tell you the buckle was often worn of gold, silver, steel, or jet, and sometimes of iron, laquered or enameled. In order to gratify you, I shall admit that my friends might have worn the usual strap of morocco, coming up from the side of the foot, crossing on the top, and secured with a buckle of cut steel or enamel. But I shall insist that it was plain, neat, and of moderate size. Having made this concession to the prejudices or preconceived notions of my readers, I can go on, *con amore*, being carefully instructed in further particulars. The under-sleeve, then, was of embroidered cambric—possibly of linen-cambric, or muslin—with deep ruffles, of the most delicately fine plaiting. The square chemisette was of the same pattern and material. You will also understand that young ladies at that period were supposed to execute themselves, not only the embroidery which they might wear, but also their own fine plaiting, with their own fair fingers. We say nothing of papa's shirt ruffles. This plaiting, a fashion of the day, was done by hand, and with such accurate nicety that the fine thread of the material was usually the guide in arranging the delicate folds. The cardinal, or external garment most in use at the time, was somewhat similar to the modern opera-cloak, with its little hood, or to the visits of the last season. There were, of course, many variations of style, color, material, and trimming. The one to which I call your attention is of black damask silk, simply made, but cut from the latest French model, and finished with a deep fall of lace.

I approach now the most difficult part of my subject; but having devoted much research to the matter in question, hasten to communicate the result of my labors. The bonnet, then, or rather hat, was of

fine straw, similar in shape to what is now termed a flat. That is, the crown was low, the brim wide. The strings, fully a quarter of a yard in width, were probably not of ribbon; either a scarf was used, or silk, hemmed, pinked, or trimmed at the edge. They were not cut apart, but carried over the crown and through the rim of the hat; thus giving it an easy bend downward at the side. They tie under the chin. Now the extreme edge of this hat was rolled or folded back, and at the margin, on the inside, was a very peculiar trimming. I mourn that it cannot be transmitted as a model to future generations; but alas! I have bent all my energies, and my awkward fingers have essayed in vain to braid or weave it in paper modeling. I can only tell you that it was made of satin ribbon, and the effect must have been somewhat similar to a wreath of leaves, with an occasional elongated leaf, turning over on the outside of the hat, and apparently causing the roll or fold at the extreme edge.

As the mists of antiquity gather, veil-like, over this simple yet beautiful head-dress, we do not clearly discern if a small straw ornament, like a pendant and tremulous button, secures these external leaves in their place on the outside.

Dickens (in describing a hat worn by one of his heroines in the last century) speaks of "a very killing little bow" on the inside of the brim. Instead of the bow, we have one damask rose placed on one side, and apparently among the hair.

The auburn hair is thrown back from the forehead and disposed in easy folds and waves; it is unpowdered, and, though lightly crimped, is very glossy, from the application possibly of some equivalent to our *eau lustrale*. Large detached curls fall from under the hat upon the shoulders. My friends wear black lace mitts, which quite cover the arm. The eldest has a pair of bracelets made from the hair of her relatives; they are of numerous little strands or braids linked together with gold. The clasps are very large, and are delicate paintings handsomely set in gold, and covered with crystal like the face of a watch. These paintings commemorate the decease of some younger members of the family. In one an uncommonly innocent-looking lamb is surrounded by a group of children, representing the

daughters of the house. They are bidding it an affectionate farewell, adorning it with wreaths, and preparing apparently for a sacrifice. In the other, a sad-looking lady is leaning gracefully, but in great woe, on a sepulchral monument.

I speak so particularly of these ornaments, because they illustrate a custom of the time. They were executed in England to order, and the light brown hair of the deceased children was minced—I beg pardon, I should say powdered or ground and mixed with the paint of the artist, or, perhaps, was attached by some glutinous preparation. It can still be traced, even without a microscope, in small shining particles on the children's heads, in the foliage of the trees, or shading of the ground-work, wherever a brown tint could be effectively introduced.

Let me pause a moment here to say that I trust no one doubts the authenticity of this veracious history. Let me state at once, that I am not amusing myself with rehearsing matter collected from books, or practicing on the credulity of my readers by drawing on my imagination in these matters of costume or scene. The evidences before me have been carefully sifted and collated, and originally drawn from an authentic source of most undeniable authority. Having thus set myself right in the estimation of my readers, I turn to Miss Annie, the young companion and sister. My youthful friends will be astonished at the barbarous customs of the age; but though fully seventeen, she was not considered grown up, not old enough to go to balls, and by no means competent to take a lead in society. We feel dubious if she quite coincided in these views, and know that, being of an energetic and impulsive character, she was frequently checked by the stately mother, with a favorite domestic maxim then in vogue: "Young girls should be seen, but not heard." On an occasion like this, however, which is to be the memory of a lifetime, age is not in question, and she accompanies the gentle older sister. A flounced silk would be inappropriate on a school girl, and this young lady wears a dress of chintz. The word may not be familiar to my younger readers. It was a species of calico then in high fashion, varying in quality, price, and style, as much as the fabrics of the present day; this particu-

lar one, fine and highly glazed, would have attracted attention, even at the "calico parties" of New-York. The ground was white, or of a very light color, mottled all over in arabesque pattern, with wreaths and vines of delicate little flowers; on this surface lay, at intervals, carnations of brilliant hues, their leaves and stems, all clear and distinct, so exquisitely painted as almost to rival nature, and of such monster size that the originals had assuredly won a prize medal from our modern horticultural societies. She wears over it a species of mantilla of black silk, deeply flounced with the same. Both ladies wear large brooches, and a few folds of muslin encircle the throat. The hat of the younger sister is plain, and secured on the head by a silk half handkerchief; it is slightly twisted and thrown over the crown, passing through the side, and is large enough to tie under the chin. It has a very simple and gipsy-like effect. Her dress is of the young lady's own selection; she feels very happy, and looks very handsome. I am bound to add, as an unprejudiced and truthful recorder of facts, that, to gratify her youthful daughter, who considered her hat too plain, the mother added a small bouquet of a few rose-buds, whose long straight stems were tied together with satin ribbon, forming a quaint little bow with long depending ends—it was placed somewhere on the inside.

The trimming of these hats was the beautiful color now known as *rose de chine*.

Miss Annie's hair (dark, glossy, and curling) is turned back from the piquant-looking face. She was animated, witty, and agreeable, and afterwards became a leading belle and a *toast*. If any of my younger readers do not understand my application of this term, I refer them for information to the first gentleman of the *old school* they may happen to meet. You would now naturally suppose these sketches of my friends (present on this occasion) were completed; but not so, there is still an important addition to their attire. The day was cold and blustering, and from the camphor trunks, where, during the summer, they had lain safe from depredating moths, were brought out for each a large muff and tippet. My favored eyes have inspected one set of these furs, which remained unmodified and intact till within a comparatively short time.

The fur was long soft, and of a silvery gray, very beautiful, and of a kind I have not seen in use for several years. You would like to know something more of these antiquated articles. The tippet was long and of a very comfortable and sensible depth on the shoulders. The muff, on the word of a grave and faithful historian, was as large as six—I might almost say eight—of the graceful little tasseled appendages of the present day. It was so large that it was once used in a game of hide and seek, as the lurking place of a goodly sized urchin, and was sufficiently capacious to prove a perfect shelter and concealment. It is easy to account for this great size, when we remember that, from the style of sleeve then in general use, the arm was bare or but slightly covered nearly to the elbow. I am tenacious and positive on this point of size, as in speaking of antiquated styles it is so common to confuse the fashions of various times, and muffs much smaller than our own had been worn within a short period. Madame D'Arblay, in her memoirs, speaks of wearing one at an evening party. Those which I have described were imported for the owners the preceding year, and attracted so much attention, being a new fashion, that their smiling friends would sometimes exclaim, "Here come the Misses — behind their muffs."

Having occupied so much space in giving a general impression of the crowded streets, with these light galleries and their fair occupants, we must hurry on to the great event of the day.

It is now well known, in Main street, that Washington has arrived at the boundary line which separates Roxbury from Boston. Several hours have gone by. Those who expected to witness the entrance of the chieftain, and afterwards to have spent the day in inspecting the capitol, or visiting their relatives and friends, begin naturally to show some uneasiness and impatience. Yet the crowd has not diminished, but sensibly increases, and, but for the coolness of the day, would be most uncomfortable, from the extreme pressure.

It is understood that the President is detained on the outskirts of the city, much against his own will, by the conflicting views and arrangements of various committees and persons in authority. The military escort was punctual at the appointed spot, and still awaited

the commands of their superior officer. The procession is arranged in due order.

Committees of private citizens are also there, but much embarrassed and evidently very uncomfortable. Officers and citizens are consulting together: apparently there are knotty points of etiquette or precedence yet to be discussed and settled. Washington, himself always prompt and decided, cannot understand these difficulties, and is anxious to go forward.

Messengers ride in hot haste to and from the State House. They are assailed by the crowd with curious questions; but instead of intelligence give short and crusty replies. Many who, at an early hour, went out to Roxbury or Cambridge to meet the President, and others who have followed him in from the country, are passing down through the thronged streets, bringing continually fresh rumors of the causes of the long detention. The fatigued crowd are of course much disquieted and annoyed.

It is now understood that a messenger has gone from Governor Hancock's house, withdrawing his own immature plans, and giving permission for the escort to move forward. We also hear that when this messenger arrived, Washington, tired of waiting, had turned his horse, probably with the intention of going back to Cambridge, and entering the city, quietly, in some other quarter. This last information is received with great excitement and acclamation by the crowd, who appreciate his spirit, and have greatly resented for him, as well as themselves, the long delay.

At last, however, the speeches are all made and replied to, the bells of the city are uniting in one loud peal, and we know the procession is at length in motion.

We must pass very rapidly through these crowded thoroughfares; yet we cannot but notice, in our haste, that the constant current flows steadily in one direction; that every window and door-step is crowded, and even the roofs are covered by eager and excited spectators.

It is now one o'clock, and we hear the roar of distant cannon from the old fortification on the Neck—once occupied, if we are not mistaken, by the British. They are answered from the heights of Dorchester, and the old forts in Roxbury, where the same sounds once carried such dismay into the ranks of

our antagonists. The long reverberation is caught up and returned by the Island Garrison, and the Royal Squadron in the harbor.

The bells ring out from the old church steeples, each telling its tale of joy to the expectant city.

There had been, through this long morning, a less rigid enforcement of the order to keep open the centre of the street, by the old Town House—then on the line above—at points which the procession would first reach. A more effectual movement is now made. The crowd is forced backward—little children are lifted in arms. There are fewer women in the street; they have generally found accommodation in the stores and houses. The throng extends quite down into King-street, and now—but hark! that distant shout, nearer and nearer it comes. We forget all fatigue. We are on our feet. Aged eyes glisten with unwonted brilliancy, and youthful cheeks are flushed with a deeper and richer bloom. Now the clamor subsides for a moment; listen and we shall catch the faint notes of the music. Till now it has been lost in that tumultuous shouting. Clearer and clearer it meets the ear—those mellow, mellow horns. It is a royal band of his Most Christian Majesty.* The music is sweet, yet spirited—brilliant and “heart-stirring.” But now it is lost again in loud huzzas.

While we listen, we know not how it has come about, but the whole space below is filled with prancing horses, and a confused mass of floating plumes and waving banners.

It is the regiment of Colonel Bradford. He has served in the Revolution, and is the personal friend of Washington. Here is the flower of the young men of Boston; and we recognize many individuals of some note, even at that time. I will spare my distant readers the enumeration, and name but one—the late Harrison Grey Otis, who is here at the head of his company. Here are, also, the Cadets, and you will understand, though he himself is not present, the Governor's Guards

are out by his express order, to do honor to the occasion. These companies are passing on to open the way into King street, while a portion yet remain in Cornhill. The procession has now halted before the old brick Meeting-house a little above us, on our right.†

Here the Lieutenant-Governor, Samuel Adams, with the Governor's Council, and other distinguished persons, leave their carriages in order to escort the President, on foot, to the State House.

And he—General Washington—we are told he is now in front with his two aids, but it is long before we distinguish him; for we see as through a mist, and we have forgotten to wave our handkerchiefs—they are applied to another use, for, indeed, we are in tears.

We gaze with eyes that see not: nor we alone; for all around us is this mute expression of grateful, heart-felt homage.

But this is a woman's manifestation of feeling. In the crowd below it seems as if the heart of the multitude found utterance in one loud voice, and a shout goes up, as from the throat of one mass. It is here General Washington is to alight; but the crowd below are dissatisfied; he must come forward before he leaves his horse; they must see him nearer, as the crowd above have done. To gratify the people, he advances, supported by his aid, Major Jackson, and his secretary, Mr. Lear. They pause opposite the Town House, and directly before our balcony. The horse is white, of course, to represent his favorite charger. He wears that old continental uniform, which to this day we can never see, without that odd feeling at our hearts, which expresses itself in something between a tear and a smile.

An incident occurred before Washington dismounted, which I doubt if any one has thought worth recording, but which has left so vivid an impression on the mind of my narrator, and shows so truly the temper and feeling of the people, I am tempted to transcribe it. Major Jackson and Mr. Tobias Lear were both most gentlemanly men. They were also on horseback, and advanced

* Belonging to the squadron then lying in the harbor.

† This old church, the oldest in the city, was organized in Charleston, in 1630; two years afterwards their first house was built in King street, with mud wall, and roof thatched with straw. Seven years later the same society erected a larger and better house on the present site of Joy's Building: it stood seventy-two years, and was then burned down. Their third house was built in 1713, and was the one I refer to here. It stood somewhat back from the street, with an open area around it, which of course gave much more space for a military or civil display than at the present time. The clergyman at the time of which I write was Dr. John Clarke.

with the President. It might have been in deference to the beauty and fashion of the city, assembled in this neighborhood, or perhaps they recognized personal friends in the crowd, or more probably still, the military etiquette, to which they were accustomed, forbade their retaining their hats while their chief was uncovered; but, from whatever cause, they sat as he did, with bare heads exposed to the cold and chilling wind, and bent with him in acknowledgment of the earnest and heart-felt welcome. The very proper and natural bearing of these gentlemen gave great dissatisfaction to the populace, who thought they were assuming to themselves some part of the ardent greeting and enthusiastic reception intended for Washington. Perhaps, too, as there were three in one party, it might have led to annoying mistakes with those to whom the President's person was not familiar. However this might have been, it occasioned a most vehement and uncontrolled excitement. There was an angry outcry, and, "put on your hats, put on your hats," rang in the ears of the astonished gentlemen, who were obliged to resume their chapeaux. Still a feeling of discontent prevailed, as they obstructed the view, and prevented a free access to the beloved President. Again a cry arose; this time it was, "fall back," "fall back," a requisition with which they very good-humoredly complied, and appeared on the whole rather amused and gratified with the feeling expressed for their beloved general.

Would any one like to know what sort of a bow our first President made? It was not like Bolingbroke's, "lower than his proud steed's neck." It was not so low, nor yet so rigid as General Jackson's, when we saw him on a triumphant progress; nor yet so easy and sweeping as General Lafayette's. But I shall not give you the idea, if I confine myself to negations. It was full of feeling and discrimination, and somewhat graduated to the claims of those around him.

On removing his hat, he would fix his eyes on individuals or on groups, before bending towards them, and then slightly recover himself before finishing, and distributing in the same manner the remainder of his bow. It was a succession of long and slow bends, meeting and mingling in one, often embracing the whole width of a street or square,

so that no one could feel slighted, and many would consider themselves especially selected and distinguished. It was the bow of a gentleman—graceful, dignified, and courteous—but of one who never forgot his self-respect, in the observance and consideration due to others. All this is written for you, young American mothers, who purpose to educate your boys to be future Presidents of the Republic; more especially as I have a theory, that habits of graceful urbanity and delicate consideration for others, acquired in early life, become almost a second nature; and constantly and outwardly practiced, will lead, in time, to the traits themselves.

But here are all these distinguished people waiting. Here are the select men of Boston, and those unhappy committees of citizens. They are to escort the President, who must now dismount, into the State House. He enters, and is received by the Lieutenant-Governor and Council; but presently reappears at the central window on the main street front of the State House. The window itself has been removed, and carpeted steps lead to the balcony I have already described. Again he is greeted as he comes forward with acclamations long and loud; but at length is allowed to rest. It is a relief to know that his head is again protected by a hat; and at last he reposes on his cushioned chair.

Here, too, is a subject for the artist; for here are nearly all the men of much celebrity belonging at the time to Massachusetts. Here is the Vice-President, John Adams; the Lieutenant-Governor of the State, Samuel Adams; James Bowdoin, gentleman, scholar, and patriot; the judicial and civil officers of the State, and also many distinguished military men who had served in the Revolutionary War.

It strikes me as a singular feature in this procession, that carriages were provided for the educated men; that is, for those filling what were then known as the learned or liberal professions, who, of course, were supposed to be liberally educated. In these days of universal education, it would be difficult to make such an arrangement.

Are you all ready to listen? for there is a movement in that little canopied saloon on the dome of the arch, and Mr. Daniel Rea takes up the song. I do not know who was the author of the ode

which I have seen; very possibly it was Judge Dawes, as he had some reputation as a poet, and the really beautiful arch was erected from his design and under his superintendence. It is difficult at this distant day to pronounce on the merits of an occasional and local poem, the allusions in which have, of course, lost their freshness. Some of them, I frankly confess, I do not understand, but doubt not they were set to the right key, and in harmony with the feelings of the time. The learned judge certainly contrived to give the poem an elevation not its own.

Whatever may be thought of the words, there was no criticising the execution. Mr. Daniel Rea was a man of mark, or, shall we say, a man of much note in his day. He was one of the most distinguished vocalists Boston ever produced; and was worthy of his exalted station, and the part he bore in the performances of the day. His voice was clear, brilliant, and of exceeding power. He was supported on this occasion by a full band of associated vocalists.

I am told by friends still surviving, who saw him on this day, that the expression of Washington's face, when in repose, was very sad and anxious, that he looked ill and care-worn. We can easily believe this, as many of my readers will remember he had recently received intelligence of the death of his aged mother, and but a short time had elapsed since his recovery from a dangerous illness; in fact, it was but a partial recovery, and he was also suffering from fatigue and the long exposure to a cold and chilling wind.

Then we know he felt most deeply his great responsibility in the high office he had so recently been called to fill. The very confidence of the people, their loving gratitude to him as their defender, and delight at his election, showed how implicitly he was trusted, and how entirely they relied on his wisdom and justice as a ruler. We can easily imagine a silent prayer was in his heart, that he might continue worthy his high mission. There was much, too, in his reception, which would naturally awaken the keenest sensibility. What changes had a few short years produced! And oh! how, in the many greetings of the day, he must have missed some (once so familiar) of his former companions in arms!

I have in vain questioned the lady,

from whose relation I have drawn most of the foregoing description, for some account of the long and beautiful procession which now passed before the President. Her reply is always, "I only saw Washington." But we know that it lined the whole of the main street, Cornhill, Marlborough, Newberry, and Orange. You will look in vain, dear reader, for these names in your little modern "Boston Almanac." We know that the President, with his escort, both civic and military, had passed through its open ranks, in order to reach the State House. As he moved on with his escort, we suppose the front ranks of this procession, resting upon the town limits, must have turned and passed into Tremont street. As I am informed by a gentleman, himself an octogenarian, who witnessed the reception at the State House, that it came through Queen street, and passing under the arch towards the south, defiled before the President—thus making a sort of circuit, and retracing its own route.

It was composed principally of the different tradesmen and mechanics. The various handicrafts had been organized into societies; to these white silk banners had been distributed, which were of equal size, but each society drew upon its own taste in regard to embellishment and finish. Usually they represented the different emblems of their trades, with appropriate mottoes. I am strongly impressed with the idea that the procession was enlivened occasionally by cars or platforms, where artisans were actively engaged in their several trades. Hair-dressers, at the time, were an important body of men. I know they were out in strong force that day. It just occurs to me how very odd the effect must have been, if they were industriously occupied as they passed in curling and powdering gentlemen's wigs, on the public highway.

The boys from various public schools had now joined this procession. When, at an earlier hour in the day, Washington had passed, these boys were ranged in meet order; they had awaited his arrival; they had in some mysterious manner contrived to draw music from the large quills held in their hands. There was a slight pause as the cortège passed, so that this delicate music could be heard; and the young and vivacious though well trained performers, were

assured that it was highly appreciated by the President and his friends.

As these little fellows—your pardon, respected and venerable gentlemen! But when, sixty-six years ago, you in your youthful promise were reviewed by our first President as he sat in his arm-chair in front of the old Town House, I am assured by one who witnessed the scene, that the hero, whose feelings through the morning had been so highly wrought, gave way at length to the pent-up emotion, and, passing his hand before his eyes, Washington shed tears.

We pass lightly over the remainder of this day. Our illustrious guest was escorted to his rooms at Mr. Ingersol's house, on the corner of Queen and Tremont streets. This building, large and with an expression of stability, is still standing, though subjected to many alterations and no longer a private dwelling,—the basement being now a store, the remainder full of offices.

In this spacious and roomy mansion Washington received those deputations and societies who waited upon him during his last visit to Boston.

Here is the chamber where he slept, and the room where he dictated to his secretary; here he stood, when receiving that simple and touching address of the French officers, and here made the appropriate and dignified reply.

Here in pressing crowds came citizen and stranger—the patriots of the Revolution; the surviving officers who had fought by his side; the old historian, who records so gratefully those pleas-

ant words of encomium, which repaid him for many a toiling hour, and, last of all, hither came Governor Hancock, his best excuse for apparent negligence in his invalid state, his being lifted from his carriage and borne into the presence of Washington in the arms of his attendants and friends.

Nor was the influence and presence of woman unknown in the then fair mansion. If the spirits of former occupants, should choose those writing tables, as their mediums of communication with the present, the raps would be sometimes muffled in the subdued rustling of brocade, or heard in the dainty tapping of high-heeled shoes.

Seldom, now, does the poor and unfortunate debtor, or the erring and culpable delinquent, when summoned by writ or by process, pause to recall these memories of a former century, as with anxious heart he passes into the gray old building. The walls are silent to him; and no echo lingers to tell of the vanished past.

But to those who sit poring at the desks within, who tread sometimes on his very footsteps, and daily occupy the rooms, so clustering with associations, where he once rested—surely, for them and their successors, those dumb walls must find a language, and speak, to the listening ear, words that shall come as from one who loved country more than life, and that shall tell of "his speakings, and also his actings, all his manifold strugglings, more or less victorious, to utter the great God's message that was in him."

THE RING.

THE fish that swims in the fountain,
It brings thy ring to me,
Though I broke it with my fealty,
And cast it in the sea!

'Twas in my youth's bright summer,
With the Danube fisher girls:
The ring was set with rubies,
But now 'tis set with pearls!

Pearls are for pure young maidens,
And not for men like me;
I cast them back in the river,
And the river seeks the sea!

When the dead puts by her grave-clothes,
And the tears I shed are dry,
I'll slip the ring on my finger,
And lay me down and die!

OWLCOPSE.

IN THREE PARTS—PART II.

I.

THE addition of Mr. Adams and Mr. Brown to the family circle, added fuel to the raging fire of progress. The talking that was done during the short time they stayed there was incredible. Mr. Brooks scarcely nodded, and was untiring in his investigation into all the ramifications of the great cause. He invited his relatives far and near to come and be improved, and they left everything to attend to the sacred call. One day was set apart to "Slavery," and they rose early in the morning, to lose no time, and were still zealously talking at eleven at night. If for a moment the conversation threatened to wander to another topic, Mr. Brooks adroitly brought it back by a leading question. The second day was devoted to "Foulerism," the third to "Temperance," the fourth to "War," the fifth to "Politics in general," the sixth to "Society," as viewed through the reform medium. They created the world anew; and on the seventh day they rested.

II.

Ellen felt sad, and could scarcely repress her tears when saying farewell to Mr. Brown. She had known him but a week; yet there are some souls like the morning-glory—they bud and bloom to us in the space of an hour. His was a peculiarly gentle, genial nature, frank without forwardness, bold but forbearing. He was profoundly imbued with reform truths, loved music, painting, dancing, sculpture, flowers and beauty with holy enthusiasm, and was mild and charitable in his judgment upon the errors and ignorance of humanity.

Ellen had been impressed and agitated by the many new thoughts her residence among the Brookses had opened to her. She felt that the great principles they advanced were just and glorious, but there was a spirit of hardness, littleness, barrenness, selfishness, and utter baldness about them, that made her recoil, doubtful and alarmed. In the absorption considered necessary to the propagation of these truths, life was made a flat reality, and seemed to Ellen to hang motionless, like the great, red,

rayless morning sun—a world of warmth and vitality, without the divine halo of beauty, grace, and inscrutable mystery, to fill the soul with upward yearnings. Ellen's feeble organization and hungry sympathy, united to a lively imagination, made her a prey to vague, dreamy reveries, and peopled her solitude with torturing fancies that were only dispersed by the presence of a kindred spirit. The riddle of life was not solved to her, at least she thought it was not, and her timid conscience was a sore reproach. There seemed a cry like this ringing in her ears: "Up wretch, lying in supineness and comfort, while fellow-beings starve, freeze, and die under the flail of the wicked! Enjoy nothing; despise pleasures, and cast away endearments, till every body and soul in the world has its rightful inheritance!"

It was the echo of Mr. Brooks's voice. She respected him so much, that she did not think to ask herself, did he practice it, but bowed down like a guilty, sinful worm before him. If she had seen the inconsistency, she would not have had the independence to retort; for Ellen was a coward—and, when any thing disagreeable was said to another, or discussion threatened to be savage and personal, she felt a hot, strange sensation down her spine, trembled and crept away, overcome with emotion. Look not upon her with contempt, ye brave, manly souls; there are treasures of peace and love in the weak spirit that shrinks from wrath and suffers injustice rather than combat. Their placidity, like an unruffled lake, mirrors more purely the heavenly hosts.

Ellen had thought, till she saw Mr. Brown, that reform must necessarily be stern and rebuking; that, if she embarked in it, she must go forth upon society with a howl of indignation, and make its flesh creep, and its hair stand on end. She must not only tear the slave away, but spit upon and kick the pretended owner, as a token of her contempt. Hate must animate her actions and ire her speech.

Mr. Brown, on the contrary, breathed the spirit of love. He would deal tenderly with the deluded, gently with the dishonest and wicked; he would win

them to better ways in the accents of kindness, and stretch out a warm, friendly hand to help them up. He made converts wherever he went; because he entered into the prejudices and education of people; made allowance for their worldly interests, and did not exact from them sacrifices that can only come from a purified, perfected spirit. He was content to better the world, and trust to slow progress. Mr. Brooks wanted to perfect it before he died; to have everybody an apostle; to see every slaveholder emancipate his slaves with enthusiasm, and leave his dead, in the shape of starving wife and children, to bury themselves; every distiller burn up his establishment, and glory in poverty and rags; every warrior penitently going in sackcloth and ashes with the heads of his slain on a pole; every pleasure-seeker painfully drawing a gilded carriage filled with dead horses and bodies of the oppressed; in fine, Mr. Brooks desired to see "kingdom come" in the nineteenth century—and himself hovering over it like a redeemer. The result was, that nobody could come up to his mark; so they stood still like wary horses before a steep hill, afraid to try to pull up the weight of their sins.

Ellen had noticed that Mr. Brown was wearied with the eternal harping on one theme. He left the gentlemen arguing, and asked her if she hadn't a guitar or any musical instrument, if she couldn't sing to him; his spirit needed relaxation, and nothing rested it like music. Then he told of religious impressions he had received from it in old cathedrals; of the indefinite yearnings it aroused in him; its revelation of harmony other than its own, and how, through family concerts, it had endeared him to home, at an age when he might have yielded to fatal temptations. He seemed surprised to find that Mr. Brooks had not only neglected to cultivate that taste around him, but rather looked suspiciously upon it as a voluptuous allurement. He asked for some engravings. Ellen told him there were none; then he sauntered into what was called the library, on account of its having three shelves with a few old English classics on them—the *Spectator*, *Young's Night Thoughts*, and several *Encyclopedias*. He came back without any book, saying: "It reminds me of early college days, when I waded through the whole bulk of the *Spectator*."

He had noticed Ellen's subdued manners and unhappy expression. He divined it all, the bare, dull life she led, and more than all, the absence of caressing, demonstrative affection. He felt a painful commiseration for the rich soul in the midst of an ossifying atmosphere, and tried as delicately as possible to awaken Mr. Brooks and Phil to the consciousness of it. They were obtuse and could not perceive it. Phil was happy in the farm and his narrow existence; Mr. Brooks in tranquil old age and a splendid hobby. They had the same privations: why couldn't she be happy in her woman's line? Everybody in the world was wretched; she had a white skin, was free, had a roof of her own over her head, whole clothes on, good food to eat, and servants to work for her; what on earth did she want more? If she were a Christian, she would appreciate these privileges, and brim over with constant joy. They were not going to pander to any sickly sentimentality; and, if she didn't know on which side her bread was buttered, they would show her.

But Mr. Brown did a great deal for Ellen's own heart, by proving to her that reform was not a grim earth-death, opening to a better life through suffering, severing of dear ties, and the holocaust of genial pleasures. If she had been a strong, active woman, with a tenacity to fixed ideas, she might have found her happiness in toiling for the cause, raising chickens to sell for it, churning to send butter to town, and employing its products to buy material to work up into garments for fugitives. She did do this by feverish fits and starts, and then sank into apathy. The reader has long ago perceived that Ellen is no heroine; and all we can say in her defense is, that some vines, like the vigorous, indomitable old ivy, will grow on ugly places, under the most adverse circumstances, with nothing but water, perhaps, to root in; while others require rich earth to nourish them, and, at the slightest pull from their old hold, wither and hang down their tendrils piteously. We find our type in nature, and must take it for granted we were made with the same harmonious intent.

III.

It would be treating Mr. Adams with the little respect he deserves, to pass

him by unnoticed; but, as a faithful narrator of a progressive household, we are bound to present him. Mr. Adams was a traveling lecturer, engaged by a society to expound to the United States the theory of Fourier. He was a plump man, with such a meaningless face that he looked as if he had swallowed himself and turned the blank side out. His skin was pimply and dirty, his clothes dirty, and his hands and nails in the same condition. He made himself at home in a minute, took the most comfortable chair, and the best and most of everything at the table. He evidently carried a little plalanx of his own about with him, and appropriated to himself, with touching fraternity, everything around him. If others didn't do the same by him, it wasn't his fault—he was willing. He was so frank, and desired to have his inner life so transparent, that, endowing others with the same virtue, he read complacently all the journals and letters lying around, and even unsealed one that Ellen had left on the mantel-piece to be sent to Rose. He told the cook what he wanted for dinner; and on Saturday, when Mr. Brooks, in order to do honor to his guests and prove he had a grain of toleration, had commanded a roast of beef to be purchased and cooked that day for Sunday, Mr. Adams, sniffing the savory odor, stalked into the kitchen and demanded a piece.

"Lor! now! I couldn't cut it," said Jane, whose pride as cook was interested in its good looks; "'twould spile it for to-morrow; and as I'm gwine to church, mebbe they'll think it's me that dun it."

"But I must have some," said Mr. Adams, seizing a knife and cutting off a goodly row of slices. "I think I shall dine at Mr. Brooks's brother's to-morrow, and perhaps there won't be any meat."

While we take leave of Mr. Adams in the indulgence of his instincts, we would suggest to reformers in general, that if they really feel an interest in the propagation of their ideas, they had better be more careful in the selection of their agents, as Mr. Adams left a trail of disgust behind him, remembered by many to this day. It is very difficult for most minds to separate principles or theories from the men who profess them; and some of those who came in contact with Mr. Adams thought, however unjustly, that Fourierism conduced to selfishness and sensuality.

IV.

Letter from Rose to Ellen.

"The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel."

"NELLY DEAR:—I have been very wretched. I expected to be with you this Christmas, and the day of Christ has passed without any communion with my friend but the distant one of letters—sweet letters, loving and perfumed as the spirit of my Nelly; but my ears, as ministers say, were 'open to a call;' and as it did not come, I felt as if I had no mission on earth, and were considered unworthy the sacred trust of friendship. Nelly, you have wounded me, and I have been angry at you. Don't begin to cry and quiver that sensitive lip of yours. It is past now, and instead, I choke with infinite love and pity as I hear the fluttering of your bruised heart. When the soul is full of a great sorrowful love, it becomes for the moment angelic; and I see, Nelly, vast, shadowy wings on my back, stretching out broodingly toward you. May God grant that you feel their warmth and softness!

"I have seen Mrs. Tyler, an old acquaintance of the Brooks family, and learned through her many things that make clear the painful mystery in which I have lately groped. I am not going to say anything, Nelly. There are some cases where silence is a higher virtue than frankness; and, as you have respected, at the cost of suffering to us both, the dignity of your position, I will respect it, too. The same reason that prevents my going to you will, I suppose, prevent your coming to me; so heaven only knows when we shall meet!

"I have had another cry, and wrestled and prayed, and come back to write again. There has moved next door to us an old maid of sixty, who lost her lover at eighteen. Some one told me that she was faithful to his memory and mourned yet; but so incredulous is the heart in its lighter moments, that I inwardly accused the old lady—who is very ugly—of not having met with another offer, and so exciting the admiration and sympathy of the world by a show of constancy. As I lay on my chamber floor near the window, weeping and praying, I heard the shutter

just opposite softly open. My curtain was down, but imperceptibly parted in the middle, and I saw Miss Grover look cautiously out, up and down, and all around; then, as if satisfied that no eye was near, cross the room, and draw a curtain that concealed a picture. It was the portrait of a handsome young man, animated and brilliant. Miss Grover got up on a chair, with the lamp in her hand, and looked at it for some time, stroked the cheek gently with her wrinkled hand, talked to herself or it, and kissed the fresh pouting lips with her withered mouth. She blew out the light and was lost to me in the darkness. Did she feel that she was old, as she bade her unechoed good-night for the more than ten thousandth time since her lover was laid in the grave? Ellen, if the heart can remember and commune in the long, blank absence of death, it must give us faith and patience to endure the milder absence that has come upon us. From behind the mysterious veil which conceals our loved in the other world, no ray of the state of their souls beams down to us; but you and I have material means to bring us near, though apart. Write, write, and we shall belong to each other in spite of all earthly decree. It is late. Good night.

"Your affectionate

ROSE."

V.

Letter from Ellen to Rose.

"DEAR ROSE:—I *do* feel your angel wings brooding over me, and am peering out between the feathers at the bleak, wintry world, with the most comfortable, protected expression. I should have been very forlorn and shivery to-day, had your letter not come, as mother left yesterday, and this morning Aunt Tabby was hurried off north, to a sick sister and four nieces down with the measles. Phil and the boys are out at work. I am all alone. If I were a strong-minded woman, I suppose I should be glad of it, and amuse or cultivate myself assiduously; but there's no use to disguise it to myself—and you must have seen it long ago—there is not enough in me to fill up solitude. I have the same kind of gnawing void in my heart that people feel in their stomachs when they are empty; and I believe, if I were cast alone on a desert island, I should die sooner of heart than stomach inanition. The most horrible impres-

sions I have ever received have been connected with solitude. You remember my fainting away when we visited the prison of solitary confinement, and the ague I had when we read the Prisoner of Chillon?—appropriate name, that seemed to whisper 'chill on' to my curdled flesh. Perhaps this isolated country life is intended to discipline me, and effect my cure through force of habit.

"Dear Rose, to make you understand the mystery, why the Christmas invitation was not repeated, Mrs. Tyler must have told you much in regard to Mr. Brooks's character; and now that the ice is broken, I feel impelled to rush along with the pent-up stream. I must talk to some one, for my judgment is in a sad tangle—my ideas of right and wrong knocked every way. I cannot speak of the subject to Phil, for I know, whatever the peculiarities of my family might be, I should be more wounded by his criticisms than those of any one else. Rose, I have suffered terribly lately, as much from the thought that you would doubt my love, as from the shock to my own heart. Nor can I accuse myself of cowardice; for the circumstances are such that, to have invited you in spite of the prohibition, would have exposed you to coldness, Phil to the anger of his father, on whom he is dependent, and myself also to his displeasure. I want him to love me, Rose; he gave life to Phil. Dear Phil! I wish you knew him better, Rose; he is as good as he is handsome, and I remember your saying he was the handsomest fellow you ever saw. He has a blunt way of acting and talking, and has been brought up strangely, without any mother; but he is honorable, generous, upright, and loves me, and I should be perfectly happy if we lived by ourselves. It seems to me the house is not mine; and I dare not plan, embellish, and interest myself in those duties that make up a woman's life. There is such a fearful consumption, too, that it is discouraging and beyond my strength to supply the demand. Last week I made nine crocks of apple-jam, enough to have lasted a small family a whole year, and this week there is not a spoonful left. There are six men in the kitchen beside the two girls, with appetites sharpened by labor and country air. It would make you stare to see the great loaves, nearly as long and big round as

your body, disappear with the rapidity of lightning. Mr. Brooks says they do the hardest work, so they ought to have the best food, and I think so, too; but now that I have the whole household care, I sometimes forget that I am of his opinion. I feel more and more that I am far from robust; and it would be very unfortunate for them and for me if Aunt Tabby should not return: her sister is nearly gone with consumption, and will leave four little children to be taken care of.

"Mr. Brooks thinks work will do me good; and I suppose it will. I would go through any ordeal to be strong and healthy. Rose, dear, I know you are judging harshly of Mr. Brooks; for you have not the same reason to respect him that I have. I wish you could feel more kindly towards him. He is a most excellent man—just, charitable, and humane. I mean just in money matters, and to the poor; for his zeal sometimes makes him unjust to those who do not agree with him in opinion. He is a perfect Roman in his ideas of right, and would walk up to the stake, or lead his children up, without flinching. He has protected fugitive slaves, and stood at the window, a rifle in his hand, defying the enraged multitude. Jane, the black cook, is very grateful to him, and would work for nothing, if he would let her. There come, now and then, hosts of black visitors, for whom he negotiates, writes letters, and does all he can to aid in every way. He is rather hard, to be sure, but it is so long since he has had a wife or any little children. I think my baby will draw us nearer and soften the air of the house; for it is impossible not to be tender to a helpless creature. And something they can publicly caress without seeming ridiculous will warm their hearts, and brighten the dreary monotony that clings to the society of a few people, similarly educated, always cooped up together. Have you ever read Victor Hugo's delicious poem on little children? I have it in French, and, as translations are never equal to the original, shall send it to you when Phil goes to town.

"I pity the boys. The tears often start to my eyes as I look at them, sitting dull and sleepy, like old men who have sipped pleasure down to the dirty dregs. They were quite surprised, and pleased at the Christmas presents I gave

them. Mr. Brooks is principled against presents on any given day. He says it is a meaningless form. If people need anything, give it to them when they need it. I suppose, there are many who discharge the duty of a whole year in that way; but still there is a pleasure to me in giving to those I love, on a day associated with Christ; and love is so rich that it desires to go beyond absolute necessities. I should not have known that Christmas had come or gone, except from my little preparations for it; the lovely collar embroidered by your dear hand, and a box from home filled with sweet mementos. Just think, little Abby made me a pin-cushion, stuffed with her own golden ringlets. They gleam through the black lace like stars in a dark night, and remind me of her quiet, angelic beauty. Mother says, she cried bitterly, because they would not let her shear herself for Nelly—Nelly who always curled her locks, and kissed them so. As she was subject to head-aches, they cropped her for my sake; and, if any Jasons come after my golden fleece, they will have to conquer impossibilities that will defy even the cunning of a sorceress.

"It was on Christmas I first saw Phil. You remember, we inveigled him into acting with us in the little play of Santa Claus visiting the poor family? How handsome he looked in his slouch-hat, and ragged clothes; and what a perfect expression of cold and hunger he put on. I thought, then, he must have felt them in some way. Strange! I was his wife, with my jaws tied up, and a wretched looking baby on my lap. You need not smile; I am partly in my dotage, inasmuch as the bareness of the present makes me wander in the past.

"Rose, dear, you are feeling miffed that I can talk of other things than our separation. The secret must out. I am going to town; and, if Mr. Lea has no objection on account of my being a new-fangled notion, I shall, in citizen's dress, hug you, some time next week. If he should object, I have a plan arranged to paint myself red and stalk in upon you in a blanket and eagle's feather. An Indian, being outside the pale of society, can give no offense to the retrograding, stationary, or advancing parties of the day.

"I must close this letter, as Phil is ready to go to the post-office. He is standing

in the cart, in the graceful costume of a red flannel shirt and loose black pantaloons; crimson top-boots up to his knees; a brimless, battered beaver showing his luxuriant curls; a long whip in his hand, and his legs a little apart with sturdy determination. He is a picture of manly beauty and strength; and—as Mr. Brooks is feeding the calves in the barn-yard—I mean to go out, and kiss him in the very face of nature.

"Next week, Rose, I shall bow down and kiss the hem of the city garment. It may be a scarlet woman to the wise; but to the foolish, like me, it is a loving, gentle mother. Adieu, my darling; time winged with joy will pass quickly to us. Tell Mr. Lea I won't romp with him unless he will observe the old covenant—not to pinch or pull my hair down.

"Your friend, ELLEN."

VI.

Letter from Ellen to Rose

"DEAR ROSE:—I wrote you yesterday; but my heart is so full, I must write again to-day. I spoke to you in one of my letters of having made the acquaintance of a Mrs. Hooker—a charming little woman, of great taste and refinement. She has a beautiful country residence three miles from here—the only ornamental place in the vicinity; and I often longed to penetrate its mazy labyrinths, and have a sight and sniff of the green-house. I met her at a store in the village, where we were both making purchases, and was struck with her lady-like appearance, her benevolent face, and 'manières distinguées.' I had the curiosity to make some inquiries in regard to her, and found she was universally esteemed and beloved. I felt drawn towards her; for there is not a single being in this sparse neighborhood for whom I have any sympathy or affection—not that I am aristocratic, but I cannot enjoy the society of people who murder the king's English, who are set and bigoted, and cannot go higher in literature than the third or fourth class reader. Therefore I felt a gush of pleasure when I saw Mrs. Hooker driving up our avenue, and went out to welcome her with the eagerness of an old and dear friend. The favorable impression was increased by her kindness, unaffectedness, and

good sense. As she left, she said: 'We live rather far from one another, and you are not in a situation to go out much. I shall waive ceremony, and come to see you often—if agreeable to you,' she added with a blush that made her good face look beautiful.

"I was so earnest in my thanks that she came again a few days afterwards; and to-day, it being bright and pleasant, and Phil having little to do, I proposed our returning her visit. He agreed, and I went up stairs to dress myself. I heard Mr. Brooks's voice rumbling below, and wondered what he could be talking about so continuously. I went down and stopped on the last step to tie my shoe; while doing so, I caught these words:

"For my part, I would have nothing to do with distillers, I would not let my wife visit a distiller's wife. I would shun them as I would poison. Poison! they are worse than poison; for *that* only kills bodies, and *they* kill souls. The bonnet Mrs. Hooker flaunts in was bought with a ruined soul; the chairs their unthinking guests sit in, were purchased with money wrested from a toiling wife with kicks and blows, and the cake they offer was stolen from starved, depraved children. I would rather sit under the roof of an open assassin than under the roof of that sly, hypocritical murderer they call a distiller. It is none the more Christian or respectable, because society sanctions it. I don't wish to interfere in this matter. You are at liberty to visit the Hookers, if you please; but with my consent they shall not cross my threshold. I have no other way to show my disapproval but by avoidance and disgust for them."

"I stole up stairs, and here I am, Rose, in a painful tumult. There seems to be so much that is just and right in what he says; and yet I am so weak, principles with me fade away in contact with individuals. I always find something to admire, and think, after all, that they are as good as I am. I know Mrs. Hooker is better—or God has given her a false face and impress. Then there is another question; is this the right course to put down distillers? Do advise me, Rose, for I can think of nothing but the grief of losing Mrs. Hooker, and treating her unkindly.

"Your affectionate

"ELLEN."

VII.

Ellen's visit to town was prevented by the sickness of Jane, and the consequent desertion of the Dutch girl, who found the labors rather arduous. The boys sought for "help" in vain, and, in addition to the heaviest duties, the nursing of the sick devolved upon Ellen. They all aided her as much as they could; but they had no experience in "woman's work," and there were out-door claims that had to be attended to. Ellen bore up two days; the third, in lifting a pot of potatoes off the stove, her weak wrists gave way, and let pot, potatoes, and boiling water, down upon her feet. Her shrieks brought in Phil, who, in an agony of remorse and grief, carried her up stairs, and accused himself in such hard terms, that Ellen repressed her groans to console him. That night she gave birth to a seven months' infant, that wailed a few hours, and died at daybreak. Her grief at its loss was greater than the bodily anguish, and when they implored her to keep her raw feet still, she replied: "Lay my child across them, and I will not move."

Days passed, and Ellen knew nothing. Then came a dim consciousness of loved faces about her—her mother's frilled cap seen through mist, and Abby's golden curls floating in clouds. She often thought she was dead, and felt a feeble happiness at being freed from earth; but sudden pains would break the illusion, and convince her she still belonged to the ills of humanity. She was too weak to reflect or care about anything, and listlessly picked at the bed-clothes or gazed at the wall, as if there were a mystic fascination in its blank surface.

Soon she heard everything that was said, and knew they were talking of taking her to her town-house. She amazed them by suddenly sitting up in bed, and saying with a flood of tears, "she must go and see her father."

"Why, Nelly, love," said Mrs. Grey, "he's been here and gone. He couldn't leave the boys alone any longer. You'll see him soon."

"I want him to carry me in his arms, and sing to me—'Oh! Mary, when the wild wind blows.'"

"Well, we'll go to-morrow, if the doctor will let you," said Mrs. Grey, cheerily.

The doctor consented. Ellen was carried on a bed, felt the fresh air blow on her cheek, saw hills, naked trees and houses sweep by her, and realized again that she was a part of the moving and living.

VIII.

How beautiful Ellen's room was, with its warm, rich hangings, pictures, vases, statuettes, and innumerable bouquets—tokens of solicitous friends. There were oranges, lemons, preserves, and highly-seasoned preparations enough sent her to have been the ruin of the strongest stomach. One tow-headed boy, whom she had taught in Sunday-school, gave her a drum, and another one, she had saved from a beating, left a piece of Burgundy pitch at the door with a message that it was the best kind to chew.

Rose sat by her bed-side, smoothed her pillow, and dressed tenderly her blistered feet. The patient smiled at the nurse.

Mr. Grey let business take care of itself, and walked up and down with Ellen's head cuddled on his broad shoulder, singing the melancholy air of "Oh! Mary, when the wild wind blows," or the sprightlier ones of "Come under my plaidie," "Green grow the rushes O," "A man's a man for a' that," and so forth. His voice was not famous, but it pleased Ellen as much now as in her childhood's illness; and she fancied herself again the helpless little being so often pillowed on his breast, gazing into his face with reverence—for he was to her faultless, the greatest and best man that walked the earth. He made a rough, two-wheeled wagon, and when his arms were tired, rolled her about in the long hall, comfortable with furnace heat. As drowsiness crept over her, he sat in the next room, playing on the flute, wild, plaintive Scotch airs. He never had had a master, and was incapable of difficult execution, but his "embouchure" was sweet and liquid, and he played with sentiment. It seemed to Ellen to turn into a human voice, and she swelled as she listened, till tears were forced out of her eyes—good tears that watered the barren waste parched up by the long drought. She had wept over wounded feelings; but these tears, called forth by music, were the first she had shed for the lost poetry and beauty of her existence. They eased the dull

aching, and did much to aid her rapid convalescence.

Phil came down often, and stayed several days at a time. The genial atmosphere made him bloom out, too; and who can tell Ellen's amazement and joy, one morning, when he came in with a flower-pot in his hand, a beautiful tea-rose bush in it, filled with flowers and buds. He looked rather sheepish, as he offered it to her with a kiss, and glanced nervously at the door, while she clung to his neck to hide her moist eyes.

Oh! Phil, Phil! Afraid of being caught, offering up incense on the altar of love. If thou wert not the victim of false education, thou wouldst be as great a hypocrite and liar as Peter denying his master—Peter, who had soul enough to recognize the sublimity of the Lord, but not enough to find his greatest glory in confessing it.

IX.

It was the earliest spring day of the year. The last icicle had oozed away, and the earth yielded to the foot with sinking elasticity. Tufts of grass, stiff and dark with the old age of a past year, peeped up here and there, from the rutted ground. A crumpled look told that they had battled through the long, dreary winter, but to revel in a few hours' sunshine, ere they gave place to a new generation. Martins twittered unceasingly, wheeling in graduating circles around their little homesteads, grimed with smoke, and bedaubed with the straws and dust of a long ancestry.

"Who would think," murmured Mr. Brown, as he hurried along the street, "that this silence and languor hide such wondrous workings? The earth is throbbing, the air quivering with its unborn, yet no ear is nice enough to catch it. It will burst upon us in verdure, leaf and flower, and we shall receive it as emotionless as we would a collar come in from the wash. I wonder if this is Mr. Grey's? It must be. What a singular, beautiful place in the heart of a city."

Just then, a pleasant voice said "good morning, Mr. Brown;" and turning around, he was cordially greeted by Mr. Brooks, who had just come from Owlcopse.

"I hardly expected to see you here," said the latter.

"I am passing through town to return home," replied Mr. Brown.

"How has the cause sped?"

"Very well. I find a wonderful increase of interest. Adams's lectures, that scarcely drew three people a few years ago, have been well attended in number and respectability. What a splendid wall this is! It must have cost a fortune itself, to put it up around so vast an extent."

"Yes," said Mr. Brooks dryly, "it is to such walls we owe the existence of poverty. Many a homeless head might have been sheltered by the bricks and mortar placed here to prevent the eyes of a brother from enjoying even the sight of wealth."

"Perhaps they have fruits or rare plants to protect," suggested Mr. Brown.

Mr. Brooks did not answer, and they passed in silence through the vast arched gate that swung to behind them with a ponderous clank. The broad carriage-road wound before them, bordered on each side by cedar, arbor-vitæ, larch, and fir. Their sombre tints set off the soft blue of the sky, and relieved the skeleton trees whose branches formed a network all around. The house, though of brick, was in the low, irregular form of a country house. There was a strange mixture of rural and cultivated beauty, as if the owner had sought to compromise between haunting recollections of youth and growing temptations of cosmopolitan wealth. Ducks and geese swam in the oblong pond, beside the stately swan, keeping at careful distance from the mist of spray that fell around the fountain, or diving down after fish under the leaves of the pond-lily. Chickens roamed at large, and some paces behind the conservatory might be seen the open palings of a long coop. A patch of stubble, still further back, showed that corn had been raised there.

Mr. Brooks's face grew more rigid, and his eyes sterner, as it took in the encroachments of city luxuries. He made no remark till they passed the pond, when he said:

"I can't imagine what people make a stagnant pool for, and keep it under their noses as a thing of beauty! It is like them, though, to forsake living waters, and paddle in the dead sea of their sins."

"Let us not judge ruthlessly," replied Mrs. Brown, "lest we be swallowed up in it as we pass."

When they neared the door, Mr. Brown remarked that he should like to look at the grounds before going in.

"I will excuse you," he added, "as you must be impatient to see Phil."

"I have some important business with him, which must be done before banking hours; so I shall have to let you go alone. You will come in soon, I suppose?"

"Yes, when I have satisfied my curiosity."

Mr. Brooks rang the bell, and Mr. Brown turned off into a side avenue.

"Thank heaven! he didn't come with me!" muttered Mr. Brown. "He would have made this bright day a mockery, and this beautiful garden a gaunt spectre. He has looked through a microscope at humanity, and, like the man who saw animalcules in water, turns from the healthful beverage in disgust. Their little sins, even their kindly weaknesses, have swollen into monsters. Poor Ellen! so young, lovely, and sensitive! What a sweet flower is withering in that arid waste."

He threw himself in a circular bench that encompassed a giant oak, and seemed lost in reverie.

By and by, he heard Mr. Brooks's and Phil's voices. He was conscious they sought him; but a dreamy, delicious mood was on him, and he shrank from their practical presence. The great trunk hid him. They passed on, and he saw them go out the gate with a hurried step.

Still he sat there, and did not move till a clear voice rose tremblingly on the air. It was faint and weak, and stopped after a few notes, as if amazed at its own deficiency. Again it rose a little bolder and stronger. It seemed too diffident to shape itself into a definite air, better sung in former times, but gushed out in vague, original melody, as if some pent-up yearning of its own must have expression.

Mr. Brown stole around to the side of the tree that faced the house. The up-stairs window was open. The sun shone aslant on it, lighting up a soft profile. The lips moved, but the sound grew feebler, and the chest heaved with fatigue. Ellen bowed her head on the window-sill, like one dejected.

X.

Mr. Brown plunged into a sequestered

path, and there paced distractedly up and down. Suddenly, as if shaking off a painful thought, and submitting to an invincible obstacle, he advanced with a determined step.

Abby was rolling a hoop before the house; she looked bashfully at him, and commenced retreating; but, catching his glance again, seemed drawn to approach.

"Is Mrs. Brooks able to see any one?" he asked.

"That's sister Nelly, you mean?"

"Yes."

"Oh! certainly; she eats down-stairs all the time now, and she has seen ever so many people. She has promised to come down and to see us dance to-morrow night. I am going to dance."

"That's right; will you dance with me, if they'll let me come?"

"Do you know Nelly?"

"Yes."

"Does she like you?"

"I believe she does."

"Then I'll dance with you," said Abby, taking his hand confidently, and leading him into the house.

Ellen soon made her appearance.

"I am so glad to see you!" said she, shaking him warmly by the hand. "I feel sad to-day. I tried to sing, and find I have nearly lost my voice and execution."

"You mustn't let that distress you," replied he. "It is the effect of illness, and will pass away as you gain strength. Do take a piano home with you, Mrs. Brooks. I have some pieces that will haunt you gloriously; among others, a few duets for piano and violin. I shall bring my violin next fall, expressly; and, if Mr. Brooks doesn't acknowledge himself a better man, while he listens, he has less humanity in him than I supposed."

"He has a great deal of humanity," answered Ellen; "but so little fondness for music, that he could live his life out without feeling a craving for it; and anything that goes beyond what he has set down the 'intention of music' to be, would wound his ear and his principles. I have been told he wouldn't go to hear Jenny Lind, or any of the great artists, because they did not advocate reform. He preferred reserving his money for abolition and temperance-singers. I am afraid I shouldn't be happy singing abolition and temperance all the time. I hear it talked so much, I need music

as a relaxation. You'll think me selfish," continued she; "but, I don't know how it is, I feel the importance of these great questions, and yet my mind won't stick to them. I must be worldly. I don't take them to heart exclusively, as I ought to."

She said this musingly, as if to herself, and looked so humble and contrite, that Mr. Brown was touched. Notwithstanding, he laughed aloud, and told her he hoped she wouldn't take anything to heart exclusively.

"There is nothing," said he, "so fatal to our right development as exclusiveness: it turns us either into cynics, or kindly monomaniacs, or bores. Trust more in yourself, Mrs. Brooks; follow out your own impulses. Who knows but, after listening a year or two to a high order of music, Mr. Brooks might not like it in spite of himself. The firmest of us are often insensibly bent; and Mr. Brooks needs bending, sadly. The awe his austerity and absorption in great principles inspire, prevents his being attacked and seeing his errors of judgment. I know of no greater misfortune to an exacting man than to be surrounded by undue homage. Gentle revolt, and a firm adherence to one's own line of action, are the best means to disarm or correct it. You, in your position, have the power to do so."

Ellen reddened, paled, and shrank.

"Oh, I cannot, I cannot!" she cried. "I have no strength to combat, no wisdom to judge. Perhaps my own impulses mislead me, and in time I shall be able to cast off these fervent yearnings after the graces of life. Resistance would increase the coldness, and I should freeze to death. I must have love—it is weak; everybody says I am weak," with a burst of tears. "I am sorry I can't help it. It must be my back," she added, deprecatingly, after a pause. "It crawls and crimps up when I am frightened or unhappy, and takes away all my strength."

She sat with her hands pressed against her back, looking so fragile, pale, and trembling, that Mr. Brown felt it was useless to try to breathe the spirit of warfare or independence into her.

"Ellen," said he, moved out of conventional rules, "you will die if you remain there. Talk frankly with your husband. Concealed sacrifices or suffering on either side are wicked in love. What could you think of Phil, if he

should hide from you something that was wearing away his life?"

"He couldn't," said she, quickly; "I should see it; I should find it out."

She arose hastily, as if alarmed at the words that had slipped from her unawares.

"It is very warm here; my head throbs."

"You had better breathe the fresh air a little while. I have not seen the back part of the grounds, not knowing whether it was permissible."

"Oh! I am glad you've not; it's such a pleasure to me to show them!"

She wrapped herself up carefully, and they were soon wending their way down a graveled walk in the rear of the building.

XI.

Mr. Grey's "place," as it was called, occupied the whole depth and breadth of a square. He had purchased it years ago, when property was cheap, and had never been willing to part with a foot of it. "He must have room to breathe," he said; and his broad chest looked as if he had had it. Mr. Brown imagined the back part devoted to gardening, and was surprised when, after passing a little vegetable-patch, they came upon what seemed to be an impenetrable thicket.

"Well," said Ellen, gravely, "what are we going to do now? We can't get through that."

"Not without being well scratched. They are blackberry bushes, I believe."

"Yes; there used to be a path last year, but I think they must have closed it up."

Mr. Brown went forward and sideways to explore. Ellen stood still, with a mischievous smile lurking round her mouth.

Mr. Brown came back. He could find no trace of a path; they might as well turn round again.

Just then they heard a crackling noise; the bushes before them parted, and Abby's golden head peered through.

Ellen clapped her hands, and laughed at Mr. Brown's bewilderment.

"I should have made you search, and search again," she said, "if Abby had not betrayed it. You needn't fear being pricked; the thorns have been cut off there, and the bushes made to trail over, on purpose, to conceal the opening."

"Nelly," cried Abby, "come, help me to find my fawn; the string broke, and he's run away."

They entered a narrow, beaten foot-path. The low bramble-skirting soon gave place to a forest as dense as any in the most solitary region of the western wilds. The path was lost in the mass of moist autumn leaves, whose crumpling scarcely broke now the stillness of the air. Here and there they were pierced by the blood-root and anemone—delicate, pale heads that made one wonder whence came the strength to raise and part that matted, leafy net.

Mr. Brown walked silently on. "I see now," he thought, "where she drew in a great part of the poetry that no drear breath of 'uses' can chill."

An omnibus rumbled by; he started; the forest illusion was so perfect, that he had forgotten a great city was around him.

"Mr. Brown," said Ellen, "you are as still as a mouse. Everybody cries out, on first coming into this wood."

"I have cried out, too; but it was so deep, the roar of the wind bore it off as its own."

"There is my favorite seat. Wait a minute."

She disappeared in the hollow of a great sycamore, whose twin trunks formed, near their common root, an ample easy-chair, and soon came out again, with a long cushion.

"It hangs on a peg in there, and keeps quite dry. Sit down; as soon as I have rested awhile, Abby, I'll help you look for the fawn."

"I won't stay, if you're so still," said the child, peevishly. "It's just like a church, here."

"Get me some moss and flowers, then, and I'll arrange you a pretty basketful."

Abby scampered off delightedly.

XII.

"She is right," said Ellen; "a forest always produces in me the same impression as a grand church, filled with music; or rather, perhaps, a church reminds me of the musical stillness and religious elevation felt in the woods. O! Mr. Brown, can it really be wrong to go to church?"

"What!" cried Mr. Brown, in a tone of the greatest perplexity.

"Mr. Brooks says there are only two or three ministers in the United States who do their duty; and he will not lend his countenance to any bread and butter panders, who keep silent on the great questions of the day. He adheres stoutly to his resolution, and has not seen an altar these twenty years. Moreover, he has a horror of churches in themselves. He says they tend to pride and vain glory, and swallow up a fund of riches, that ought to be bestowed on the poor. Decoration is the bane of his eye. The more costly the temple, the darker falls on it the shadow of his wrath. He would batter them all down—from the oldest master-piece of a dead nation, to the poorer imitations, sprung up in a night. His children have been trained in the same feeling; and I have not crossed the threshold of a church since I went to the farm. They were willing to take me there; but the village, you know, is several miles distant, and one of them would have had to wait for me in the carriage, out in the cold. I often pined to hear some preaching; to sit in a beautiful, solemn building, with the breath of a multitude rising and bursting through the organ-pipes, in great, quivering tones; to feel hearts throb at holy words, in unison with mine."

Her face, kindled with enthusiasm, threw an ominous light in Mr. Brown's mind. The more she opened her nature to him, the more he trembled for her future.

"Ellen," said he, "you are a true oriental, in love of form and gorgeous fancy. Why are you so afraid of what you call prejudices—that is, previous education? It is well not to be too confident in one's self, but it is ill to be too mistrustful. You are as apt to reject the good for the bad, as the bad for the good. In excess of humility, you cast away your judgment-anchor, and run the risk of being tossed forever on the wave of each succeeding opinion. They may bear you to a safe harbor, but are more likely to dash you to pieces on the rocks in the infinite waste of mine's-the-only-true-view. As I said to you before, consult your own soul and instincts. We should judge ourselves with the same fairness we would another, and with the respect due to one of God's creatures. If you have done so, you must know that your heart is mainly good, and worthy of some be-

lief in itself. You long to kneel, side by side with the lowly and high; to feel in common the sacred truths of religion, mingled with the poetry of music, and the beauty of art; yet you are doubtful of the worth of this sentiment, unless the minister conforms to certain conditions you impose. Ellen! Ellen! if some one has been able to give birth to such a doubt in you, must I believe that it could find there congenial soil for its growth?"

His voice was excited and reproachful. Ellen sighed. No answer came to her. Tears welled up. Mr. Brown walked backwards and forwards a few times, and then seated himself again beside her.

"I forget," said he, gently, "that many new thoughts have crowded upon you, lately, and that many, stronger and wiser than you, are now following in the wake of fanatical leaders. Ellen, I knew Mr. Brooks when he was a young man—that is about thirty-five, and I twenty. He was distinguished for his exactitude in church attendance; cited as a model of the congregation. Was he a worse man than he is now? All I can say is, that he was gentler, and mingled more generally with his kind. What alienates him from church? He proclaims it loudly: the indifference or lukewarmness of clergymen on the subjects that preoccupy him now—the priest trodden down, nothing more logical than to destroy the altar, raze the temple. The question is to know if the pulpit must be a tribune; the church an echo of the debates of congress, the squabbles of clubs, the uproar of streets; if the mission of the priest is to address himself to actual passions, to reduce his sermon to the value of an individual counsel, a political opinion, a vote, or to insinuate into minds and hearts those high principles of wisdom and charity which command passions, tranquillize human judgments, and make us walk straight, in the midst of facts and events. Ellen, when we have toiled, voted, disputed, all the week, we need repose on the Sabbath; we want to hear words of peace and union—to raise our soul to the Creator—to pray. The divinities of Homer descend among men, and the battle grows fiercer. Let us not pull God down to the level of our passions, but rise above them to meet Him, and unity will ensue. In church, all the angularities of life are smoothed; and

competitions, antipathies, rancors, kneel beside each other, stilled by the word of God. Suppose, now, that the minister broaches one of the exciting subjects in public agitation. What happens? Ellen, have you not heard pew doors bang, and seen angry men stalk out of church, at the inflamed words of the preacher? Behold the flock, that had come from different places, by several roads, to quench their thirst at the same source, divided. There remain round the preacher only those who accord with him, and he has lost the chance of working upon the very hearts that most needed to be touched. What good will he have done? The work of Christ would not be complete, if it did not bear in itself a balm for all suffering, a truth for every error, a lesson for each century. His fecund word is the same yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow; it is clear in itself, and answers all wants. Let ministers seek only to penetrate with it those who assemble to listen to them, and a time will inevitably come, when all mankind will be sufficiently nourished in divine love, and slavery will fall from the world, like a rotten fruit from the tree."

Mr. Brown's voice rose prophetically, and something quite near, repeated, "from the tree."

He looked around, startled.

"It's the echo, said Ellen, in a frightened whisper; for Mr. Brown's earnest words had cast abroad a solemn spell. "I always sit here, because it answers me when I sing."

"Sing now, then—do; and chase that goblin look from your face. I have bored and oppressed you with a prosy sermon; yet there is something I long to say yet. Are you tired?"

"No, not at all."

She plucked an anemone that grew between the gnarled roots at his feet, and handed it to him, saying, reproachfully:

"Look! you've nearly crushed it, with your boot."

He softly smoothed the mangled leaf that hung down, and put the flower in his button-hole.

"I am sorry to have hurt it," said he, "but I didn't see it; so I am not so much to blame."

Ellen smiled at his gravity. She answered quickly:

"You needn't laugh; you believe as

firmly as I do, that flowers have sensation."

"So I do; so I do."

"What else were you going to say to me?"

"To beg you to go to church when you can, even if art adorns it. Our imagination loves to represent God surrounded by all glories, beauties, and splendors; and I doubt not that the Catholic church owes to the pomp of its worship, to the poesy of its rites, the preponderance it has enjoyed until now, in spite of the scandals of Rome, and the horrors of the Inquisition."

"Prove to me that the pretty dress put on to please a lover is an insignificance; the exchange of the wedding ring a 'platitude'; the flower" (he glanced unconsciously at his button-hole) "preserved till death, an absurdity; then, I will recognize that forms, symbols, ceremonies are words void of sense, and that all external signs of respect and adoration given to the Divinity are as ridiculous as manifestations of our love to beings we cherish. Then, the supreme love will be not to show any, and Mr. Brooks will become the type of the true lover."

"Mr. Brooks—a lover!"

The idea was so funny that Ellen and Mr. Brown laughed merrily. Mr. Brown got up imitating his stiff, formal gait, cold, stern face, and offered his arm to Ellen with a sentimental bow. They walked off in great glee, following the sweep of the wall, and calling aloud to Abby.

She soon came limping up to them,

leading a little brown fawn that struggled hard to get away.

"Oh! Mr. Brown, do lead it for me. It has broken the string twice, and now it's so short, it tires my arm so. See how it pulls. Bad little thing! I've been chasing after it ever since I left you, and fell down and scraped my knee. Look here!"

Her stocking was covered with blood; her face dripping with perspiration, and her hair rolled up in tight curls from its moist, blowsy condition.

"We'll let Nelly, as you call her, lead the fawn, and I'll lead you. You'll make yourself sick running so long and hard."

He took her up in his arms, bound his handkerchief round her knee, and started off with her." Ellen followed with the fawn, which seemed quite docile as soon as freed from its mischievous tormentor.

The sun was now in its noon-day warmth, the sky blue, and cloudless. The balmy spring air was full of hope and happiness. Abby had fallen asleep on Mr. Brown's shoulder. His step was slow, and he stopped often to rest, as if anxious to prolong some pleasant dream that was fast passing away. Ellen thanked him simply for the weight he had taken from her spirits and the courage he had given her to believe more in herself. "To believe," she said sadly, "not to act."

The dinner-bell, rung furiously by an impatient hand, warned them that the summons must have been made once or twice before; and, hastening their pace, they soon reached the house.

SONNET.

THE hungry flame hath never yet been hot,
To him who won his name a crown of fire;
But it doth ask a stronger soul and higher,
To bear, not longing for a prouder lot,
Those martyrdoms whereof the world knows not—
Hope wrecked with frosty scorn, the faith of youth
Wasted in seeming vain defense of truth,
Greatness o'ertopt with baseness, and fame got
Too late:—yet this most bitter task was meant
For those right worthy in such cause to plead,
And, therefore, God sent poets, men content
To live in humbleness and body's need,
If they may tread the path where Jesus went,
And sow one grain of love's eternal seed.

HIGH LIFE—AT THE NORTH POLE.

EVERY part of our globe has its beauties and its charms; and he who has traveled much, brings, perhaps, no richer treasure home from his roving than the power to see what is striking and beautiful, even in the poorest region, the most arid country. Does not even the desert Sahara paint, on the heated, quivering air, images of passing splendor? In the very home of desolation, palm-shaded oases greet, like desert-dreams, the weary caravan; porphyry rocks rise in fantastic ruins, and the merry tinkle of the camel's bell, chiming in with the pilgrim's low chant, breaks like jubilant angels' voices upon the solemn silence. On the banks of the gigantic rivers of South America, primeval forests hide in their unbroken night the marvels of tropical vegetation; parasitic vines wind and weave their airy garlands around lofty trees, and bind the queenly palm to the humble mimosa. Above, hosts of bright-plumed parrots, jeweled humming birds and resplendent butterflies bask in the brilliant sunshine and seem to live but to enjoy—below, in the damp dark of the forest, the caiman wages his bloody war against the wolf and the ounce. The tropics are gorgeous in their luxuriant beauty; the marvels of the desert are wondrous and weird; but there is a land on earth that has still greater charms and more dazzling splendors. This is the home of winter, where he dwells in grim majesty amid eternal frost, and fashions, for a pastime, a truly wonderful world, not of marble and costly wood, but of simple, frozen water.

He is a magician like no other, all over the world: light, limpid water he changes by the mere touch of his wand into crystal bridges; the dry, dead blade of grass he decks with jewels of brightest hues, and the gigantic tree even he loves to clothe in light, transparent armor. At night on the window pane he paints dreamy landscapes of unknown regions, with lofty trees and fairy flowers; the Alpine heights he crowns, year after year, with glorious glaciers as with diadems of pure silver, and over field and meadow he spreads with tender care his white, warm coverlid of wondrous texture. But his magic power unfolds its richest works high up

in the north, in the deserted home of the seal and the ice-bear, on the banks of the polar sea, where plants even cease to exist, and where daring man only comes for a season.

When the short hot summer of the poles is past and the sun remains, day after day, longer below the horizon, until at last he rises no more to greet the anxiously watching eye of man, then begins the enchanted work of winter. Dense fogs brood seething and heaving over the dark blue waves of the sea; heaven and earth and ocean are all lost in one great direful chaos, only here and there fantastic, glittering islands of ice shine for an instant through the darkness. At last the heavily-laden clouds sink lower and lower, until they break into wild hosts of joyous, jubilant flakes. Now they are tossed and tumbled about in the clear, frosty air; now they sink weary and worn to the ground; but they rise soon after again to renew their frolicsome dance in the wild wind, and then once more fall slowly and solemnly, like miniature stars. Light, airy atoms as they are, they soon form little heaps; as day follows day and the snow never ceases, mountains and valleys are leveled alike, and still it rattles and rustles in the air as if ten thousand sharp needles were clinking and clattering against each other. In the mean time, long, lank, crystals of ice, like frozen rays of light, have shot from the coast far into the waves of the ocean. The surf has broken them again and again; but ever new rays venture out on the dark waters, until at last they have tied and chained the waves under a thin, transparent net of frail, fragile crystals. In vain does the wrathful ocean rise and roar; the great magician has bound it with fetters that no power on earth can break, save only the warm, loving light of the sun.

Now land and water lie alike hid under the smooth, silent pall of snow; a dread desert all around; not a bush, not a moss, not a single sign of life as far as the eye can reach; death and desolation alone seem to reign supreme. But, as ever, "out of death cometh life," so here also, at the very moment when life seems to have sunk to its lowest ebb, the polar world begins to unfold

its richest splendors. From time to time, a pale, yellow light flits and flickers awhile about the horizon and pours its magic sheen over the vast, voiceless world of ice; and when it passes away, moon and stars send down their silvery shimmer, that lights up the virgin heads of icebergs, and glides, as with sweet, silent kisses, over the slumbering plain. Every icicle and every snow-flake brightens up for an instant, as if grateful for such tender love, and from far and from near, faint fairy lights shoot up to the dark heavens, now dazzling and resplendent, now gently glowing in humbler effusion, until our senses are bewildered and a new world seems to have opened its marvels before us.

Further on, lofty glaciers are busily building; they rise to towering height, and fashion themselves into quaint ruins or slender spires; they pour mocking floods of frozen waters over the sharp edge of a precipice, and you fancy you see both the bounding billows and the rising surf. In bold, beautiful arches they climb up to the rocky coast, as if they wished to support it with their strong, storm-beaten buttresses; and on the plain they arrange themselves in lofty colonnades, like ancient Egyptian temples. More marvelous still is the mysterious life that seems to dwell in these strange structures. It is not alone the ghastly and appalling light of double and treble suns, united by gorgeously-colored arches, that illumines the heavens, nor the brilliancy of the stars as they are marshaled in countless hosts on the dark sky behind them. The icebergs themselves shine in azure and silver sheen; and the rose-colored snow blazes up, now and then, in dazzling effulgence. But what is stranger still, and more beautiful, is the constant, unbroken play of light amidst those grottoes and ruins of ice. Now it breaks forth as in one great flood of sunshine, that pours its sudden splendor over temples and into huge caverns, and then again it divides into a thousand mocking, mysterious sparks, that shine for an instant, and playfully pass from edge to edge in the magic ruins and dreamy arcades. All would fain become light. Crystals seem to sigh for a change into a ray of brightness, and to flee from their silent, lifeless home. Everywhere light and life apparently wrestle with

darkness and death; and over the whole there spreads ever and anon a ghastly, silent shimmer, as if resurrection was breaking through the night of destruction. Deep, dark shadows rest by the side of shining heights, as the bitter pain of death mingles with the sweet hopes of the life to come.

But, like all that is beautiful on earth, this magic world also has its end. As soon as the long night makes way for the long day, it vanishes. Now foaming torrents begin to pour their floods from lofty mountain-tops; now the triumphant waves of the ocean crack and crush the heavy, icy fetters that have held them captive so long. Huge floes, covering square miles, break off with thundering roar; gigantic icebergs, undermined by the hungry waters, tremble and totter, and then bury their lofty heads in the dark ocean, while the waters dance in fierce, exulting joy, and the white foam is dashed up to the clouds. The castles fall into genuine ruins; the long arcades crumble into fragments; the fairy lights vanish, one after another, and the whole brilliant world disappears like a dream. Towering masses of ice and floating glaciers are tossed about on the unchained waves, and dash their hard brows against each other. From under snow and ice, stern, sterile rocks reappear; scanty algae and humble mosses clothe them in spots, whilst in the sheltered valley, grateful berries grow in unhopd for abundance. The reindeer comes from the south, in search of its dainty food, and the ice-bear prowls grumbling and growling around, to surprise the unwieldy seal, and the fowl on its well-feathered nest. The white fox of the poles is seen gliding along the scanty cover, to entrap the poor little hare, that sleeps nine long months of the year; and the wolf forms numerous parties, to feast on the long-maned musk-ox. Still, even now, life is but scanty, and solitude yet prevails. Only much further south, the ice-fashioned window of the Esquimaux shines now and then, with pale, borrowed light; and the sole companion that Captain Parry knew, during his ten months' captivity on Melville Island, was a snow-owl, that managed to live on the tiny Hudson mice. For a few weeks in summer, wild fowl and sea-mews give life to the air; seals break, with powerful tusks, large air-holes in the thick

ice, and whales toss and tumble about in the open waters, and prepare for their journey towards the south.

These are the marvels of the north pole that first strike the eye of man. But greater wonders still are hid below the surface—true wonders of a new, unknown power, that men have sought for, and searched, during ages. Around our globe there are passing, from hour to hour, mysterious currents. Like the tide of the ocean, they rise and they fall; they penetrate far into the crust of the earth; they dwell—who knows how?—in all our iron; they pass on invisible paths through the air; hover around every plant; are ever active, and ever wanted in the human body; kindle the half-fabulous Aurora, and may, we have reason to think, be the bearers, if not the creators, of light upon earth. What of old was to the alchemist the magic of attraction and aversion—the love and the hatred of the elements—their meeting and their parting—their power to create and to destroy—that is to the scholar of our day the virtue of magnetic and electric currents. And these have their hidden home in the marvelous regions of the polar world.

Man's restless spirit had long searched for their secret dwelling-place. With the magnetic needle in his hand, he had wandered from zone to zone, from the depths of the earth to its loftiest mountain tops, and from the heat of the equator to the ever-frozen regions. He feared not, at last, to venture amid a thousand dangers, to encounter the glaciers and icebergs of the poles, in their native land, and to skim over the snows in his light, fragile sledge, in order to discover the long-hidden seat of the Northern magician. His eye ever bent upon the fitful movements of his tiny needle, he followed his unerring guide through fogs and mists, through tempests and torrents. The needle led him across the burning desert, and the pathless ocean. Soon he discovered that the same mysterious powers—magnetism and electricity—led the wanderings of the clouds in heaven, and of the beasts on earth. The fish in the water, we now know, follow the current of magnetism of the globe, and the birds in the air; through the muscles and nerves of our body it passes, in restless, but regular motions; from the thunder-cloud it draws its lightning;

from the metal wire it flashes in brilliant flames; it dwells in the humble eel of South American rivers, and it uplifts the ocean, or heaves continents, by its marvelous power.

The homes of these wonderful currents—their central places—lie close to the poles. Where plants live no longer, where animal life ceases to exist, there man has found, in late years, the first point of that great power. Here the magnetic needle stands nearly upright. But in striking contrast with its importance, this point, that hides one of the most mysterious secrets of the world, lies in a flat, level country, where barren sand stretches far and near, and only at a distance rises into low, prosy downs. Yet, light and heat, physical, and even mental life, all seem to spring from this mysterious centre, to encircle the earth's gigantic globe, and the smallest atom that floats in the ether. From the deserts of the poles, a spring of most delicate, nervous life thus gushes forth, in ever-restless, ever-longing desire; and there, amidst snow and ice, lies buried the primitive source of that as yet unexplored power, that many are disposed to consider as the long sought for vital force of science.

Certain it is, that the secret of the earth's life lies near the pole, from whence it passes, in oddly-traced circles, around our globe, and forms and fashions its surface. The great mountains of all the continents follow these magnetic lines; they mark the path of the Ural, and of the granite rocks of Sweden; the romantic heights of Scotland, and the grim, rugged Pyrenees, the Alps and the Caucasus, the Taurus, and all the gigantic ranges of India, are closely chained to the lines thus appointed. All that the earth bears on her broad bosom is subject to their marvelous influence; whatever there is on the globe, either follows the magnet, or seeks to avoid it. Even the air obeys the universal influence: in summer, during excessive heat, it rejects and repels the electro-magnetic power; in winter, it receives it in friendly embrace. Man has made the all-powerful agent—like all other things earthly—his slave, and his servant; he has found it to be the agent in the formation of crystals, and thus learned to create, as it were, both minerals and jewels. By its aid he now sends the intangible thought of his mind across continent

and ocean; he produces a light more brilliant than all others known; he parts the very elements of water, and changes the fluid into gases that give him both heat and light; and having but recently discovered the close connection between magnetism and light, he is now on the point of revealing its last, hidden secret.

Turning from those mysterious regions of the poles that human eye has not yet beheld, and from those marvels that human mind has not yet explored, to more southern, and hence more familiar lands, we still find that every step reveals to us new wonders and new secrets. Far underneath the eternal ice, and below volcanic rocks there lie buried the palm-forests of earliest ages. Tree by tree, they rest there, as if the tender hand of our good mother nature had laid them to slumber, strange, eloquent witnesses of those dark days, when the earth bore tropical trees where now the birch even reaches but a stunted growth of a few inches. That graywacke and those coals hide in their silent realms the secrets of the childhood of our earth. The first islands that rose from the waters, when God said: Let the dry land appear! they floated about in the hot heaving deluge, and covered themselves with a world of gigantic plants, such as only the Ganges and the Amazon can now present. What storms and what strife they must have seen, these first children of the earth! The oldest foundation of our globe, they now rest in silence and solitude: glaciers and icebergs crown them as with the silvery hair of hoary old age, and the long polar night fore-shadows their coming destruction.

But the fire that then threatened to melt the new-born planet, is not subdued yet; every now and then it still breaks forth with ancient fury from the very midst of the icy masses, blasts and bursts the cold armor, and casts its bloody glare far into the wintry night and over the pale fields of snow. Or a glowing stream of lava rises proudly from the trembling, tottering mountain; it descends into the snow-covered valley, destroys all the magic works of winter, and drives in wild rage streams of boiling water before it, until it falls exhausted, a fiery cascade, into the broad ocean.

As the gigantic volcano tries from time to time to free his proud neck

from the yoke of burdensome ice, so the hot springs of the Geyser carry on an unceasing warfare against the world of snow. Far down, from an almost unfathomable depth, they throw the seething waters high into the air, and gather them back again in their wide basin. In the silent, deserted valley, amidst pale basalt rocks, there rises and falls, like the beating of a monstrous pulse, the impassioned spring in aimless wrath, the only sign of life in the midst of death.

Nor are the seas of the polar regions less full of wonders. Even the boldest of mariners venture not to visit them, except at midsummer, and then not without imminent danger. Dense, dismal fogs brood over the angry waves, or wild snow storms darken the sweet light of day. Even his most trusty companion and guide, the compass, here forsakes man; the indolent needle points ever towards the bow of the vessel and forgets its proper allegiance. For so near the magnetic pole even the magnet loses its mysterious power, and the iron of the ship attracts it more forcibly. The sailor's best friend is often the walrus, whose watchful outposts fail not to warn, with loud, anxious cries, their own brethren of the approaching foe, and thus not unfrequently inform the latter of the danger that threatens his ship from floe or iceberg. Upon large masses of ice the white bear of the north ventures far into the sea, after seal and walrus; as agile in swimming as in climbing on land, he fears no danger and boldly braves even the deadly weapons of man. Amidst countless myriads of jelly like-beings, so numerous that they color the waters of the sea, passes slowly the giant of the ocean, the whale, and swallows them painfully by the million. Neither the extreme cold nor the enormous pressure of water prevents hosts of Medusæ and sea-nettles from roaming freely about; and where not a shrub nor a blade of humble grass covers the naked, barren soil, there grow in the far depths of the sea quaint, bright colored algæ in gigantic proportions, and carry, instead of flowers, gay, shining shell-fish between their branches. When the children of Iceland are threatened with famine on shore, they reap their harvest out at sea; they gather the precious sea-

wrack, and grind it into nutritious flour. And when no plant upon earth can cure the sad sufferer of his disease in the chest, the carraghen moss of Iceland brings comfort and sweet relief, if not absolute restoration. Thus here also, thanks to an all-bountiful Father in heaven, man finds food and aid where death and destruction alone apparently reign.

Around the coasts of the polar seas, stretch, far away, lands and islands, covered during nine months of the year, if not longer, with snow and ice. They are mostly fearful snow-deserts, where the furious storms of the north play a mad game with high hills of snow, and in raging fury drive and drift huge masses through the howling wilderness, and over the silent fields. Here grows no tree, and no shrub; no grain ever ripens, no fruit ever matures—in well sheltered valleys, alone, a few berries are found, a birch of a few inches high, and a wholesome, acid sorrel. Gray mosses and lichens, however, cover the vast plain, clothe the bare, sterile rock with warm, cosy verdure, and edge the banks of deep-bedded streams. A broad belt of such snow-steppes surrounds the north pole, broken in upon by steep, rugged rocks, or by immense swamps and morasses. These snow-deserts would be without life, as they have not a tree for shelter, and not a plant for food or garment, if they were not the home of countless herds of reindeer. How wondrous again, that where death and solitude reign, such fullness of life should appear of a sudden! Wherever we glance at the broad lands of our earth, in the blessed regions of the tropics, or the barren steppes near the pole, everywhere we find the same tender care and supreme wisdom of the Creator. When the cold of winter is most severe, and the season of storms is approaching, these stag-like, grayish brown reindeer may be seen moving in dense columns towards the southern forests of ever-green pines. It is a noble sight, these uncounted hosts of well-built, powerful animals, with their gracefully curved antlers carried proudly on high, until they resemble the wintry forest when stripped of its foliage. Their flexible, well-protected fetlocks rattle across the plain, as they chase each other in merry sport, and dash with winged speed over the snow-covered fields. When they have

reached the safe shelter of the woods, they stand for hours, rigid and motionless, but, for the sake of warmth, closely pressed one against another. As soon as the storm has passed over their heads, new life is infused in the apparent statues; they tear bark and moss from the trees, and scrape with powerful hoof the snow from the ground, until they reach the welcome lichens beneath. And if it were covered under a thickness of six feet, their keen, marvelous scent would never fail to find it in ample abundance. With the spring come the strange enemies of these powerful animals, gadflies of terrible fierceness, that drive them—true children of the “fly in Egypt”—with irresistible fury back to the north. Their crowds are so dense, that they change day into night; they lay their noxious eggs in the skin, the nose, and even the palate of the miserable reindeer, who soon are covered all over with pustules and swellings. They fall by the hundred, sad victims of a despised little insect; the survivors are reduced to mere skeletons, and so thoroughly frightened, that they flee in wild terror if they hear but the humming of a distant gadfly. As they approach the north, they find there rich pastures of moss, and fatten once more on the shores of the polar seas! They follow the same paths from year to year, and the same fords across rivers; wolves and bears pursue them with hungry hostility. When the short, hot summer is past, they wander back again to the southern forests, grazing, in herds of a hundred, close by each other. But not all reach the desired haven; for, as they cross the broad rivers, Tunguses and Samojedes rush forth from their ambush, and with wild cries terrify them so, that they swim helplessly to and fro, interlace their broad antlers, and soon succumb in bloody carnage. A skillful, experienced Tungus has been known to kill more than a hundred in a short half-hour, dashing with his light birch canoe into the midst of the maddened and frightened herd. Others again are caught alive by a noose thrown over their antlers, and thus dragged ashore. A short time suffices to tame them, and then they are taught to draw the slight sledge—a hollow trunk covered with reindeer fur—and to obey the voice of their master. Thus the children of the north make their almost incredible journeys, bringing costly furs from America to distant Siberia, though

it cost them a voyage of nearly six months! One or two reindeer are tied with thongs to the sledge, and they are off. At night, he tethers his faithful servants, and lets them find their scanty repast under the snow, while he creeps into his narrow tent, made of reindeer-skins, and lights his little lamp to keep him warm. If he has no tent, he wraps himself up in double reindeer-skins, which by their peculiar mixture of wool and hair are proof against rain, snow and cold, and sleeps very comfortably on the hard-frozen snow, to continue his journey on the morrow.

Thus numerous, powerful nations, on this continent as well as in Europe, exist only by means of this invaluable animal, without which neither northern Siberia nor the upper regions of America would be a fit abode for man. Like the camel of the south, the reindeer also requires a hunter's nomadic life. Even the Lapps and the Finns, who own immense domesticated herds, must travel with them, for pasturage. Together they move down from the beloved mountains, to fish at the sea-shore during the short summer months, and together they return to their home among the rocks.

They ride them, and drive them; they milk them; they know them by sight, and call them by their names, and even their poor, insufficient language has not less than seventy-six different words for the beloved, indispensable reindeer!

But what strange, terrible fate could ever lead men to still higher regions, where even the reindeer cannot exist, where the summer sun shines but upon eternal ice and snow, and where winter has an unbroken night of more than three months? Still, there are nomadic races living far beyond the northern coast of America—the only races on earth that have neither history, nor even tradition. Their religion consists in a few childish charms; their society knows not the form of law, nor alas! the spirit of love; their existence is barely above vegetation. Capt. Ross discovered in the northernmost parts of Baffin's Bay a tribe of two hundred souls, who had never heard of other men, cut off as they were, by the ocean and by impassable mountains, from all fellow-beings. Their narrow country was to them the whole earth, and all the rest they believed to be a desolate mass of ice.

ASPIRATION.

THOU sea, whose tireless waves

Forever seek the shore—

Striving to clamber higher,

Yet failing evermore;

Why wilt thou still aspire,

Though losing thy desire?

Thou sun, whose constant feet

Mount ever to thy noon,

Thou canst not there remain—

Night quenches thee so soon;

Why wilt thou still aspire,

Though losing thy desire?

Rose, in my garden growing,

Unharm'd by winter's snows,

Another winter cometh,

Ere all thy buds uncloze;

Why wilt thou still aspire,

Though losing thy desire?

Mortal! with feeble hands

Striving some work to do,

Fate, with her cruel shears,

Doth all thy steps pursue;

Why wilt thou still aspire,

Though losing thy desire?

THE ROMANCE OF CRIMEAN HISTORY.*

OF the overflowing literature to which the Eastern war has given rise, to us, one of the most acceptable products is Mr. Milner's *History of the Crimea*.

It is a very readable, and we think a trustworthy book. Mr. Milner is a man of research, evidently a careful student, and an agreeable writer. His style is easy and attractive. He takes the reader up lightly, and carries him along pleasantly. Perhaps he lacks nerve as a narrator; and one misses the glow and grace, which only a dramatic imagination can give to the groupings and the details of history. Nor ought we to lose the chance of vindicating our critical sagacity which is offered us by a suspicion that Mr. Milner is more deeply indebted, than the uninitiated would imagine, to a certain venerable quarto entitled *L'Histoire de la Chersonèse Tauride*, by M. Stanislaus Siestrzewicz de Bohusz, a gentleman at whose name, indeed, our readers may sneeze, but whose merits as a chronicler we advise no one rashly to dispute.

Leaving Mr. Milner and M. Bohusz, however, to settle their accounts as they may please, we propose to avail ourselves freely of the labors of both and of many other literary workmen besides, in order to sketch the outlines of the romantic history of that far-away peninsula, on which the eyes of the civilized world have been fixed with an interest so intense during the first campaigns of the great war of the Western Alliance.

Three years ago the name of the Crimea was scarcely more familiar to our ears than that of Cambodia. Children learned its boundaries at school; antiquarians squabbled over its sites; but, for the most part of men in this western world, the Chersonesus was a very dim and shadowy fact, floating on the far horizon of fancy—just a trifle nearer to us than Cathay; just a trifle further from us than Cashmere.

And yet the Crimea has an authentic history—most stirring and most strange. Within that small peninsula, great tragedies have been enacted. It has witnessed the rise and fall of mighty

monarchs; the glory and the shame of great races of men.

War and woman—these are the staple of romance; Ulysses—

"On the ringing plains of windy Troy,
Drinking delight of battle with his peers;"
or:

"In the boyhood of the year
Sir Launcelot and Queen Guinevere
Riding through covert of the deer,
With blissful treble ringing clear,"

these are the types of those eternal passions which make history romantic.

A woman's smile or a warrior's sword shines on every page of the Crimean history; and we fear not to affirm that, if all possible histories could be fairly written, few would charm with more irresistible magic than this.

How pathetic is the picture with which it first rises upon our sight.

Three thousand years ago, the bars of the confederate princes of Greece lay in the port of Aulis, waiting for the wind to waft them to the shores of the divine Troy. They waited, but no breeze shook their sails. The wrath of the gods was visibly kindled against them; and, from one to another, the princes looked, seeking the offender. That offender was their royal chief. Agamemnon, king of men, had slain the favorite stag of Diana; and the goddess, said the solemn priest, would never loosen her hold upon the fleets of Greece, till the wrong she had suffered should have been appeased, by the sacrifice of the sinner's beauteous child—the young Iphigenia.

The sacrificial knife hung suspended in the hand of Chalcas above the maiden's devoted head; when Diana appeased at once, and moved with pity, snatched the victim from the altar, and bore her away to be a votary and a priestess in the temple of Cape Parthenium among the Tauri of the Tauric Chersonese.

Hard by the monastery of St. George at Balaklava the remains of that old temple are standing now.

The sentiment and pathos of Euripides gave immortality to the legend; and we doubt not that many an English-

* *The Crimea, its Ancient and Modern History*. By the Rev. THOMAS MILNER. London, 1855.

man, not all unmindful of Eton and of Oxford, has delighted himself in the lapses of the weary siege of Sebastopol with tracing in the nooks and crannies of the iron-bound coast, and the land-locked inlets of the sea, that still retreat wherein Orestes, the brother of the priestess, accompanied by his faithful Pylades, sought concealment after their shipwreck, and were discovered by the fishermen, whose trade it was to "fish the *murex* up" for his fine purple dye.

Homer says nothing of Iphigenia and her touching story; but the shores of the Crimea are not without an echo of his song.

Ulysses, always roaming with a hungry heart, is supposed to have touched at the Tauric Chersonese. Did he sail westward or eastward from the fields of Troy? Dubois de Montperreux carries him into the Euxine; and surely the *Times* Correspondent, himself, could give no better picture than this of the harbor of Balaklava.

"Within a long recess a bay there lies,
Edged round with cliffs, high pointing to the
skies;
The jutting shores that swell on either side,
Contract its mouth and break the rushing tide.
Our eager sailors seized the fair retreat,
And bound within the port their crowded
fleet;
For, here retired, the sinking billows sleep,
And smiling calmness silvered o'er the deep,
I only in the bay refused to moor,
And fixed, without, my hawseers to the
shore."

Odyssey, Book X.

Thus it is that the peninsula, which, under various guises—as Taurida, the Tauric Chersonesus, Crim Tartary, and now as the Crimea—has so often flashed out on the world's history, begins to glimmer faintly, in mist and fable, there, on the shores of the Inhospitable Sea, three thousand years ago.

What was the rude race which first peopled it—a race so rude, that all strangers cast upon their shores became a sacrifice to their inhospitable gods?

Succeeding revolutions have of course all but obliterated the traces of the first Keltic inhabitants. Their remains are but slight—slight, yet significant—remains which, apparently meaningless, are yet eloquent and persuasive to the archeologist and the ethnographer. Keltic, then, the first people was. When this people reached the Crimea, it would, of course, be difficult to determine. Any research in that direction would require

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to be pursued in the geologic, rather than the historic method—by that paleontologic mode of investigation employed by the geologist or the archeologist. In all probability they roamed the steppes, and dwelt among the hills of the Crimea for centuries before they became known to Greek adventure. There is even a myth which would point to the discovery of the peninsula by the Argonauts, which antedates, by a hundred years, the annals of

"Thebes or Pelop's line,
Or the tale of Troy divine."

Herodotus, too, speaks of an invasion of the Scythians into the country of the primitive *Tauri* or mountaineers, fifteen hundred years before the birth of Christ. With these the aborigines would seem to have united: and it was these Tauri-Scythians that became known to the Greeks as *Cimmerians*—an old vocable (C R M) which we find resounding through a variety of names, as *Cimmeria*, *Crimea*, *Crim* (Tartary), *Crimbres*, *Cymry*. Tradition makes these a "savage race, using stones and clubs as weapons, fierce to strangers," and even massacring those who arrived on their shores. The hostility of the inhabitants, joined to the difficulties and dangers of the navigation of the Black Sea, it doubtless was which caused the Greeks to give it the appellation of the *Inhospitable*—*ἄξερος*. This reputation it retained long enough. Ovid, the Roman poet, and Tertullian, the Christian bishop, have both poured out their execrations upon it.

And so through centuries of darkness, of *Cimmerian* darkness, 'mid which glimmers only the faint light of fable, these Kelts, these Scythians lived. On the extreme verge of ancient civilization dwelt they, "beyond the ocean stream, wholly wrapt in mists and darkness, where Helios never looks down with his illuminating sunbeams." Off to the east lay those wild, mystic Caucasian crags whereon agonized the divine Prometheus, who brought down the celestial fire to mortals; those crags the wandering Io crossed in her journeyings. Hidden in that little peninsula, all unknowing and unknown, the Kelts remained, till, in the seventh century, they flashed out on the history of the world, in a quite unexpected manner.

In the seventh century, B. C., the

Greeks commenced an extensive colonial system along the shores of the Black Sea. Its coasts were explored—Greek civilization and Greek commerce were planted thereon, and the Pontic itself came to be regarded no longer as the *Inhospitable*, but as the *Hospitable*—*Eὐχαιρος*—Euxine Sea.

Two Greek settlements were made about this time in the Crimea. One from Miletus to the Eastern peninsula of Kertch, the other from Heraclea to the southwestern part of the Crimea—the Heracleatic Chersonesus, as it was afterwards called. The Milesians founded the city of Panticapæum, the present *Kertch*, and Theodosia, to which the Tartars afterwards gave the appellation of *Kaffa*. The settlers from Heraclea built the city of *Cherson*—not the Cherson near the Dneiper—but another city of the same name, close by the harbor of Sebastopol—Sebastopol, in fact, being built on the ruins of one of its suburbs. This little republic flourished some two thousand years. Its history is full of romance: we shall meet with it again.

The extensive settlements made by the Milesians in the eastern part of the Crimea, were, in course of time, consolidated into one power, under the name of the Kingdom of Bosphoros, whereof Panticapæum became the capital. It begins to be of importance, say five centuries before Christ, and flourished, altogether, for about eight hundred years. This kingdom would seem to have been, on the whole, not without a certain splendor. For three hundred years Panticapæum and Theodosia carried on a grand and massive system of commerce with the mother-country. Their galleys sailed, freighted with corn, wool, furs, salted provisions, and sturgeons, for Greek gourmands. Their little peninsula became the granary of Greece. The fertility of its soil enabled it to send an annual export of 400,000 medimni of corn to Athens; and even yet it has not altogether lost its ancient character. Oliphant mentions the curious fact that the buck-wheat of Kertch carried off the prize at the World's Fair, in London, 1851. "It was to Athens, in the age of Demosthenes," says Mr. Milner, "what Egypt became to Rome, in the days of the Empire—the country on which her citizens depended for the staff of life, a mart for her traders, and a nursery for her ma-

lines." Leucon, the fifth sovereign, lives in history as a wise and powerful prince. He gained the eternal gratitude of Attica, by feeding it during a great famine.

But the most romantic figure in the history of the Bosphoric Kingdom is that of Mithridates, the mighty sovereign of Pontus, that prince whom Cicero held to be the greatest monarch that ever filled a throne.

The Crimea fell into his hands when the Greek colonists found themselves impotent against the harassing attacks of the interior tribes. Crimean cohorts were ranged beneath his banners, while for thirty years he bade defiance to the eagles of Rome. Defeated at length in that famous battle fought by moonlight on the banks of the sacred Euphrates, the Pontic sovereign fled, before the victorious Pompey, into the heart of the Crimea. There in that very Panticapæum, now called Kertch, he lived out the few last and miserable years of his magnificent career. "Though old and afflicted with an incurable ulcer, he bated not 'one jot of heart or hope;' but conceived the daring project of marching westward round the shores of the Euxine, gathering the wild tribes of the Sarmatians and the Getai to his standard, and throwing these masses upon the frontiers of the Roman state!"

Well might the republic decree twelve days of thanksgiving for the overthrow of so indomitable a foeman.

But the valor, and the wisdom, and the will of Mithridates, his skill in policy, and in arms, his cunning in medicine, all availed him not against an enemy mightier than Pompey. Treason and ingratitude smote him down, and he lies buried in Crimean soil. They point you now to his tomb. His ungrateful son Pharnaces did not long enjoy the throne he had basely purchased. He quarreled with his Roman masters; and on the field of Zela, Cæsar "came, saw, and conquered" him.

The Crimea passed under the sway of Rome, and it was one of the first provinces detached from the colossal empire in the great northern convulsion. The Goths overwhelmed it, and the Bosphoric province disappeared from history, about the fourth century.

The modern town of Kertch still preserves many traces of the Bosphoric days.

Vestiges of towers and mighty walls,

thousands of barriers or tumuli attest the grandeur of the ancient Pantica-pæum—the "city all of gardens." Vases, statues, ornaments of all kinds have been exhumed from time to time. Many of them adorn the hermitage at St. Petersburg; many more *did* adorn the museum at Kertch, till the vandalism of the Turks and the Zouaves destroyed that curious and beautiful collection.

It is a striking illustration of the profound ignorance in respect to the Crimea, which prevailed before the eastern war broke out, that it should have been left for an American traveler, Mr. George Sumner, of Boston, to inform the British government of the existence of this collection at Kertch, and to suggest to them the propriety of looking after its safety.

Bosporus fell; Cherson, meanwhile, however, continued to flourish. And flourish she did till the thirteenth century of our era—escaping, for ages, the weakness and decay into which the Hellenic race was plunged—preserving for a thousand years, while Greece was sunk in abject slavery and degradation, her glory and her freedom—with

"A Homer's language murmuring in her streets,
And in her haven many a mast from Tyre."

Cherson, with her own free institutions, governed by her own elective Archon, cherishing the customs and imitating the policy of Greece, long maintained her commercial prosperity and her political liberties. It was not until about the middle of the ninth century that the Emperor Theophilus destroyed, in a measure, the independence of Cherson, by bringing it under the dominion of the Eastern Empire. Thus brought into contact with the corrupt spirit of the Byzantine power, the integrity of the little republic soon vanished; and it was thus prepared to fall an easy prey to the Tartar hordes which, four centuries later, swept across Europe. Meanwhile, however, let us glance at its history.

During these early centuries we notice the intimate relationship which Cherson held to Rome and the Emperors. Dioclesian, for some signal services which she rendered the State, granted her citizens extensive commercial privileges throughout the Roman Empire; and the Empire itself, during

the old age of Constantine the Great, was indebted to the valor of the Chersonites for a defense against an invasion of the Gothic and Sarmatian tribes, who had crossed the Danube and were preparing to fall upon the Western World. Constantine, in gratitude, sent to Cherson a golden statue of himself; and, better still, granted her a charter ratifying every commercial immunity bestowed upon the city by preceding Emperors. Cherson would also seem to have served as a place of banishment during the reigns of the Roman Caesars. Large numbers of the early Christians, in particular, appear to have been sent thither. In a quarry near by Inkermann, St. Clement, first Bishop of Rome, by order of the Emperor Trajan, for many years labored. The rocks in this vicinity are positively "honey-combed with cells and chapels,"—the work of exiles, refugees, recluses, and monks of the early Christian epoch.

The history of Cherson, during these imperial ages, is preserved to us only in a general way; but we catch glimpses of romance throughout. Here, for instance, is a story related by Constantine Porphyrogenitus, the imperial author of the *De Ceremoniis*. Like a snatch of an old Homeric epic, it is borne across these fifteen centuries. About the middle of the fourth century, Lamachos was president of Cherson, and Osandros, King of Bosporos. The Chersonites and Bosporians had, for a number of years, been at war with each other, and it was now proposed, in order to unite the two States in amity, to marry the son of Osandros to the only daughter of Lamachos. To this the Chersonites consented, on condition that the young Asander should never return to Bosporos, under pain of death. The marriage was celebrated, and Asander dwelt with the young Gycia in the palace of Lamachos, which was a building of regal splendor, covering four of the quadrangles marked out by the intersection of the streets in the quarter of Cherson called Souza, and having its own private gate in the city walls. Two years afterwards, Lamachos died, and Gycia became heir to his princely fortune. At the end of a year, Gycia went out to decorate her father's tomb—having obtained permission from the Senate to entertain the whole body of the citizens of Cherson at a funeral banquet on the anniversary of her father's

death, as long as she lived. Meanwhile her husband, Asander, conceived the design of making himself master of Cherson, and overthrowing its liberty. Accordingly, for two years, he caused men and warlike stores to be secretly transported from Bosporos, and concealed in the immense ware-houses inclosed within the walls of his wife's palace. Two hundred armed Bosporians were thus collected, and Asander was waiting for the approaching anniversary of the death of Lamachos to carry out his perfidious design.

But it chanced that, precisely at this time, a favorite maid of Gycia was, for some offense, banished to a room lying directly over where the Bosporians were concealed. Here, while the girl was sitting solitary, one day, her spindle dropped, and, rolling along the floor, it fell into a hole near the wall. In order to recover it, she raised one of the tiles of the pavement; when, stooping down, she descried the soldiers hidden in the vaults beneath. This fact the maid immediately communicated to her mistress, and Gycia herself became a witness of the strange spectacle. She saw that her own husband was meditating the ruin of her native city, and she resolved to prevent him!

Communicating the plot to a chosen committee of the Senate, it was resolved to destroy the conspiracy by burning the enemy in their place of concealment—Gycia willingly giving her ancestral palace to the flames to save her country. Meanwhile, however, the expected day arrived, and she ordered the preparations for the annual feast to be made with more than ordinary liberality. In the evening, Gycia, to the delight of her husband, proposed that all should retire to rest at an early hour. Asander waited till midnight to commence his treachery.

In the interim, however, Gycia packed up all her jewels, locked every door of the palace as she passed and hastened out, accompanied by her slaves. Forthwith she commanded the building to be fired on every side, and her husband perished in the flames of her ancestral palace. So did the patriotism of Gycia preserve the liberty of Cherson.

Gycia, in her revelation of the plot, had made it a condition that, when she died, she should be buried within the walls of Cherson. This was contrary

to the Hellenic custom—nevertheless it was granted. After the lapse of a number of years, however, Gycia, suspecting that the ardor of her countrymen's gratitude had cooled, determined to try if they would keep their promise. She pretended to be dead. The event proved as she had feared: the funeral procession passed the gates of the city, when, rising up from her bier, she exclaimed: "Is it in this way the people of Cherson keep their promise to the preserver of their liberty?" To prove that they would not again violate their promise, the Chersonites caused a tomb to be erected during her lifetime, with a statue of bronze placed over it. Here, when she really died, she was buried. The tomb stood uninjured in the tenth century, when the Byzantine Emperor recorded the story of her patriotism.

A century before this little tragedy at Cherson, on the stormy coast of Scandinavia lived a certain Rurik—a rude, self-helping Norse chieftain. The heart of the man swelled beyond the narrow boundaries of his northern home. So, taking with him a band of his bold fellow countrymen—*Varangians*, as they were called—he traversed the Baltic, entered the Gulf of Finland, and landed at the spot where now St. Petersburg stands. The Slavic power was, at this period, concentrated round Lake Ilmen, in the flourishing republic of Novgorod. Flourishing the republic was; yet the citizens seem to have been at strife with each other. Rurik, regarding this as a favorable opportunity, took possession of the government of Novgorod: this was in the year 864. The Scandinavians—the Strangers, the *Ruotsi*, as they were called—soon amalgamated with the primitive Slavi; Rurik transmitted the throne to his posterity; and so, all unnoticed, in the middle of the ninth century, this mighty Russian empire, which now overshadows the world, entered the system of European States.

Towards the end of the tenth century, Vladimir, the great-grandson of Rurik, and the Charlemagne of Russia, desiring to embrace the Christian faith, and, at the same time, to strike a blow at the Eastern Empire, marched southward into the Crimea, and besieged Cherson. Theophilus, as we saw, in the middle of the ninth century, had forced Cherson to receive an archon from Constantinople: to attack Cherson was, therefore,

indirectly to attack the Empire of the East. Vladimir, accordingly, laid siege to it; but the inhabitants offered a most valiant resistance. For six months Vladimir in vain essayed to take his Sebastopol. Thousands of his men perished in the attempt—and it was only by the treachery of one of the Chersonites—a priest—that he finally succeeded in capturing it.

Cherson taken, Vladimir's ambitious designs became apparent; for Nestor, the Russian annalist, recounts that he forthwith sent this message to Basil and Constantine, Emperors of the East: "I have taken one of your most celebrated cities; but, since, I understand that you have a sister still unprovided for—I wish you to know that I desire to marry her. Should you take it into your heads to deny me her, I shall do for your capital what I have done for Cherson." The brother emperors, too much afraid of this redoubtable northern wooer to refuse the request of Vladimir, sent their sister Anna to Cherson. Here Vladimir was baptized, and, the same day, married Anna. Thus Cherson, among the other strange sights it saw, witnessed the first friendly alliance of the Byzantine with this mighty northern empire, and the baptism of the first Christian Czar of Russia: it took place in the Church of St. Sophia.

And now this little Republic, with all its romance, must vanish from our pages and from the history of the world. An industrious population and an active commerce had given it a long prosperity. But it found rivals, as we shall see, with whom it was unable to compete, in the wily Genoese. These shackled its trade; and, falling at the same time under the baleful Monghol influence, it fell. In the sixteenth century, its walls and towers alone remained as witnesses of its former magnificence. More recently, Koch observed only a few mounds of stones lying one upon another. Its last vestige has, in all probability, by this time, quite vanished. Within its walls was heard the busy hum of traffic—commerce gathered all its luxuries, art, all its splendors, to enrich and adorn it, at a time when painted savages roamed the British Isles, and long ere the Roman legions disturbed the forests of Old Gaul. Now the booming of the French and English cannon resounds over its silent graves!

While these events were transpiring

in the cities of the Southern Crimea, the Peninsula itself was not free from invasions on the part of its northern neighbors. During the early centuries of our era—while Europe was one vast battle-ground; while, from the gloomy forests of the North, and the limitless steppes of the East, tribe after tribe, race after race, was rushing avalanche-like on the decaying civilization of Rome—various straggling Gothic and Hunnic tribes—off-streams from the great current of population—would seem to have entered the Crimea. Remains of them exist in the southwestern mountain chain, which long bore the name of *Gothi*; and Procopius even mentions Cherson as a Gothic city. Attila, the Scourge of God, placed his eldest son upon the throne of the Crimea.

About the fifth century, the name *Turk* began first to be heard in Europe; and for many hundred years the history of the Crimea runs in the same channel with the general stream of Turkish story. The special tribe that figured about this time was the *Khazars*. From the seventh to the tenth century, they are the great name in the whole of Southeastern Europe. They made themselves so formidable, that the proud Byzantine emperors were glad to cultivate their acquaintance. Constantine Copronymus allied himself by marriage with Irene, daughter of one of the Khazar Khans. Their influence in the Crimea is proved by the name *Khazaria*, which the whole Peninsula long bore.

In the ninth and tenth centuries, the power of the Khazars was broken up by that series of redoubtable Grand Princes who so brilliantly illustrate the early Russian annals. The *Khazar* rule was broken up, but only to make way for a still more formidable Turkish tribe—the *Patzinaks*. They seem to have held dominion over the Crimea for a century and a half—not without considerable happiness and prosperity. To them succeeded the *Commanes*, only to be overwhelmed by the mighty Golden Horde, from the plains of Tartary—that Golden Horde afterwards so well known throughout all Europe, and with whose fate the history of the Crimea, for two hundred and fifty years, became bound up.

Like a whirlwind, across Europe sweeps Genghis Khan! Originally the disinherited chief of a tribe of the Black

Tartars, on the borders of the Chinese Wall, he made himself the founder of the most gigantic dominion of the middle ages, and, perhaps, the most ruthless devastator the world has ever seen. He pushed his conquests as far as the Volga, and gave his western possessions into the command of his grandson, Batou Khan, as Viceroy. Of this mighty empire, whereof Russia, Poland, Hungary were members,—and which, with something of sarcasm, Batou Khan called his *Kiptshak*—"Hollow Tree"—the Crimea formed a small part. For two and a half centuries it continued to be governed as an appanage by under khans, who derived their power from the grand khans of the *Kiptshak*. It was then that the peninsula took the name of *Crim*, or Little Tartary. These Tartars—*Tatars* is the proper form of the name, but the Churchmen of the middle ages would persist in perceiving some intimate connection between those redoubtable Monghols and *Tartarus*—so Tartars let them be; these Tartars would appear to have behaved with considerable tolerance to the subdued peoples. Many revolts, however, chequer the annals of this period. One of the principal of these was a civil war, headed by the powerful chief *Noghai*, who had married Euphrosine, natural daughter of the Emperor Michael Paleologus. In the conflict, *Noghai* was defeated and slain, and the tribe which he led was scattered over the northern steppes of the Crimea. The descendants of these *Noghais*, or *Nogay Tartars*, survive, on those very steppes, even to this day.

Towards the fifteenth century this mighty Monghol power began to wane. Like a meteor the all-conquering Tamerlane gleams into history. The Tartar Khan is hurled from his throne. About the same time, too, appears Ivan the Terrible, to free Russia from the Mongol yoke, and trample their authority under his feet. The gigantic *Kiptshak* is dismembered, and the small remains of its almost limitless dominion fall into the Khanates of the Crimea, Kasan and Astrachan.

A descendant of Tamerlane ascends the throne of the khans; and to prevent the possibility of any of the house of Genghis ever assuming the sovereignty, he causes the entire family to be put to death. But it was fated that the stock of Tamerlane should not take root in

the soil; for, from the universal massacre of the house of Genghis, a youth, named *Devlet*, at that time about ten years of age, was saved by a shepherd called *Gherai*, and brought up by him in his humble home, as his own son, tending the cattle of his foster-father, and ignorant of his high lineage. The lad grew to be a man; and, amid a whirlwind of revolutions, while the disaffected tribes were anxiously in search of a prince of the house of Genghis, *Gherai* produced *Devlet*. Accordingly he was raised to the throne, and all the reward which *Gherai* asked was, that *Devlet* should assume the name *Gherai* in connection with his own. This, accordingly, was done by his successors for three centuries and a half.

And now for more than forty years the Crimea forms the centre of an independent monarchy, under *Devlet Gherai*, "who," remarks Mr. Milner, "inaugurated a new era in its history, and whose authority was acknowledged over a wide extent of the adjoining continent. He proved himself a remarkable man, able to rectify the confusion, and govern prosperously a people intractable by natural temperament, the absence of education, and rendered still more so by the license incident to repeated political revolutions. He witnessed a great change in the political position of Eastern Europe, though not its full effect. In 1453, the Greek empire fell; Constantinople came under the dominion of the Ottoman Turks; and the keys of the Black Sea passed into the hands of Mohammed II. Christendom, in its alarm, thought of a crusade against the 'Father of Conquest;' and, strangely enough, in 1465, Pope Paul II. sent an ambassador to the Tartar Khan, to invite his aid in the project. The Pontiff must have thought him, in no slight degree, a lax Musselman, to calculate upon his joining the Christian powers in a holy war against a co-religionist. But non-interference was a maxim with Hadji *Devlet*. The next year he died; and under his successors the Khanate lost its short-lived independence, till the mock restoration of it in 1774."

During these centuries the trade of the world was in the hands of the republics of Venice and Genoa. Eagerly did they both contend for a footing at Constantinople, and the commerce of the Euxine. In the twelfth century the

Venetians would appear to have been the most favored of the two; but in 1261 the Genoese placed Michael Paleologus on the throne of the Cæsars, and he, to show his gratitude, gave to them the almost exclusive trade of the Black Sea. About the same time, the two brothers, Nicolo and Maffeo Polo—adventurous young Genoese—visit the Crimea—are well received—discern, with their keen, commercial eyes, the vast importance of the harbors of the Southern Crimea as stopping-places for their ships to and from the East—bring back a favorable report to their countrymen, a few of whom emigrate hither, and so begins the connection of the Genoese with the Crimea. We recollect the city of Theodosia, which formed one of the chief cities of the Bosphoric dominion. It fell during the early centuries of our era; and when Arrian visited it he found only some Greek inscriptions on its mouldering walls. Here the Genoese established themselves—humbly begging, cap in hand, leave to settle, and a small tract of land from the Tartar Khan. Never were such wily fellows as these same Genoese. Little by little they extended their domain and their influence, till soon they had engrossed the entire port of Theodosia. Stores and magazines arose as by magic—with more than Grecian splendor it revived, and soon its walls shut in a population of over one hundred thousand inhabitants. This second Constantinople received the name of Kaffa, the Infidel. Catherine II. afterwards restored its ancient appellation of Theodosia, and Theodosia or Kaffa it continues to this day.

About the middle of the fourteenth century the Genoese acquired the possession of Cembalo. They found it a very *fine harbor*—Bella Chiava, and hence the name of *Balaklava*. This obtained, they soon afterwards united it with Kaffa, by the possession of the entire south coast. These shrewd commercialists thus came to monopolize the rich Chinese and Indian trade; for, previous to the discovery of a passage by the Cape of Good Hope from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, the commerce of the Orient was mainly brought by caravan to the shores of the Caspian, and thence by the river Phasis—that ancient Phasis, renowned in the story of the Argonauts—to the Euxine,

where it was met by the galleys of the Italians. "By means of these enterprising speculators, the silks, spices, and perfumes of the 'Georgous East,' aromatic and medicinal drugs, rhubarb from Astrachan, with skins, furs, hemp, flax, and iron from Siberia, were dispatched to the Western markets. Fine white wax was one of the most valuable of the Oriental exported products, being in constant demand, at a high rate, in all the great cities of Christendom, to be manufactured into candles for the gorgeous ceremonials of the Greek and Latin worship. Salt, from the inexhaustible stores of Perekop, was sent to Constantinople and the Archipelago, with salt fish and caviar, through the domain of the Eastern church, as allowed provender for fast-days."

The Genoese won the confidence and friendship of the Tartars, Devlet Gherai regarding them as the heralds of civilization.

But, though they came as humble factors, and in a guise as peaceful as that in which the much-injured Colonel Kinney approached Nicaragua, they soon aspired to rule in the land which had welcomed them.

Devlet Gherai, after a brilliant reign of over forty years, died, leaving eight sons.

The sixth of these sons, Mengli Gherai, was a partisan of the Genoese; and they sought to raise him to the throne. This was an interference the Tartars could not brook. Too weak themselves to contend with their formidable guests, they appealed to Mohammed II., the "Father of Conquest," who was now sitting in triumph, at Constantinople, on the throne of the Cæsars. Mohammed sent over an army to the aid of the Tartars, and, though the Italians made a most determined resistance, yet their power was completely broken and abolished. Speedy and most terrible was their extermination. From one strong-hold after another they were driven, till every vestige of them was swept away. The magnificent Kaffa itself—over whose gates stood the marble lions, the symbol of the republic's power—was utterly destroyed, and forty thousand of its Genoese inhabitants were transported to populate a suburb of Constantinople, where they were soon confounded with the other slaves of the Ottoman Empire.

Some miles south of Simpheropol, the present capital of the Crimea, rises the mountain of Tchadir-dagh, with an elevation of over a mile; it is the highest peak of that range which runs along the south coast, east and west, for some hundred miles, and meets the eye of the mariner far off on the ebbless Pontic. In this mountain is a cavern, into which you crawl on hands and knees. It bears the name of Foul Kouba. Within, you see, by the dim candle-light, that the ground is strewn with bones and skulls. Here, driven from every other lurking-place, some hundreds of the Genoese took refuge, thinking to escape the Tartar vengeance. But in vain: they were discovered by some Tartar Pelissier, and literally smoked to death. So perished the last of the Genoese!

The Crimea thus became an apauage of the Sultan's vast empire, governed by Khans, under his authority. A series of these rude, ruthless men, interrupted by the wise and good Gazi Gherei and Hadji Selim, misruled the Crimea for many years. Soliman, the Magnificent, closed the Black Sea to all but his own subjects; and for three centuries it remained one vast Ottoman lake.

The Crimea, under the Tartar domination, was a land of romance to the orientals. It furnishes the scene of not a few of the Thousand and One Arabian stories. Romantic, indeed, must the history of these days have been. Think of the races then brought together—the Italians at Kaffa, the Tartars at Bukshi-Serai—the Catholic and the Mohammedan, the oriental despot and the western adventurer! The traveler in that strange country stumbles continually on the memorials of tales which would make the fortune of a novelist.

In all the picturesque Tartar city of Bakshi-Serai, "The Palace of Gardens," there is no object more beautiful than the beautiful "Fountain of Tears." There is a light of love on its falling waters.

Once on a time, a Tartar Khan invaded Poland, as Tartar Khans were used to do; and, from Poland, he bore away Marie, the lovely daughter of the Count Polotsky. She was his prisoner; but he besought her to make him hers. He wooed her with a delicacy quite surprising in a Khan. He gave her grand apartments in his palace, and, good Mussulman as he was, erected for her a

Christian chapel, where mass was said by a Christian priest. Marie was "long to woo;" but we shall never know how far her heart was touched. For, before the Khan himself saw any cause for hope, a jealous Georgian lady—his jilted favorite—no doubt discerning the symptoms of relenting in Marie's heart, stabbed the fair Polack unto death. The Khan was in despair; and acted as became a Khan. He caused all the women in his harem to be instantly executed; and committed the murderess to the attentions of four wild horses, by whom she was torn in pieces. And, having thus relieved his injured soul, the Khan caused a splendid mausoleum to be erected, and therein, at morning and at evening, saluted the memory of his mistress with sighing and weeping. Where the mausoleum stood, stands now the Fountain of Tears.

A more fortunate lover was the Genoese Jefrosin, who wooed the daughter of a Tartar Khan, and won her not only to his heart, but to his faith. She abjured the Koran to wed her infidel, and made him happy. Yet his happiness was as brief as bright. She died after a very few years of wedlock, at the advanced age of eighteen, and her tomb still stands in the fortress of Tchirfert-Kalet.

During the long, dull centuries of the Turkish dominion, we catch a glimpse of one figure in the Crimea, which links the story of that peninsula to our own.

In the year 1602, the fields of the Bashaw Nalbritz were tilled by many slaves. And, among those slaves, was one young Englishman, captured in the Hungarian wars, and bought by the Bashaw, in Constantinople, to do him service in the Crimea.

The Englishman wore about his neck an iron ring with his master's brand—just such a ring as made the heart of Gurth, the swine-herd, chafe in Rotherwood forest, so long ago. For dress, he had only a rude coat of buffalo skin. But he bore about in his breast an unconquerable English spirit. One day, the Bashaw came into the threshing-floor, and found his English slave there alone. The Bashaw was out of temper, and he reviled and smote his serving-man. It was a dangerous game for the Bashaw to play, alone there on the threshing-floor. The English slave lifted up his flail, and smote the Bashaw to the earth. Then he hid the

dead Turk beneath the straw of his own grain, put on himself the dead Turk's gay attire, filled a knapsack with the dead Turk's corn, mounted the dead Turk's gallant grey, and rode hastily off to the westward. In sixteen days, this fugitive slave reached Russia, and thence got back to England.

The next year, one Captain Gosnold fitted out an enterprise to the New World; and, of that enterprise, our fugitive was the heart and soul.

Is it a decent regard for consistency, or only the fear of some subtle mischief to her "peculiar institutions," which has so long prevented Virginia from paying due honors to the memory of that fugitive slave, John Smith, President of the Old Dominion, and Admiral of New England?

As the Turkish power waned, the Russian waxed. Peter the Great hankered greatly after the Crimea. "It is not land that I want," he used to say, "but sea!" In all his Turkish campaigns he sought to push his sway southwards to the Euxine. The Crimean plains witnessed many a feat of the dashing Mazeppa—

"The Ukraine's hetman, calm and bold;"

but Peter died, without closing his hand on the prize. It was left for a woman to set this keystone in the arch of Russian dominion.

In 1774, Abdul Hamid signed the treaty of Kainardji—"the glorious treaty of Kainardji," Nicholas styled it; and, on the 8th of April, 1783, Catherine II., Empress of all the Russias, declared the Crimea annexed to her realms.

The Tartar Khans, who had been cosseted by their Turkish sovereigns, were scurvily treated by the Czars, and vanished into the Caucasus, or elsewhere. One of their descendants, Krim Gherai, renounced the faith of Islam, for that of Geneva, was educated at Edinburgh, married a Scotch lady, and, early in the present century, returned to the Crimea, and settled at Simpheropol. His widow died there but the other day; having lived to witness the humiliation of the empire which humbled those who had humbled the ancestors of her lord.

In all its romantic past, the Crimea has seen no drama so grand as that

which is now enacting on its shores. Yet what marvelous things it has witnessed and shared—this small peninsula.

The misty grandeur of Troy; the sunlit glory of Greece; the magnificence of Pontus; the might and majesty of Rome; the gorgeous pageantry of Byzantium; the fury of the Goth; the terrible wrath of the Tartar; the splendor of the Turk; the artifice, the ambition, the audacity of the Russian; and now, the tremendous power of the civilized West!

Three thousand years ago, Troy, the right hand of Asia, advanced against the west, menaced the Hellespont, and the free seas beyond. Against her walls, the confederate princes of Greece brought all their ships and all their powers. Stoutly the Trojans held their own; as stoutly the Greeks, fighting all unconsciously, no doubt, for the Europe yet unborn, pushed on their resolute attack. Ten weary years! but the future was with Greece. And the right hand of the dull despotic East at last was broken.

Now, in our own day, grander armies and grander navies, contending for a future yet more grand, besiege by land and sea the strong hold of a Troy more insolent and mighty. The princes of the West may be no more noble and worthy now, than were those Greek princes of old confederate in Aulis; the struggle may outlast our natural lives; but who can doubt that the great destinies of man are fighting now, as then, for the sovereigns of the sea, and who shall fear the final issue!

A woman's face first gave to poetry the Tauric name. Iphigenia, the pale priestess, stands there by the altar of Cape Parthenium, a symbol forever of the stern sacrificial faith of the past.

A woman's face, too, looks out now upon us, serene and sweet, through the cloud of war, from those Crimean heights. No priestess ministering dreadful rites within the temple of a cruel worship, but a mild messenger of mercy; a comforter, an angel of purity and of peace. The face of Florence Nightingale shines upon those awful scenes of strife; and the battle-field and the hospital are lighted with her smile—the immortal symbol of a redeeming faith and a more glorious future.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF PUNNING.

You would be a better man, if you could punlike Sir Tristrem.—TATLER.

Those who cry out against puns, as an unnatural and affected invention, only betray their own ignorance.—AUGUST. W. SCHLEGEL.

WE feel ourselves called upon to say a word or two—if only on the principle of the Scotsman who usually went to his club “to contradict a bit”—in favor of the pun. There is, in certain quarters of the literary world—especially among writers of newspapers—an affectation of flouting and scouting a pun, and alluding to it in a screaming way as something extravagant, atrocious and unbearable. But we hold with Schlegel, who, as a German come to judgment, a man belonging to the gravest and profoundest race extant, gives authority to his verdict in favor of that little pariah. As a philosopher he likes the pun, no doubt, on good philological and psychological grounds.

Things called trifling are not always the trifles which people in general consider them. There is another intellectual practice which has been set down as a pettiness or prettiness unworthy the dignity of the mind and ridiculed as much as the pun—we mean alliteration—“apt alliteration’s artful aid.” But alliteration is closely interwoven with the history and progress of our language—or of its poetic development—though the one implies the other; for, as in all other tongues, the earliest specimens of the Anglo-Saxon appear in metre; and in these specimens we perceive that most of the words of a line begin with the same letter—a practice which was looked on as a grace and a harmony, and in time became a distinctive from mere prose. And still, in this day of perfect literature, the writer in verse feels the charm of alliteration; he plays with it and modulates it; and it gives undeniable beauty and melody to some of the sweetest lines in the language. Alliteration is respectable and necessary; and so is the pun—both belonging to the genius of the vernacular.

The pun, in the lapse of backward time, is seen to lift itself out of the modern sphere of mere facetiousness into a state of supernaturalism intimately connected with the ominous feelings and vagaries of the human sensorium. It is very old; as old as the Pythoness and older than the Parthenon. It may be

considered to date from the time of the Trojan war. We certainly perceive it at the period of the Persian invasion of Attica; and it appears also in a darker era, at the Conversion of the Angles to Christianity, marking the crisis, *à la Française*, with a *mot*. It is, indeed, a very venerable figure of speech, and was known to Pericles and Cicero under the more dignified style of *paronomasia*. The greatest minds of the world—those most remarkable in life and literature—have made puns or enjoyed them. We do not lay any stress on Rabelais, Swift, Lamb, Hood, Moore, who, as everybody knows, punned away pyrotechnically, in right of their brilliant and renowned wit. But what will the reader say to the austere emperor Julian and Cotton Mather; to Aristotle and Jeremy Bentham; Plato and Lord Chesterfield (both also of one mind in recommending a proper attention to “the graces, the graces, the graces”), Saint Gregory and John Calvin; Horace and Walter Scott; Erasmus and Lord Burleigh; the Georgian Man in the Paper Mask and James V. of Scotland; Petrarch and Judge Story—not to mention Sophocles, Euripides, Theocritus, and other greater and graver people, who will be alluded to, as we get along? This is quite another view of the case; and these names throw round our subject an unexpected dignity with which all who approach it must be properly impressed, *in limine*, in spite of the customary ideas of disparagement. The pun has a respectable genealogy; it has kept good company, and must be treated with consideration.

Having said so much for the *prestige* of the thing, we come to the name, as it has familiarly risen amongst us. This, we find, is modern—merely as old as the settlement of Massachusetts or so. Pun does not appear in the older dictionaries of the language; but a cold, classic age could name it and affect to sneer at it. Cowley, defining wit, has a back-handed slap at it:

“’Tis not when two like words make up a noise,
Jeets for Dutch men and English boys.”

And yet it may be observed that it was what would be called an Up-see Dutch jest of the worst kind that cost him his life. Ben Jonson, who lived in a rather wholesomer period of intellect, is also found to disparage "those paranomasies;" but we shall presently convict him of a very fair English pun in one of his best poems. Glorious John has some ill-natured things against the pun—one of them as follows:

"The head and heart were never lost of
those
Who dealt in doggrel or who punned in
prose."

Yet it is remarkable that, in denouncing what he considers one of the littlenesses of language, he falls into what has been called another—alliteration. His verse is lubricated by that idiomatic old charm and runs all the more smoothly and happily for it.

Stewart, in his essay on the human mind, treats the pun slightly, and says, every one that pleases may be a punster. Goldsmith held something of the same opinion with respect to witticisms and good things, which he said could be elaborated with thinking. No doubt there is some truth in both these positions. Brinsley Sheridan and Tom Moore, who certainly worked hard to bring out their airy brilliancies of wit and metaphor, justify Oliver's notion; and in the same way Hood and others prove that people can hatch puns at a great rate, by brooding over them. Still a certain cast of mind, a vivacity and judgment are requisite in these cases. Nothing can make a dull thinker witty—no amount of brain-cudgeling; and it is not from every stick you can get the mercury of a happy punster. The Spectator is among those who, in that classic period, discountenanced the pun. In one of its papers, a very slighting and indeed, so to speak, a very slight argument is offered against it. Having taken a skimming glance at the subject, the writer goes on: "Having now pursued the history of the pun from its original to its downfall, I shall here define it to be," *et cetera*, and so forth—a feeble definition. The Spectator mistook when he spoke of the downfall of the pun. He neither saw how deeply-rooted it is in the past, nor how strong it was destined to come out in the future. The pun may outlive the Spectator. It has certainly outlived "Cato." Dr. Johnson looked grimly askance on the pun—

as an elephant may be supposed to look on the grimace and vivacity of a monkey. The doctor did not like a pun. But what could be expected from a man who could see no poetry in Milton's *Lycidas*, and who, in recommending some books to a friend, did not mention one on poetry or the drama? Johnson did not even know the etymology of that small word; but thought it meant to pound or to pummel, having in his idea, very probably, the energetic practice of *Punch* with respect to his consort, Judy. A little knowledge of the French would have served the doctor; for, in this case, he would have known that *pun* is only the English mode of bringing the Gallic *point* into the vernacular. Our words *point* and *pun* are, in fact, the same; only the latter received its present shape by reason of coming in through the nose, at a later period.

No one who reads a little can avoid perceiving how seductive and popular the pun has been at all times, from the very earliest; and we will here refer to a few remembered passages in which it occurs and to several of the grave men who, contrary to the general impression, have played with paranomasia; feeling, as we do, that it would be easy to find a greater number of instances and increase the interest attachable to such a subject. We shall only pick up a few rare puns here and there, going through the alleys and parterres of literature; without wandering very far out of the familiar tracks, and, especially, without maundering into the beaten ways and stale jокeries of the Joe Millers, Lord Norburys, and other professionals.

The Hebrews must have been acquainted with the pun, that is, in its grave original significance; for we find Abigail punning against her husband to king David, and saying he was rightly called Nabal; by which she meant to convey that the man was a fool for looking after his substance and grumbling when David's regiment of rapparees wanted to eat it up! The pun in those days was far from being a facetious piece of business, apparently, as poor Nabal could testify. Turning to Greece, we find the old dramatists identifying puns with the nature of the tragic volume. Among the ancients, everything falling out unexpectedly, or by apparent chance, had in it a quality of divination. Words possessed a peculiar significance, especially when they had anything of

equivocation in them, or suggested such. When the Romans, after the evacuation of their city, by Brennus, were discussing the removal of their walls to another site, we are told they heard a centurion in the forum cry "Halt" to the soldiers he was drilling. The city fathers thereupon took this chance word as a private signal from old Quirinus that they were to remain in the original place; and they did remain. The classic reader remembers many such instances. It was the same with words having a double meaning, which, for this reason, formed part of the prevailing supernaturalism of the age. Aristotle tells us that *mus* was held in great reverence because it formed part of the religious word "museria," the "mysteries;" so that "the smallest monstrous mouse that crept on floor" enjoyed a curious kind of respect—except from the cats, that had little or no idea of *paranomasia*. The ancients were fond of drawing a punning consolation from the names and titles of their divinities; and the priests and pythonesses would naturally improve the quality of their deceptive oracles by a sprinkling of *paranomasia*.

The pun, in fact, was part of a grave system, and entered into the most profound conditions of the human feelings. Sophocles shows us Ajax punning on himself in the distraction and pathos of his sufferings. And this, after all, would not seem to be so very untrue to nature; for we remember two instances of that tragic style of pun. Shakespeare makes John of Gaunt, in his old age and great sorrow, with one foot in the grave, pun also on his own name:

"Old Gaunt, indeed, and gaunt in being old,
Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as the grave."

The other instance is historic—that of a king, with a broken spirit, on his dying bed. This was James Stuart, fifth of that name, who died of consumption in the thirty-first year of his age, making it hard for us to recognize in him the gallant Knight of Snowdon who puts down Roderick Dhu at Coilantogle ford. His two infant sons being dead, when they brought James word, as he lay, that the new-born child of his queen, Mary of Lorraine, was a daughter, he exclaimed, "Farewell the crown of Scotland; it came with a lass, and it will go with a lass!" playing with the interjection of sorrow as with something suitable to his heavy sentence and the

sombre state of his feelings. A great number of instances could be found, to show that persons suffering beyond hope of remedy are apt to indulge in bitter pleasantry on their condition. Ajax, in the midst of his pangs and woeful exclamations, pauses to remark that he never thought his lament, "Ai, ai!"—which gave the sound of his own name—would come to accord so well with his miseries. Sophocles had several other punning passages in his plays—no doubt, very gratifying to his audiences.

In the *Phænissæ* of Euripides we have another instance of the grave, bitter pun, where Eteocles, in angry dialogue with his brother Polyneices, says the latter was well named—*Polyneices* denoting "much contention;" and the "Hecuba" of the same author, enraged against Venus, comes out with a termagant kind of *double entendre*, and calls her ladyship the "Goddess of Folly"—playing upon the first syllables of "Aphrodite;" for, while *Aphrou* signifies "foam," *Aphron* means "a fool;" not a very happy hit, after all, and showing how hard run for a missile that old "mobled queen" must have been. Aristotle, who could make a pun as well as appreciate it, shows, in his "Rhetoric," the consideration which it enjoyed in Athens. It was a very good saying in the Agora—a kind of stock pun—that the Draconian laws were well entitled; for none but a Draco (dragon) would have enacted anything so sanguinary. He also mentions how Conon used to reproach Thrasybulus as "rash in counsel;" and how Herodotus ridiculed Thrasymachus as "rash in war." The folk who had names capable of a double meaning, in those old times, were as often touched upon the raw, and annoyed, as such persons are at present. Neither of the above could thank God, as did the poets Shenstone and Coleridge, that their names were not susceptible of any equivocal pleasantry. In the predicament of those rash individuals was a man named Anaschetos (tolerable), who was laughed at for being really an ill-tempered, unbearable fellow; and Isocrates, who was in the habit of denouncing the Athenian desire of maritime supremacy, used to point his oburgation with a pun—to wit: "the *arche* (command) of the sea is the *arche* (beginning) of evil." When receiving friends at their houses, the people of Athens had a commonplace old

pun: "You ought not to be more of a *chenos* (stranger) than a *chenos* (guest);" a slight difference in pronunciation marking the words of this rather feeble felicity, which, however, under the circumstances, and coming from entertainers, never failed to meet the appreciation due to the very best thing of the kind; just as, with us, the "merry-thought" at table always produces the intended effect, as if it was never heard before.

Coming to Socrates and Plato, whom we should not, at first sight, suspect of a tendency to *paranomasia*, we find that, between them, they have left several puns behind them. Plato was one of the reporters of the former—a man who left no line of his own writing to posterity. We suspect the general idea of Socrates is not exactly true to his real character; for he was a sarcastic and long-winded talker—as full of jests as Sir Thomas More, and styled *constans et perpetuus irrisor mortalium*—a sort of mild Mephistophiles, whose harrowing mode of asking questions and poking syllogisms at an adversary was considered in Athens—and some are of the same opinion still—sufficient reason for stopping his mouth. He would not listen to any rhetorical flourishes in philosophy—a matter of which Cicero complains—thinking rhetoric had only the force of an open hand, while his favorite dialectics had all the efficacy of a shut fist; so that all these things, along with his ugly face and shabby person, made the majority hate him—especially as he scorned the politics and men of the agora, and spent his life, as was said, talking weakly and effeminately to a parcel of boys about crotchets and abstractions; and telling them, like a heretic, as he was, that the gods of the people were many, while the God of nature was one! Such a crabbed satirist would naturally be a punster; and his pupil, Plato, in reporting his discourses, makes him pun several times. In *Theætetus*, Socrates says when the wax in the heart is deep and abundant, objects impressing themselves on this *kear* (heart) or this *keros* (wax) become lasting. In *Gorgias*, Socrates says: "As for me, I love Alcibiades and philosophy; you love the *demus* (people) of the Athenians and the *demus* of Pyrilampes." In another place he plays with the names of Love called Eros by mortals and *Pteros* (winged) by the immortals.

As for Plato himself—we do not generally regard him as a genius capable of making puns in verse to the memory of a departed friend. Diogenes Laertius has recorded for us a specimen of his poetic *paranomasia* in the shape of a lamenting epigram on the loss of a youth, named Aster; (and that same Laertius, by the by, lately presented himself to us, in one of our public libraries, in a wonderful state of masquerade, between the covers a New York book—his name being omitted and without allusion, and the title of the translated work changed to something like—"Whims, Notions, and Conceits of several remarkable men"—as well as we remember.—Not that it is very wonderful to see the learning of the ancients reproduced, with a difference, in the books of the moderns; but such a wholesale appropriation—the stealing of an entire author at once, body and bones—is enough to strike one by the comic sublimity of the thing). But, as we were saying, Diogenes has preserved for us a curious little effort of Plato's muse—the meaning of which is as follows:

EPIGRAM:

"Oh Aster, while alive, you shone
The Morning Star; but now being gone
You are the star of Hesper, clear
Beyond all others in his sphere;
You look upon the stars; would I might be
Yon heaven, to gaze with many eyes on
thee!"

The conceit of the last couplet, it may be observed, is one which Coleridge has reproduced in his "Lines on an Autumn Evening," where he says he would, for the sake of her he loved, become the starry sky:

"Or soar aloft to be the spangled skies
And gaze upon her with a thousand eyes."

And Shelley also seems to have remembered the Platonic fancy; for, in "the Revolt of Islam," he says:

"Fair star of life and love! I cried; 'my
soul's delight,
Why lookest thou on the crystalline skies?
O that my spirit were yon heaven of night
Which gazes on thee with its thousand
eyes!'"

Plato does not seem to have been such a very austere philosopher after all. He loved to have the elegances and amenities of life about him; and had a grand carpet on his drawing-room, which Diogenes the Cynic expectorated on, to pull down the pride of the owner. Plato was an advocate for the Graces,

and used to advise Xenocrates to sacrifice to them. Indeed, our opinions of the peculiar austerity of those ancient lovers of wisdom may be a misconception—putting the Stoics out of the question. Aristotle, called by Dante “*il maestro di color che sanno*,” was a bit of a fop, and looked to the neat arrangement of his locks and the effect of his rings and chains, very much like Dickens or Disraeli in days nearer our own. He was a good-natured man; for on one occasion, when Plato was delivering a lecture on the nature of the soul, every one of his hearers slipped out and escaped, but the Stagyrite, who firmly kept his seat to the end. Plato liked him; but once felt called upon, as a friend, to give him some private advice about the style of his hair, which seems not to have been quite so “unassuming” as that of Benjamin Feeder, B. A. It must be remembered, however, in excuse of that master of the sages, that he very often went to court, where the king himself, Philip of Macedon, drunk or sober, was always glad to see him and accustomed to pledge him in that golden “mazer” which his majesty used always to keep under his pillow at night, for safety—or, as some think, for nocturnal refreshment.

Of course, Aristophanes, the famous wit and buffo of that bright age, made a good many puns, and the reader will find them in going through his comedies. One or two of them may be mentioned. In the “Peace,” Trygeas goes up to the parliament of Jove to implore a cessation of hostilities in Greece, and there sees Mars making puns with a pestle, so to speak. The stern divinity is preparing to pound the Hellenic cities in a mortar, representatively; and he throws in *prason* (leeks) for Prasie, in Laconia; a cheese for Sicily, and Attic honey for Athens. In the “Acharnians,” a grumbling old soldier, Tithonus—a *groggnard* of the Phalanx,—who finds himself unable to meet his little bills, has a conceit left him in his misery, and says: “When we were at Marathon we were the pursuers; but now we are the pursued [prosecuted] by every knavish fellow, and taken, too;” a rather poor pun, to be sure; but fair enough, perhaps, for the bullet-head of an old campaigner.

The great pastoral poet of Greece—the best and most genuine of those who have ever written in the idyllic or rustic style, not excepting Allan Ramsay—did

not think the pun too artificial a thing for his country-folk. We happen to remember a good one that occurs in the XXVIIth Idyl, concerning Pentheus, king of Thebes, the Father Mathew of his day—or rather the Neal Dow—who tried to bring his people round to the temperance principle, by some rather high-handed edicts. This Pentheus, going on one occasion among some ladies who were sacrificing to Bacchus in a grove (delicate way of expressing it!), was set upon by the offended *bacchantes* and fairly pulled to pieces, for his principles in general, and especially for poking his nose where he had no business—evidently with the design of catching some of the ladies in the fact. Bearing his body into Thebes, the women are said to carry with them not so much Pentheus as *penthema* (mourning). The sadness of Ovid, to whom the shores of the Euxine were as austere and disagreeable as they are at present to the European allies—did not prevent him from punning. In the fifth book of his *Fasts* occur the following lines, referring to men careless of the laws of astronomy—who never, in the words of Sir Thomas Browne, “studied the choragium of the stars:”

“*Libera currebant et inobservata per annum
Sidera; constabat sed tamen esse deos.
Non illi celo labentia signa tenebant,
Sed sua, quæ magnum perdere Crimen erat.*”

The simple people did not understand the signs of the firmament, but their own; that is, their ensigns or standards, which it was always a disgrace to lose.

That Horace loved puns and made many of them on those occasions when he would banter the love-born Telephus, or grow furious in his merriment (*furens recepto amico*) to see Pompeius Varus stretched alongside his mahogany, or moralize, in a half-muddled way, on the cursed tree that was near falling on him and killing him, would be a natural conclusion from the character of that gayest and wittiest of Epicurean philosophers. We find traces of this amusement in his verses; indeed, he has written two lyrics for the evident purpose of perpetuating a couple of puns—one of them at least of his own making; and the other also, very probably. This last was a right good joke, known, he says, to all the barbers and blind strollers of the city—*omnibus lippis et tonsoribus*;—and he goes on to narrate it, *con amore*, in the Seventh Satire of the First Book. It

is the story of Rupilius Rex and one Persius, who had some difficulty in law business; and as the law was then, as it is still, pretty much of a delusion, a snare, and a *hocus pocus*, they could not agree; and it so came about that they mutually fell into a train of abusive language, before a large and miscellaneous assembly. The end of this is, that, like Counsellor Curran, who is said (see Joe Miller) to have bothered a hostile fishwoman by calling her an "old pronoun," Persius succeeded in putting down his man by a word—a pun. Having been well sprinkled with the Italian vinegar of Rex—*Italo perfusus acuto*—he bawled out: "O Brutus, you who are accustomed to put down kings, why don't you come and strangle this king; it is your proper business!" Not a word more is added; the poet feeling that anything further would only weaken the effect of that overpowering retort. No doubt he loved to repeat the story in his festive moments:—

"Oro qui reges consuere tollere cur non
Hunc regem jugulas?"

The *regem* would receive the full delighted emphasis, and the friends round the table would applaud once more with all their *belles*! Rupilius, of course, is supposed to be floored by that last hit, and unable to continue the contest.

Then we have the epistle of the jolly little bard to Vinnius Asina—whose name was only too provocative of the punning sallies of his friends. Vinnius is commissioned by the lyrist to carry some poetry to Augustus; and the messenger is addressed in the quality or under the metaphor of an *ass* (Asina), on the subject of the errand. He is advised rather to refuse the budget of poesy should he find it too heavy, than toss it off his back, in an improper mode and place. In the end the poet bids him—with a play on the words—not to stumble and break the orders he has got. To the last, the burden of the lyric is a pun. No doubt there were more puns discoverable in the verse of this gay writer, in his own day, than can be detected in ours. Passing from the vine-arbors and shady green sward of the Sabine farm into the midst of the mighty metropolis—

"The smoke and affluence and great din of
Rome"—

we find a greater punster than Horace

in the Forum, with all the *turba Remi* about him—Cicero—the painful penner of that eloquence which has immortalized him, and which Brutus was in the habit of styling *fracta et dumbris*—effeminate and weak-joined. Cicero was a punster, and a very good one, too, by all accounts, and rather proud of his points; which, no doubt, he manufactured in a prepense way, like Sheridan. One of them is: "*Ego quoque tibi jure favebo*," addressed to a cook; the word *quoque* sounding like *cocus*, a cook, and *jure* being the ablative of *jus*, which is "soup" as well as "right." A Jew of Sicily, making himself too officious in the great impeachment of the infamous Proconsul of that island, Cicero asked: "What has a Jew to do with Verres (pork)?" and no doubt the Forum or the Campus rang with a shout of "*Hoc habet*!" Juvenal, in his Tenth Satire, laughs at this propensity of the orator, making him say, in a punning burst of egotism:

"O fortunatam, natam me consule Romam!"

Which Dryden renders thus:

"Fortune foretuned the dying notes of Rome,
Till I, thy Consul sole, consoled its doom."

Juvenal says that Cicero might have defied the swords of Antony's people, if he had always talked in that manner. But though Juvenal and others before him ridiculed Cicero's puns and his pedantry and prolixity, we must remember that the orator's pointed sayings and witticisms were gathered and reported by no less a man than Julius Cæsar—that military leader preserving a strong love of literature and science in the midst of the stern anxieties and chances of war. Lucan, in the *Pharsalia*, makes him say of himself:—

"*media inter prelia semper
Sideribus calique plagis superisque vacavi.*"

And once, in crossing the Alps with his army, he was chiefly occupied with the perusal of a treatise on grammatical analogy. Cicero, as Mr. Disraeli well observes, must have been an excellent talker and writer of witticisms, when such a distinguished man would become the collector of them—Boswellize them, in fact, though vainly for posterity—seeing they have been lost in the lapse of time.

Julian, styled the Apostate—the Frederick II. of his age, who loved to divide his mind between philosophic literature and war—has left behind him two

little poems, one of which is a versified pun—unnoticed by Gibbon who otherwise has told us so much about that very interesting Cæsar. The other short poem is on a musical organ, which the writer describes in a rather affected manner:—

"Reeds strike my wandering eyes, unknown before,
Sprung from some brazen soil and foreign shore."

The first is a punning disparagement of a rank-tasted kind of drink made from barley or oats, in Gaul, where Julian was stationed for some time with his cohorts and where he must have swallowed some of it, in his fatiguing marches—probably from the leathern canteen of a legionary—as Charles Stuart, in "Waverley," takes a drink from the can of old Ballinkeiroch. The liquor Julian writes against was ale, apparently, which, being carried in goatskins, contracted, of course, a flavor as unpleasant to his simple palate as the smoky taste of the Scottish distillery stuffs to the generality of untried gullets. For the emperor was a sincere temperance advocate, and declared himself ready to do all in his power to shut up the public-houses (and the theatres as well) of his empire. But he found that he could not do it—and did not venture on the Maine Law. When he suggested such a thing, his liquor-loving pagans protested he was going to force the Christian customs on them—and that was enough! Julian, who had brought round his Christian soldiers of Gaul to the mythologies, by a plentiful distribution of sacrificial roast beef—a story Gibbon tells with infinite gusto!—was easily induced to let the people of the ancient religion drink away and cry *Evoe!* in their craters, like their fathers before them. But he hated the barley-bree of Gaul as sincerely as King James hated the smoke and flavor of tobacco. And, with respect to Gaul and the people of it, they do not appear to have then enjoyed the benefit of those wines for which the soil has been since famous, and which, according to Beranger, Brennus first brought from Italy after his foray against Rome and planted in his own country, with the steel of his lance. The national tipple was still that of all the North, and expressed from corn; which, by the by, has been thought to transmit to our own day a term signifying the condition of any one after a festive indulgence.

Against this stuff, personified, the lines of Julian are as follows:

"Say, what art thou? Thy birth declare,
Thou art not Bacchus, by whom I swear,
I know Jove's son; I know not thee;
Thou smell'st like goats; like nectar he.
Ah, now I know! in Gaul wast thou born—
Scanty of grapes, but producing corn.
Not *Bromius*, but *bromus*, of Ceres born,
Go bind thy brows with the wreath of corn!"

Bromus means oats or barley, and *Bromius* is a name of Bacchus. The emperor, no doubt, greatly prided himself on his pun. But John Barleycorn, like our other familiar Virginia vegetable, has survived all the counterblasts of kings. Coming hastily down the corridors of time, we find the conversion of the Anglo-Saxons inaugurated by the pun of Pope Gregory, the same who, admiring the character of the emperor Trajan, succeeded in praying his soul out of purgatory, but was, at the same time, cautioned by the Virgin Mary that he was never to intercede for any other dead pagan! This Gregory, seeing a number of fair, fresh-colored island children in the slave-market at Rome, lifted up his hands and blessed them with an apostolic pun: "*Non Angli sed Angeli.*" Another strongly-marked era was subsequently accompanied by a pun which also emanated from the sanctity of the Vatican. After Galileo Galilei had set forth his great cosmical heresies, and led the men of science to regard the heavens with increased attention, one of the cardinals—if we are not mistaken—gave circulation to an expostulatory pun, gathered from the first chapter of the Acts of the Apostles: "*Viri Galilæi, quid statis intuentes in calum?*" It was shrewdly considered that this sacred paranomasia would have a discouraging effect on the progress of heretical science.

While we are on the subject of ecclesiastical puns, we must not omit one made by John Calvin, on the licentious jocular, Rabelais, hitting him with *Rabie læsus*; for which the little joker paid him back with another, of the anagrammatic sort, not quite so decent: "*Ian Cul,*" which may pass, when we consider that *i* and *u* did duty formerly for *j* and *v*. Then there was Erasmus—"the glory of the priesthood and the shame;" that wittiest of clerics has identified one of the most characteristic of his works with a pun recognized in all the languages of Europe. He wrote an Essay on Folly—*Moria Encomium*

—and this he dedicated to a congenial spirit—the English Chancellor More—blazoning and explaining his pun to Sir Thomas, and ending with “Farewell, More, and be sure to defend your own folly (*moriam*) stoutly.” Rabelais, who was also an ecclesiastic—and it is a curious fact, that the most jocose and humorous writers we are acquainted with were churchmen—(Erasmus, Rabelais, Skelton, Donne, Swift, Sterne, Smith, and so forth) Rabelais, we say, was a great punster, as his readers are aware.

With reference to the wall, built in his time, round Paris, he says: “*Ce mur murant Paris rend Paris murmurant*”—a clever thing, which may, perhaps, in our day, be also applied to the wall of forts built some years ago by Louis Philippe, to keep that fiery capital in order. In another page, when Panurge has been making a harangue, in which occurs the name of Herodote (Herodotus), Friar John exclaims, “*il radote*”—he doats, poor devil! The French writers abound in puns, and at all times have shown more agility and legerdemain in playing with these parts of speech than our Anglo-Saxon writers.

Having spoken of the Frenchmen, we must speak of at least one Italian—Francis Petrarch—“he of the hundred puns of love”—to parody Lord Byron’s hemistich on Boccaccio.

“Watering the tree which bears his lady’s name,

With his melodious tears, he gave himself to fame.”

His puns on the name of Laura are beyond the punning of any other writer on record. Ovid was the first who identified a beautiful young lady with the laurel; but Petrarch dwells on the idea with a loving pertinacity, which must have soothed his mellifluous fancy a good deal, if not his heart. Opening his book of Sonnets, we choose, at random:

“*Quel che d’odore e di color vincea
L’odorifero e lucido Oriente,
Frutti, fiori, erbe, frondi, onde l’Oponete
D’ogni rara eccellenza il pregio avea—
Dolce mio Lauro.*”

Again:

“*L’aura e l’odore, e il refrigerio e l’ombra
Del dolce Lauro.*”

Also:

“*Anco io il nido de pensieri eletti
Posi in quell’ alma pianta.*”

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And the sonnet of the two puns beginning—

“*Rotta e l’alta Colonna e l’verde Lauro,*”

in which he laments his patron and column, as well as his laurel; for Petrarch did not confine his *paranomasia* to the latter—alluding often to the noble Colonna family, and to their enemies, the Ursini, whose name was also susceptible of a pun. In his Sixth Canzone, he says:

“*Orsi, lupi, leoni, aquile e serpi
Ad una gran marmorea Colonna
Fanno neja sovente, e a se danno.*”

The friend of Rienzi must be considered to have highly honored the pun by his remarkable use of it.

With a passing allusion to that punning or canting heraldry so much in favor with the heralds and armigers of the middle ages, and still preserved in the mottoes of some families, we come to William Shakespeare. We need scarcely refer to the crowd of puns to be found in all his plays, and will not attempt to quote them. He carries his punning propensity into all the moods of his mind; and all scenes of his dramas, using them with a recklessness which astonished and offended the readers of a feebler age. This propensity has been considered the weakness of Shakspeare; but it was in reality his strength, or, flowing from the source of his strength—his purpose and principle of writing for the people. Like those other original dramatists, the Greeks, he drew his inspiration from the human heart of the many—that is, from nature herself—and in this way came to exercise that fearless and easy strength which carried him to such great heights of poetry and passion. No man with his eye on precedents and canons, and his ambition something in the pure classic style of performance, could ever write in the style of Shakspeare. The French, who affected to be scandalized at the barbarism of the English play-wright, went to work after models, the spirit of which had perished with the last pulse of Greek civilization—the Romans were mere plagiarists in this respect, and what they wrote we all know. We have read their heavy works in books, and seen some of them galvanized by the thrilling physical efforts and artistic genius of the most remarkable actress of our time. But even the French themselves have turned from their old dramas

as from things obsolete, which have little or nothing to say to human nature in its being, doing, and suffering. Voltaire, with a pouncet-box gesture, used to call Shakespeare's literature a *dung-hill—un fumier*; and no doubt there is a deal of rankness in it. But in that is the source of his power and truth. He stooped to the people's tastes and passions; and, strengthening with their minds his own, made it one, or nearly so, with nature. The people had a liking for puns, and he gave them puns—things not a whit better than they thought they could make themselves, which, as Pascal says, is the truest test of success; and, even in the midst of his most solemn tragedies, he would turn aside, from the dead canons of a dead stage and a dead people, to pay homage to his own jolly Britons, alive and kicking in the pit, with all their gross, gay perceptions of things, and their boisterous love of anything that may set the "wooden O" in a roar. Chronology and costume, the unities and proprieties, seas and mountains were all disregarded and overstepped by that wonderful dramatist, when it was a question of meeting the natural feelings and tastes of his audiences.

All this should encourage the poets and play-wrights of a nation, and also warn them. It should encourage them, by showing that the oracles of genius, so to speak, are always living in the hearts of the people; and warn them to choose their themes and inspiration at home. Shakespeare went out of England, to be sure. But he carried England with him—his clowns, his moralists, and his hearty English populace. He goes to Athens; but Bully Bottom, Snug, Peter Quince, and the rest go along with him from the neighborhood of Stratford. On all what may be called the foreign stages, while the higher characters maintain a consistent style, the moment the writer comes down to his servants and common talkers, the outlandish scene recedes, the tone of the dialogue, its quips, quiddities, repartees, and puns—all carry us back to the island-modes of thought and speech. Shakespeare's audiences never lost him. His mind was always racy of his country, while true to those general touches of nature which make the whole world kin. And his great example shows that the argument for the dramatic proprieties of age, nation, costume, and scene-

ry, is but a feeble one, after all—contending for the show of things instead of the substance. Betterton, Booth, Garrick, and the rest played classic or foreign parts in flowered gowns, wigs, laced coats, and so forth; and the ladies of that era played their corresponding rôles in the short waists, hoops, full bosoms, and little cork-screw curls of the time. These things did not prevent people from enjoying and appreciating the highest order of histrionic genius. Macready, and others, thought the pining drama wanted nothing but a change in dresses and scenes. But it wanted more, it wanted genius—it wanted "head, head, head." Such critical attempts as Macready's are the surest tests of intellectual debility. The people did not want artistic antiquaries; they wanted something in the genuine style of the old Shakesperian dramas; and this they did not get—though Sheridan Knowles led the critics at first to think the Elizabethan age had come round again.

But to return to our puns. We have detected the grave Lord Burleigh in an attempt at a pun, in a letter to his son, Sir Robert Cecil; and his effort is as clumsy as Dr. Johnson's vaulting leap over Mrs. Thrale's garden wicket. The old statesman, in dutiful allusion to Elizabeth, says: "God send her Majesty a well-disposed cary-vall, or carevale, to be rid of all her cares;" a desperate attempt to play upon the word *carnival*. James the First was also a punster. Going to the University of Edinburgh, in 1607, he wrote a punning poem on the names of the professors who disputed before him; and preachers of that age would pun in the pulpit. Ben Jonson has immortalized a good pun in the following lines of his poem to "The Memory of his beloved Master, William Shakespeare:"

—"The race
Of Shakespeare's mind and manners brightly
shines
In his well-turned and true filed lines,
In each of which he seems to *shake a lance*,
As brandished at the eyes of ignorance."

Dr. Donne, the great wit and satirist, could make a pun; and the one which is best remembered was made in his distress. He was married to the daughter of Sir George Moore, Governor of the Tower, without the knight's consent, and, for some time, reduced to poverty. Among the letters he wrote to his stern father-in-law, was one containing the

words, "John Donne, Anne Donne, undone!" It is believed the pathetic pleasantry of the pun softened the old man's heart, and led to a reconciliation.

Coming down to the times of Pope—having, in our way, seen Chancellor Hyde, in the time of Charles II., pelted by a shower of puns in his disgrace—we perceive that, in spite of his fastidiousness, the poet of Twickenham could be seduced by a pun. In the Dunciad, he says:

"Where Bentley, late tempestuous, wont to sport
In troubled waters, but now sleeps in port."

And again—

"See still thy own, the heavy canon roll,
And metaphysic smoke involve the pole."

Dean Swift—a man who touched the thoughts of the people, and drew strength from them—made puns, of course. In "Stella's Journal," he says to her: "Must you ask after roguish puns, and Latin ones, too?" Stella loved a pun, as much as himself, apparently. Again, he tells her how he went to see Lord Pembroke, had some pleasant conversation, and "hit him with one pun." The pun on the fiddle thrown down by a lady's mantle, is a good one—though far-fetched and preposse in appearance:

"Mantua, vae misera, nimum vicina cremona."

Virgil never dreamed of the meaning hid in this line; any more than of the *sortes* which it was once the fashion to find in his hexameters. It was said of Swift, by Dean Percival, who wrote a lampoon against him, that he would trudge the town, "to eat a meal with punster base." Percival himself was not of the order of those who would seek the company of a poor man, having nothing but his puns and his pleasantry to recommend him.

Lord Chesterfield was a punster, at times, especially when, being Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, he felt called on to exhibit all his festive and witty accomplishments. In a letter, written in 1760, to his friend Falkener, the Dublin bookseller, he dissuades him from publishing Swift in quarto, as too uncertain a speculation—unless, indeed, he observes, the name, quarto, should be considered as a recommendation among the bibulous *literati* of the Green Isle.

Junius, that grand master of satiric literature, was naturally disposed to a pun. When his long war against the

Tory ministries of George III.—the deadly foes of Lord Chatham—resulted in his defeat, and the ascendancy of Lord North, he expressed his disappointment in a bitter play on words, addressed to Woodfall: "In the present state of things, if I were to write again, I must be as silly as any of the horned cattle that run mad through the city." In this he alludes to the divisions among the city Whigs, produced by the conduct of the Rev. John Horne, afterwards J. Horne Tooke. And Junius, doubtless, greatly enjoyed—if he did not suggest—the flagrant practical pun which expressed the Whig sentiment of the period—the burning of a boot and a petticoat together, in various parts of the kingdom—the boot representing the Earl of Bute, and the petticoat the Princess of Wales, mother of George III. Talking of politics—we may here observe that Jeremy Bentham once went to the trouble of finding Greek counterparts for the names of Parr and Fox, in Homer's allusions to Paris and to Thersites. But Jeremy's puns were as bad as his constitutions.

That era of the Georges was not at all fertile in *paranomasia*; and everybody knows it was a dull, feeble age, in which classic thoughts and formulas were all the intellectual fashion, and what they called wit kept genius in awe and order. The French revolution and the succeeding hurly-burly brought a change, and along with philosophy, poetry, and a great many other things, the pun shook off its lethargy, so to speak, and felt something of its older period of power. There is no need of alluding to the punsters who, on the bench, in the drawing-room, in the study, then and thenceforward practiced their jocose *double entendres*. As for these—are they not found in all the jest-books? But we must record the pun of the era—the curious interpreter of the change that had astonished the world. This *paranomasia* has been set forth in mere prose; but it is worthy of a poetical version; and we hereby try to give one—on the model of Beranger's famous lyric, "*Le Convoy de David*." We shall call our anapaestic pun—

THE CONVOY OF M. DE SAINT CYR.

"Stand back," says the guard; "ye pass not here!"

To chairmen with a sedan chair.
Who cried, "Here's *Monsieur de Saint Cyr*,
Asking to enter the *barrière*!"

"No, no!" said the guard; "since the year One
Monsieur is obsolete; d'ye hear!"

"Be it so, guard; let us pass on,
We'll only take in *de Saint Cyr!*"

"No go," says the guard, "your *de's* no go.
Since that warm hour and gushing vote
When the peers strip themselves, and so
Hugged the Tiers Etat, *sans culotte*;
'Tis *Citoyen* and *Citoyenne*,
Jacques Bonhomme and his wife, my
dear!"

"Well, if you say so, guard, why then
Open your barrier for *Saint Cyr!*"

"Don't talk," says the guard: "you must not
pass.

We've quashed the calendar of late;
Saints are abolished with the mass—
None of their sort shall pass my gate.
We're in our age of reason, now,
And superstition quakes for fear."

"Well, guard, we'll try it, anyhow—
Let the rest go, but let in *Cyr!*"

"Be off," shouts the guard; "that's worse and
worse!

In *Sire* the others all combine.
Take them away; your better course
Would be for Coblenz on the Rhine!"

"Well, guard, good-by; the day may come,
When you shall change your watchword
here,
And open barriers welcome home
This same old *Monsieur de Saint Cyr!*"

The chairman was a true prophet.
He knew the character of his country-
men, apparently.

The great poets, Byron and Beranger, used the pun with good effect. They punned against the Duke of Wellington, said by Madame de Staël to be the greatest man ever made of such little materials. Byron says:—

"Glory like yours should any dare gainsay,
Humanity would rise, and thunder: Nay!"

And in the "*Complainte de ces Demoiselles*," written in 1815, Beranger sings:

"Faut qu' Lord Villainton ait tout pris,
Gn'a plus d'argent dans o'guez d'Paris."

In "*Les infimement petits*," also, he has a pun against the régime of the Bourbons; the refrain of the song being: "*mais les barbons regnent toujours*;"—*barbons*, meaning "gray beards," and also "*Bourbons*," by grace of euphony.

Sir Walter Scott was neither afraid nor ashamed to use a pun; and he always does so happily, as may be perceived in the introduction to the "*Fortunes of Nigel*," the description of Goffe, in the "*Pirate*," and in other parts of his works. But here we are reminded that we have nearly overlooked a loftier intellect which could also recognize the

claims of the pun—John Milton. This great poet made puns in "*Paradise Lost*." During the fierce prolonged battle in Heaven, he makes his hero, Lucifer, and the gamesome Belial discharge a volley of puns against the angels of the Lord, who have been already thrown into confusion by the discharges of artillery. This and the ironical speech of the Almighty have been considered to exhibit too much levity and irreverence in Milton; but the poet did not mean any irreverence—a charge which people at all times are in the habit of flinging too thoughtlessly.

In connection with this phase of our subject, we are reminded of the greatest paranomasia or pun extant in any language; a pun which is in the daily memory of millions, yet not recognized as such—a formula having a historic interest surpassing that of any other recorded sentence—a thing which has shaken thrones, and caused terrible wars and revolutions, and is still as much a sentence and a principle as ever it was since it first began to operate in the world. The curious and amiable reader, who, perhaps, was never sent to look for such a thing in such a place before, will find it at the 16th chapter of Matthew and the 18th and 19th verses. This is the strong-hold and main-stay of the pope; and, if ever we should be called on to argue the matter with the man of the tiara, we are not without a missile to hit him with—we shall hit him with one pun. No doubt he will stand on his Rock and excommunicate us for irreverence. But, as we have said, that charge is easily made. There is old Fuller—a more pious man than any of us—who calls God the first shipwright—with reference to the ark; and says he may also be said to be free of a company of soldiers—in that he styles himself a man of war! That saying we have referred to, which is recorded in its full sense by Matthew alone, is another instance of the grave meaning which the ancients were wont to attach to names bearing a double sense.

Coming to our own nation, we find the pun in very general use; though, for the most part, somewhat rudely set forth, and hooted at a good deal by the affected part of the community. Something spry and striking is congenial to a people with vivacious and rather preoccupied minds. The pun flourishes among the toasts and sentiments of the land, as

in a parterre. There is scarcely a festive gathering on which that cheerful equivocation will not be found sparkling amidst the regulated or volunteer sententiousness of the occasion. At a public dinner, Judge Story's toast is: "Genius is sure to be welcome wherever it goes;" and the requital from Mr. Everett is: "Law, Equity, and Jurisprudence; no efforts can raise them above a Story;" both of which are very good things, and worthy of general acceptance. Every reader, of course, remembers scores of such witticisms. And there is very good reason for all this. Almost all the conceivable toasts and sentiments in the world—social, political, warlike, agrarian, commercial, chivalrous, and so forth—are worn threadbare with frequent use; and it asks a vast deal of ingenuity well expended, to find some new, neat way of saying what has been often said already. Here the pun comes in very well, throwing a genial flash of hilarity over scenes that, between ourselves, often stand in need of it. Our puns are protests against the trite and the prolix, and a wholesome recognition of the popular taste.

Puns were pretty much in vogue among our precursors, the Yankee portion of them, though, no doubt, the Knickerbockers had them as well. The reader of Boston history will remember Capt. Stone and his pun. He grew enraged once with Mr. Ludlow, the magistrate, and called him "Just-ass," in an evil hour, heedless of the retribution which soon overtook him in the shape of a £100 fine. No more of the Captain's puns have been recorded! Then, Cotton Mather would make puns; and we remember one of them, a very good one. It is on the name of the Rev. Ralph Partridge, of whom the punster writes: "Mr. Partridge was, notwithstanding the paucity and poverty of his congregation, so afraid of being anything that looked like a bird wandering from its nest, that he remained with his poor people till he took wing to become a bird of Paradise, along with the Seraphim of Heaven. *Epitaphium: Advolavit!*" This Latinity reminds the reader of the punning motto of Decatur's attack on Algiers—*Carpe Diem!* *Punch*, some years ago, had just such another, referring to the conquest of Scinde, by Sir Charles James Napier, a member of the most original and heroic family in England, whose bluntness and

soldierly simplicity so offended the regular men and red-tapists (those who manage the Crimea) that when, in 1842, he went in and beat down the Ameers, in a short, peremptory campaign, such as Alexander would have made, they cried out lustily against him for doing things in such a hurry. *Punch* accordingly presented a punning confession for him: *Peccavi!*—I have sinned.

Having, thus far, vindicated the prestige of the pun, we feel ourselves at liberty to admit that, though a good sort of thing, it is only so when judiciously brought forth, and favored by circumstances and the manner. We can understand the slight with which puns are often treated. People produce them in a violent and conscious way; a man presents his pun, and demands your laugh. This is outrageous; and we will not laugh. In writing, people will underline puns—after the style of the painter, who, having drawn a cock on a sign-board, wrote underneath: "This is a cock." That italicizing is a gross offense, and punishable. There be certain flavors in cookery, which, used with judgment, are pleasant and appetizing—onions, garlic, and such pungents—but which, brought up in gross plenty, are disgusting enough. It is the same with puns. They must be uttered in a peculiar way, so as to come on us with something of a surprise, and without any impertinent airs of consciousness. Dickens, who likes the pun flavor, shows he understands all this—where Toots says he is advised to take bark for the tone of his stomach; and in several other parts of his works, the double meaning coming with such ease and unaffectedness, that nothing can be better. And, talking of "bark," we are reminded of the saying of Arcesilaus, the Athenian, who, alluding to a certain actor, and taking the similitude from a Greek forest (we bar any of the reader's italics here!), said the man had a rough-hewn voice—it was all over bark. The translation of this is a very fair sort of pun; while the original, being only a simile, is, of course, unconscious of it.

In the foregoing list of puns, gathered in places mostly out of the way, where few would go to look for them, we think we have shown that *paronomasia*, which has occupied the gravest, the brightest, and the strongest minds of men, is not such an ignoble employment after all, and from the verses of Hood and some of our

own authors, we could also show that, among the sportive efforts of the intellect, ranked under the headings of wit and humor, the pun is not the least brilliant and effective. Hood has, on the whole, we believe, been the happiest hand at punning—if you can call him happy who had to write monthly *double entendres* for his bread—to eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a razor—like Edmund Burke, before that splendid genius sold his literature for a fine estate. Hood never italicized, and that was in his favor—keeping curiosity on the *qui vive*, and making the puns come as discoveries, “with unexpected light surprising,” like the looks of Nora Creina; which, being interpreted, means “old Nora!” And thereby hangs a parenthesis. We cannot avoid observing how that lyric of Tom Moore’s instances his occasional inaptitude to interpret the old Celtic airs in all their native raciness. The original air of Nora Creina is comic, as the movement at once

indicates—and refers to a randy old wife, who takes snuff, has not the slightest objection to a thimbleful of whisky, and then, her arms akimbo, capers a jig with the youngest on the floor. Moore gives us a mild maiden—charmingly enough, to be sure; but then he has ridiculously retained the word *creina*—ripe or old—making a queer jumble of the idea, except to the ignorant Saxons. The song jars on every Gaelic ear.

Jam satis! In ending this gossip of puns, we should do so with great satisfaction—the satisfaction of Mrs. Blimber, could she but see the Tusculan villa!—if we could have ranked two names with the great punsters enumerated—Dante and George Washington. We have a dim idea that a Dantean pun may be found somewhere; but, respecting Washington, we have our fears. Perhaps Professor Sparks could resolve the question whether the *Pater Patriæ* did ever make a pun, or not.

LIVING IN THE COUNTRY.

The Children are sent to School—Old Soldiers—An Invitation, and Cruel Disappointment—Our Eldest begins to show Symptoms of the Tender Passion—Poetry—The Melodies of Mother Goose—Little Posterity by the Wayside—A Casualty—*The Drowning of Poor Little Tommy.*

WE have sent the children to school. Under the protecting wing of Mrs. Sparrowgrass, our two eldest boys passed in safety through the narrow channel of orthography, and were fairly launched upon the great ocean of reading before a teacher was thought of. But when boys get into definitions, and words more than an inch long, it is time to put them out, and pay their bills once a quarter. Our little maid, five years old, must go with them, too. The boys stipulated that she should go, although she had never gone beyond E in the alphabet before. When I came home from the city in the evening, I found them with their new carpet-satchels all ready for the morning. There was quite a hurrah! when I came in, and they swung their book-knapsacks over each little shoulder by a strap, and stepped out with great pride, when I said, “Well done, my old soldiers.” Next morning we saw the old soldiers marching up the garden-path to the gate, and then the

little procession halted; and the boys waved their caps, and one dear little toad kissed her mitten at us—and then away they went with such cheerful faces. Poor old soldiers! what a long, long siege you have before you!

Thank Heaven for this great privilege, that our little ones go to school in the country. Not in the narrow streets of the city; not over the flinty pavements; not amid the crush of crowds, and the din of wheels: but out in the sweet woodlands and meadows; out in the open air, and under the blue sky—cheered on by the birds of spring and summer, or braced by the stormy winds of ruder seasons. Learning a thousand lessons city children never learn; getting nature by heart—and treasuring up in their little souls the beautiful stories written in God’s great picture-book.

We have great times now when the old soldiers come home from school in the afternoon. The whole household is put under martial law until the old

soldiers get their rations. Bless their white heads, how hungry they are. Once in a while they get pudding, by way of a treat. Then what chuckling and rubbing of little fists, and cheers, as the three white heads touch each other over the pan. I think an artist could make a charming picture of that group of urchins, especially if he painted them in their school-knapsacks.

Sometimes we get glimpses of their minor world—its half-fledged ambitions, its puny cares, its hopes and its disappointments. The first afternoon they returned from school, open flew every satchel, and out came a little book. A conduct-book! There was G. for good boy, and R. for reading, and S. for spelling, and so on; and opposite every letter a good mark. From the early records in the conduct-books, the school-mistress must have had an elegant time of it for the first few days, with the old soldiers. Then there came a dark day; and on that afternoon, from the force of circumstances, the old soldiers did not seem to care about showing up. Every little reluctant hand, however, went into its satchel upon requisition, and out came the records. It was evident, from a tiny legion of crosses in the books, that the mistress's duties had been rather irksome that morning. So the small column was ordered to deploy in line of battle, and, after a short address, dismissed, without pudding. In consequence, the old soldiers now get some good marks every day.

We begin to observe the first indications of a love for society growing up with their new experiences. It is curious to see the tiny filaments of friendship putting forth, and winding their fragile tendrils around their small acquaintance. What a little world it is—the little world that is allowed to go into the menagerie at half price! Has it not its joys and its griefs; its cares and its mortifications; its aspirations and its despairs? One day the old soldiers came home in high feather, with a note. An invitation to a party, "Master Millet's compliments, and would be happy to see the Masters and Miss Sparrowgrass to tea, on Saturday afternoon." What a hurrah! there was, when the note was read; and how the round eyes glistened with anticipation; and how their cheeks glowed with the run they had had. Not an inch of the way from school had they walked, with that great

note. There was much chuckling over their dinner, too; and we observed the glow never left their cheeks, even after they were in bed, and had been asleep for hours. Then all their best clothes had to be taken out of the drawer and brushed; and the best collars laid out; and a small silk apron, with profuse ribbons, improvised for our little maid; and a great-to-do generally. Next morning I left them, as I had to go to the city; but the day was bright and beautiful. At noon, the sky grew cloudy. At two o'clock, it commenced raining. At three, it rained steadily. When I reached home in the evening, they were all in bed again; and I learned they had been prevented going to the party on account of the weather. "They had been dreadfully disappointed," Mrs. Sparrowgrass said; so we took a lamp and went up to have a look at them. There they lay—the hopeful roses of yesterday, all faded; and one poor old soldier was sobbing in his sleep.

We begin to think our eldest is nourishing a secret passion, under his bell-buttons. He has been seen brushing his hair more than once, lately; and, not long since, the two youngest came home crying, without him. Upon investigation, we found our eldest had gone off with a school-girl twice his size; and, when he returned, he said he had only gone home with her, because she promised to put some bay rum on his hair. He has even had the audacity to ask me to write a piece of poetry about her, and of course I complied.

TO MY BIG SWEETHEART.

My love has long brown curls,
And blue forget-me-not eyes;
She's the beauty of all the girls—
But I wish I was twice my size;
Then I could kiss her cheek,
Or venture her lips to taste;
But now I only reach to the ribbon
She ties around her waist.

Chocolate-drop of my heart!
I dare not breathe thy name;
Like a peppermint stick I stand apart
In a sweet, but secret flame:
When you look down on me,
And the tassel atop of my cap,
I feel as if something had got in my throat,
And was choking against the strap.

I passed your garden and there,
On the clothes lines, hung a few
Pantalettes, and one tall pair
Reminded me, love, of you;
And I thought, as I swung on the gate
In the cold, by myself alone,
How soon the sweetness of hoarhound dies,
But the bitter keeps on and on.

It was quite touching to see how solemnly the old soldiers listened, when this was being read to them; and when I came to the lines—

"I feel as if something had got in my throat,
And was choking against the strap"—

Ivanhoe looked up with questioning eyes, as if he would have said, "how did you know that?"

It is surprising how soon children—all children—begin to love poetry. That dear old lady—Mother Goose! what would childhood be without her? Let old Mother Goose pack up her satchel and begone, and a dreary world this would be for babies! No more "Pat-a-cake baker's man;" no more "Here sits the Lord Mayor;" no more "This little pig went to market;" no more "Jack and Jill," going up the hill after that unfortunate pail of water; no more "One, two, buckle my shoe;" and "Old Mother Hubbard," who had such an uncommonly brilliant dog; and "Simple Simon," who was not quite so simple as the piewman thought he was; and Jacky Horner, whose thumb stands out in childhood's memory like Trajan's legendary pillar; and the royal architecture of "King Boggin;" and the peep into court life derived from the wonderful "Song of Sixpence;"—what would that dear little half-price world do without them? Sometimes, too, the melodious precepts of that kind old lady save a host of rigid moral lessons—"Tell tale tit" and "Cross-patch, draw the latch" are better than twenty household sermons. And then those golden legends: "Bobby Shaftoe went to sea;" and "Little Miss Muffitt, who sat on a tuffit;" and the charming moon-story of Little Bo Peep with her shadowless sheep; and the capital match Jack Sprat made, when he got his wife; and the wisdom of that great maxim of Mother Goose—

"Birds of a feather flock together."

What could replace these, should the priceless volume be closed upon childhood forever?

When we think of the great world, and its elaborate amusements—its balls, and its concerts; its theatres and its opera-houses; its costly dinners, and toilsome grand parties; its clanging pianos, and its roaring convivial songs; its carved furniture, splendid diamonds, rouge, and gilding; its hollow etiquette, and its sickly sentimentalities, what a

poor miserable show it makes beside little Posterity, with its toils and pleasures; its satchel, and scraps of song, sitting by its slender pathway, and watching with great eyes the dazzling pageant passing by. Little Posterity! Sitting in judgment by the wayside, and only waiting for a few years to close, before it brings in its solemn verdict.

What delicate perceptions children have, lively sympathies, quick-eyed penetration. How they shrink from hypocrisy, let it speak with never so soft a voice; and open their little chubby arms, when goodness steps into the room. What a sad-faced group it was that stood upon our bank, the day little Tommy was drowned.

There is a smooth sand beach in front of our house, a small dock, and a boat-house. The rail-road track is laid between the bank and the beach, so that you can look out of the car-windows and see the river, and the palisades, the sloops, the beach, and the boat-house. One summer afternoon, as the train flew by the cottage, (for the station is beyond it a short walk), I observed quite a concourse of people on one side the track—on the dock—and down by the water's edge. So when the cars stopped, I hurried back over the ground I had just passed, and on my way met a man who told me a little boy was drowned in the water in front of my house. What a desperate race Sparrowgrass ran that day, with the image of each of his children successively drowned, passing through his mind with the rapidity of lightning flashes! When I got in the crowd of people, I saw a poor woman lying lifeless in the arms of two other women; some were bathing her forehead, some were chafing her hands, and just then I heard some one say, "It is his mother, poor thing." How cruel it was in me, to whisper "Thank God!" but could I help it? To rush up the bank, to get the boat-house key, to throw open the outside doors, and swing out the davits, was but an instant's work; and then down went the boat from the blocks, and a volunteer crew had pushed her off in a moment. Then they slowly rowed her down the river, close in shore; for the tide was falling, and every now and then the iron boat-hook sank under the water on its errand of mercy. Meanwhile we lashed hooks to other poles, and along

the beach, and on the dock, a number of men were busy searching for the body. At last there was a subdued shout—it came from the river, a little south of the boat-house—and the men dropped the poles on the dock, and on the beach, and ran down that way, and we saw a little white object glisten in the arms of the boat-men, and then it was laid, tenderly, face downward, on the grass that grew on the parapet of the rail-way. Poor little fellow! He had been bathing on the beach, and had ventured out beyond his depth in the river. It was too late to recall that little spirit—the slender breath had bubbled up through the water half an hour before. The poor people wrapped up the tiny white death in a warm shawl; and one stout fellow took it in his arms,

and carried it softly along the iron road, followed by the concourse of people.

When I came up on the bank again, I thanked God, for the group of small, sad faces I found there—partly for their safety—partly for their sympathy. And we observed that afternoon, how quiet and orderly the young ones were; although the sun went down in splendid clouds, and the river was flushed with crimson, and the birds sang as they were wont to sing, and the dogs sported across the grass, and all nature seemed to be unconsciously gay over the melancholy casualty; yet our little ones were true to themselves, and to humanity. They had turned over an important page in life, and they were profiting by the lesson.

MY WIFE AND I.

WIFE, my darling, close the doors,
Draw the curtains, see, the fire,
Ever the louder the rain storm roars,
Rises happier, brighter, higher.

There, on the ottoman, nearer still,
Lay thy head on my loving breast—
Stay—another—that ringlet *will*—
Take his kisses, and all the rest!

Toss him back from thy delicate brow,
Lift the light of thy laughing eyes—
Laughing tenderly—tell me now,
Which was foolish, and which was wise?

Ah! when we walked, that summer eve,
Hushed, on the shore of the sounding sea,
Was it not heaven made us believe
This was waiting for thee and me?

Was it not heaven? A single star
Shook in the sky—again and again
A white sail glimmered, faint and far,
Trembling away to the shadowy main;

Thou, with thy gaze on the vanishing ships;
I that watched for the star to appear—
Nay! not my hand, love! Speak to my lips!
Every hope had its harbor—here!

CYCLOPÆDIA OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.*

AMERICAN literature has found a complete and felicitous chronicle in these volumes. The editors have brought to its preparation an enlightened love of letters, rare personal accomplishments, a genial antiquarian enthusiasm, and untiring fidelity and patience of research. The plan of their work would seem to have been suggested by Chambers's "Cyclopædia of English Literature," to which, however, it is unquestionably superior in the character of its execution, if not in the interest of its contents. It is remarkable for the compactness with which it crowds the different epochs of our literature into a comprehensive space, without falling into a meagre and unfruitful brevity. In turning over its leaves, we are often tempted to stop and admire the ingenuity of the editors, who have been able to impart such a rich variety of incidental literary information, besides the leading notices which appropriately introduce the selections from various authors.

Tracing the progress of intellectual culture in this country from the first dawn of literature among the Puritan exiles to the latest productions of the present day, it exhibits a complete map, or rather a finished miniature sketch of the development and performances of American talent in the field of letters. The Pilgrims brought the love of learning, with their household treasures, to the promised land of religion and freedom. Many of the early pioneers had received the choicest education of the English universities. They blended generous studies with the cultivation of the field, and the practice of arms. They handled the pen with no less facility than the axe and the musket. Several curious specimens of their literary tastes are preserved in these volumes. For the most part they are quaint, rugged, erratic compositions, more remarkable for their earnestness of thought than their graces of style, and showing that strong sense of personality which prompted their writers to leave the sweet and delicate refinements of their English homes, for the sake of elbow-room in the free wilder-

ness. Among the primitive worthies, from whose remains we have more or less numerous fragments, are the famous New England divines, and Cotton, Norton, Hooker, Roger Williams, the two Mathers, the excellent John Winthrop, first Governor of Massachusetts, Governor Bradford, John Eliot, the devoted apostle to the Indians, and Peter Folger, the maternal grandfather of Dr. Franklin.

One of the most interesting sketches in this portion of the work is devoted to Roger Williams—a man who, in many respects, may be regarded as a type of the best elements in the Puritan character. Without a certain spice of fanaticism, he could scarcely have been deemed a true Pilgrim. Earnest religious convictions imply an exclusiveness and zeal which must always appear fanatical to those by whom they are not fully shared. But Roger Williams had no sourness or austerity in his religious composition. In this sense, he could not justly be called a fanatic. Rather was it true, that his nature was softened by a lambent enthusiasm. Hating error much, he loved truth more. His mind expanded in visions of Gospel freedom. He cherished a pervading sense of the infinite and unutterable sweetness of divine things. To his soul, God was not the echo of a tradition, nor the logical product of a syllogism; but a living and present reality. He thus dwelt in the sphere of universal ideas. His convictions were absolute and all-embracing; not relative and limited. Hence, by a natural and invincible necessity, he became the champion of religious freedom, for which he is justly, and not too warmly eulogized by the editors of this work. As they justly remark, with him, "the right divine of conscience was not simply having his own way, while he checked other people's. He did not fly from persecution to persecute." He founded the rights of conscience, not on prescription or privilege, but on the autocracy of the human soul, subject to no authority but the law of God, as written in its own nature. This must ever be the glorious distinction of Roger Wil-

* *Cyclopedia of American Literature*. By EVERT A. DUYCKINCK and GEORGE L. DUYCKINCK. 2 vols. Charles Scribner.

liams. On this proud eminence, he stands alone, among the Pilgrims. Nor was his attachment to principle tainted by the pride of opinion. Everywhere, he manifests a free, and gentle, and loving soul. Some little snatches of his poetry, which we find in this work, illustrate the tenderness and pious simplicity of his character. What touching naïveté in the lines which compare the material deprivation of the Pilgrims with the luxurious softness which they had forsaken:

"Coarse bread and water's most their fare,
O England's diet's fine;
Thy cup runs o'er with plenteous store
Of wholesome beer and wine.

"Sometimes God gives them fish or flesh,
Yet they're content without:
And what comes in they part to friends,
And strangers round about.

"God's providence is rich to His,
Let none distrustful be,
In wilderness, in great distress,
There ravens have fed me."

Another of these little poems alludes to his sufferings in exile; and beautifully expresses the faith in the divine Power, which formed the vital essence of his soul:

"God makes a path, provides a guide,
And feeds in wilderness!
His glorious name, while breath remains,
O that I may confess.

"Lost many a time, I have had no guide,
No house, but hollow tree!
In stormy winter night no fire,
No food, no company:

"In Him I have found a house, a bed,
A table, company:
No cup's so bitter, but's made sweet
When God shall sweetening be."

In 1683, in a ripe and kindly old age, Roger Williams died at Providence, "on the spot which his genius and labors had consecrated," leaving a fame which the lapse of years has not dimmed, as the friend of peace and the assertor of liberty.

Coming down to later times prior to the Revolution, we have Benjamin Franklin, "whose very name, since it was consecrated by the poet Chaucer, is freshly suggestive of freedom;" Mather Byles, the unrepentant punster and bigoted tory; Jonathan Mayhew, the noble defender of popular rights, in defiance of British power, who uttered his eloquent appeals in behalf of human freedom in the West Church of Boston, where his

words have not yet ceased to find a powerful echo; Berkeley, the philosophic enthusiast, who watched, "in solemn vision," the course of empire on its western way; and Jonathan Edwards, the first metaphysician of his day, and endowed with the acutest intellect that ever drew its nutriment and inspiration from New England training.

The Revolutionary period was also fertile in literary productions, in spite of the troubled character of the times. Among the writers of that day, there was the patriotic Livingston of New Jersey; James Otis, under whose impassioned eloquence "American Independence was born;" the fiery-hearted John Adams; the masters of humor, Francis Hopkinson, and John Trumbull; the two Bartrams, father and son, each a devotee of natural science; Jefferson, Madison, Hamilton, and Jay, the leading political philosophers of their day, whose profound reasonings aided to embody freedom in constitutional forms; the sage Witherspoon; the genial satirist, Hugh Breckenridge; and to name no others, the trio of Connecticut bards, Timothy Dwight, David Humphreys, and Joel Barlow.

Of the Revolutionary writers, none receives a more elaborate notice than Philip Freneau, whose memory the editors labor, with pious assiduity, to redeem from certain prevalent misapprehensions. Although sometimes careless in their execution, his verses, they maintain, are not destitute of genuine poetic fire, and, both on account of their intrinsic merit and their historical relations, are worthy of more attention than they have generally received. Freneau was born in New York, in 1752. His ancestors were among the French emigrants, who were driven to this country by the revocation of the edict of Nantes. Having graduated at the college of New Jersey, where he had Madison for a class-mate and intimate friend, he soon took an active part in political affairs. While the British troops were in possession of New York, he was arrested as a rebel, and thrown into the infamous prison-ship, which at that time was the receptacle of the Revolutionary victims. He did not fail to celebrate the torments of this place in a pungent poem. The first edition of his political writings was published in 1786 in a single duodecimo volume. This was followed, in a year or two, by an-

other volume, containing further specimens of his poetry, and several prose compositions of a miscellaneous character. A more complete collection of his writings was published in 1795, containing some three hundred poetical pieces, including specimens of descriptive composition, with a due proportion of song, story, satire, and epigram. Freneau's prose writings are marked by the same general characteristics as his poetry. Playful and humorous in their tone, bold and original in thought, and of a polished style, they may be regarded as the first fruits of that kind of literature, which, in the hands of Paulding, Irving, and others, has gained such popular eclat among all classes of readers. Freneau was an active politician, during his whole life; and for a large portion of it was connected with the newspaper press. At that time journalism had not assumed the rank which it now holds, as a vehicle of intelligence. Still it presented sufficient scope for the exercise of talent. With a far less systematic organization than at the present day, it perhaps afforded a more congenial field for original fancies and personal humor. Freneau was a bitter partisan. He stamped his own mind on whatever he wrote. He had an evident genius for newspapers, although he continued to indulge in the composition of poetry. Upon retiring from public life, he passed the remainder of his days in New Jersey, but continuing his habits of intimate social intercourse with a large circle of prominent New-Yorkers. According to Dr. Francis, whose personal reminiscences of Freneau are embodied in the sketch by the Messrs. Duyckinck, he was a man of kindly disposition, courteous manners, and highly agreeable conversation. Upon his visits to the metropolis, he was sure of a cordial welcome from many eminent citizens. Governor George Clinton was one of his warmest friends. He found a genial associate in the learned Provost, the first Episcopal Bishop in this country, who had himself shouldered a musket in the war of Independence. With Gates, Freneau was on intimate terms; and they often compared together the achievements of Monmouth with those of Saratoga. With Colonel Fish he reviewed the capture of Yorktown; discussed the sufferings of the prison-ship, the charms

of Italian poetry, and the piscatory eclogues of Sannazarius, with the omnivorous Dr. Mitchell; supplied Dr. Dewitt with materials for his eulogy on the American martyrs; criticized Horace and Paul Jones with Pintard; descanted on the chivalrous virtues of Baron Steuben with Major Fairlie; reveled in the day-dream of an ideal democracy with Thomas Paine; and debated the projects of internal improvement and artificial navigation with Dewitt Clinton and Cadwallader D. Colden.

When Dr. Francis first made the acquaintance of Freneau, he was about seventy-six years old. Rather below the middle height, with a thin, but muscular figure, slightly stooping from age, though with firm step, his careworn countenance was lighted up with intelligence, and he spoke with a clear and impressive enunciation. He had an elevated forehead, dark gray eyes, and an expression of habitual pensiveness. His iron-gray hair retained the traces of its early beauty. He had no love of display. His simple dress might have been taken for that of a farmer. His favorite theme in conversation was New York—the city of his birth; and next in interest was his collegiate career with Madison. In spite of the neglect of many years, he preserved the attainments of his classical studies to a remarkable degree. His death took place in 1832.

Dipping at random into these tempting pages, we often light upon passages worthy of note for some merit of expression or thought, independent of their connection with the general course of the narrative. Thus, apropos of Chief Justice Marshall's early tuition by a Scotch clergyman, we have some interesting statements in regard to the influence of the clergy in educating the youth of this country. "This is one of many instances in which the great minds of America received their first discipline at the hands of the clergy. At a somewhat later day, in Virginia, William Wirt, another legal eminence, received his first culture and generous love of learning at the hands of a clergyman—the Rev. James Hunt from Princeton. James Madison was educated by a clergyman, and also Legaré. Hamilton, in the West Indies, was taught, and sent to New York by a clergyman, Dr. Knox, at Santa Cruz;

and two clergymen of that city, Drs. Rodgers and Mason, received him on his arrival. In New England, it was the general rule. The clergyman was the sun of the intellectual system, in village, township, and city. John Adams in his early life—we may take him as a fair type of self-culture, seizing upon all neighboring advantages—was almost as much a clerical growth as a pupil of St. Omer's or the Propaganda. Throughout the South the clergyman was the pioneer of civilization. This is a missionary influence, which does not suggest itself so prominently as it should to the American of the present day. We are apt to think of the clergyman only in his relation to the pulpit; and confirm our notions of his influence to the family and the parish, in those concerns of eternal welfare, which are locked up in the privacies of the home and the heart. These spiritual relations, indeed, have the grandest and widest scope; but there are others which should not be separated from them. The clergyman not only sanctified and cemented the parish, but he founded the state. It was his instruction which moulded the soldier and the statesman. Living among agriculturists remote from towns, where language and literature would naturally be neglected and corrupted, in advance of the schoolmaster and the school, he was the future college in embryo. When we see men like Marshall graduating at his right hand, with no other courses than the simple man of God, who had left the refinements of civilization for the wilderness, taught, and with no other diploma than his benediction, we may, indeed, stop to honor their labors. Let the name of the American missionary of the colonial and revolutionary age suggest something more to the student of our history than the limited notion of a combatant with heathenism and vice. He was also the companion and guide to genius and virtue. When the memorials of those days are written, let his name be recorded, in no insignificant or feeble letters, on the page with the great men of the state, whom his talents and presence inspired."

A considerable portion of this work is devoted to the literature of the South, which is here more fully displayed than it has ever been before. The record

presents an imposing array of names, especially among the more recent writers of the southern states. Kennedy, Legaré, Cooper, Pinkney, Calvert, Gayarré, Simms, Charlton, Meyer, the Cookes, Thompson, Hayne, and several others are made the subjects of honorable notice; and full justice is done to their various accomplishments in the different departments of literature.

The period, extending from the commencement of this century to the present time, includes the great writers in prose and poetry, who are everywhere recognized as the chief illustrations of American letters, and whose names are too well known to require even a passing allusion. Of the latest contemporary authors, whose brilliant reputation affords the promise of permanent fame, we have many interesting details that have not before appeared in print. Among these, the editors have given sketches that furnish a gratifying proof of the freshness and vitality of our literature, of Thomas W. Parsons, whose recent volume of sinewy poetry at once raised him to an eminence which was no surprise to the connoisseur who was acquainted with his previous translations from Dante; of John Milton Mackie, whose *Cosas de España* and other contributions to periodical literature exhibit the sparkling effervescence of an intellect ripened in the gravest studies; of Donald Mitchell, who has opened a new vein of sentiment and pathos in the effusions of *Ik. Marvel*; and of Curtis, the versatile Howadji, whose pen luxuriates alike in pictures of sunny lands abroad, and in polished satire of social follies at home. In the critical judgments, which the editors or these volumes express, we find no trace of bitterness or of favoritism, but the manly utterance of opinions, which are usually in accordance with the verdict of public taste. The work is finished with an elaborate nicety that betrays the spirit of true scholarship—the love of excellence and completeness, without regard to toil. Minute inaccuracies are, of course, discoverable amid such a multiplicity of details; but, we think, none can be found which will impeach the general fidelity. A large collection of portraits, autographs, and cuts of authors' residences, forms an appropriate embellishment to the work, and adds much to its interest and value.

THE RANGER.

ROBERT RAWLIN !—Frosts were falling
 When the ranger's horn was calling
 Through the woods to Canada.
 Gone the winter's sleet and snowing,
 Gone the spring time's bud and blowing,
 Gone the summer's harvest mowing
 And again the fields are gray.
 Yet away, he's away,
 Faint and fainter hope is growing
 In the hearts that mourn his stay.

When the lion, crouching high on
 Abraham's rock with teeth of iron,
 Glares o'er wood and wave away ;
 Faintly thence, as pines far sighing,
 Or, as thunder spent and dying,
 Come the challenge and replying,
 Come the sounds of flight and fray.
 Well-a-day ! Hope and pray !
 Some are living, some are lying
 In their red graves far away.

Straggling rangers, worn with dangers,
 Homeward faring, weary strangers
 Pass the farm-gate on their way ;
 Tidings of the dead and living,
 Forest march, and ambush giving,
 Till the maidens leave their weaving,
 And the lads forget their play.
 " Still away, still away !"
 Sighs a sad one, sick with grieving,
 " Why does Robert still delay !"

Nowhere fairer, sweeter, rarer,
 Does the golden-locked fruit-bearer
 Through his painted woodlands stray,
 Than where hill-side oaks and beeches
 Overlook the long, blue reaches,
 Silver coves and pebbled beaches,
 And green isles of Casco Bay ;
 Nowhere day, for delay,
 With a tenderer look beseeches,
 " Let me with my charmed earth stay !"

On the grain-lands of the mainlands,
 Stands the serried corn like train-bands,
 Plume and pennon rustling gay ;
 Out at sea, the islands wooded,
 Silver birches, golden hooded,
 Set with maples, crimson-blooded,
 White sea-foam and sand-hills gray,
 Stretch away, far away,
 Dim and dreamy, over-brooded
 By the hazy autumn day.

Gaily chattering to the clattering
 Of the brown nuts downward pattering,
 Leap the squirrels, red and gray.
 On the grass-land, on the fallow,
 Drop the apples, red and yellow;
 Drop the russet pears and mellow,
 Drop the red leaves all the day.
 And away, swift away
 Sun and cloud, o'er hill and hollow
 Chasing, weave their web of play.

"Martha Mason, Martha Mason,
 Prithee tell us of the reason
 Why you mope at home to-day:
 Surely smiling is not sinning;
 Leave your quilling, leave your spinning;
 What is all your store of linen,
 If your heart is never gay?
 Come away, come away!
 Never yet did sad beginning
 Make the task of life a play."

Overbending, till she's blending
 With the flaxen skein she's tending,
 Pale brown tresses smoothed away
 From her face of patient sorrow,
 Sits she, seeking but to borrow,
 From the trembling hope of morrow,
 Solace for the weary day.
 "Go your way, laugh and play;
 Unto Him who heeds the sparrow
 And the lily, let me pray."

"With our rally, rings the valley—
 Join us!" cried the blue-eyed Nelly;
 "Join us!" cried the laughing May:
 "To the beach we all are going,
 And, to save the task of rowing,
 West by north the wind is blowing,
 Blowing briskly down the bay!
 Come away, come away!
 Time and tide are swiftly flowing,
 Let us take them while we may!"

"Never tell us that you'll fail us,
 Where the purple beach-plum mellow
 On the bluffs so wild and gray.
 Hasten, for the oars are falling;
 Hark, our merry mates are calling:
 Time it is that we were all in,
 Singing tideward down the bay!"
 "Nay, nay, let me stay;
 Sore and sad for Robert Rawlin,
 Is my heart," she said, "to-day."

"Vain your calling for Rob Rawlin,
 Some red squaw his moose-meat's broiling,
 Or some French lass, singing gay;
 Just forget as he's forgetting;
 What avails a life of fretting?"

If some stars must needs be setting,
 Others rise as good as they."
 "Cease I pray; go your way!"
 Martha cries, her eye-lids wetting;
 "Foul and false the words you say!"

"Martha Mason, heed to reason,
 Prithee, put a kinder face on!"
 "Cease to vex me," did she say:
 "Better at his side be lying,
 With the mournful pine-trees sighing,
 And the wild birds o'er us crying,
 Than to doubt like mine a prey;
 While away, far away,
 Turns my heart, forever trying
 Some new hope for each new day.

"When the shadows veil the meadows,
 And the sunset's golden ladders
 Climb the twilight's walls of gray—
 From the window of my dreaming,
 I can see his sickle gleaming,
 Cheery-voiced, can hear him teeming
 Down the locust-shaded way;
 But away, swift away
 Fades the fond, delusive seeming,
 And I kneel, again to pray.

"When the growing dawn is showing,
 And the barn-yard cock is crowing,
 And the horned moon pales away:
 From a dream of him awaking,
 Every sound my heart is making
 Seems a footstep of his taking;
 Then I hush the thought, and say,
 'Nay, nay, he's away!'
 Ah! my heart, my heart is breaking
 For the dear one far away."

Look up, Martha! worn and swarthy
 Glows a face of manhood worthy:
 "Robert!" "Martha!" all they say.
 O'er went wheel and reel together,
 Little cared the owner whither;
 Heart of lead is heart of feather,
 Noon of night is noon of day!
 Come away, come away!
 When such lovers meet each other,
 Why should prying idlers stay?

Bare the timbers, quench the embers
 Of their red leaves, in December's
 Hoary rime and chilly spray.
 But the hearth shall kindle clearer,
 Household welcomes sound sincerer,
 Heart to loving heart draw nearer,
 When the bridal bells shall say:
 "Hope and pray, trust alway;
 Life is sweeter, love is dearer
 For the trial and delay!"

THE HAUNTED KING AND THE LOADED DICE.

"The stretched metre of an antique song."

THE BOOK OF THE SWANS.

AS the Rajah Nala was walking in his garden at Nishadha, thinking of the beautiful Damayanti, his eye was arrested by a flock of swans. They came from a cloud above the garden, dropping from its white bosom like a garland of pearls. Some alighted in the tanks, where they swam merrily; others in flower-beds and on the boughs of trees, and one at the Rajah's feet. "This is strange," said the Rajah to himself; "I must see what it means." He stretched forth his hand to clutch the bird, but it fled before him, leading him down the path into a thick grove. At the end of the grove he caught it.

"Slay me not, king of men," said the swan imploringly. "Know that I am no bird, but the soul of a loving poet in its second transmigration. Pronounce over me the sacred words of the Veda, and I shall see the soul of my beloved in the flock of swans. In return for this divine kindness I will fly to Vidarbha, and praise you to Damayanti. She shall think of no one save you."

"I pity all lovers," said the Rajah with a sigh; "and, whether you serve me or not, I will help you to obtain your mistress." He pronounced the mystic spell, and the swan saw the soul of its beloved. "We will both praise you, king of Nishadha," sang the thankful bird, and calling his mistress with a human voice, the pair flew away in the direction of Vidarbha.

By noon they reached the stately city, and, seeking the garden of Damayanti, they dropped in a bower of roses. Now Damayanti, being fond of roses, had bent her steps to the bower to pluck one. She saw the swans as she entered; they stood side by side like lilies—like two white lilies whose heads lean together.

"Nala dwells in Nishadha," began the swans. "Wert thou wedded to him, Damayanti, his noble strength and thy perfect beauty would bear divine fruit. We have seen the gods, and the Gandharvas, their singers; the graceful-gliding people of Patala, and the demons who change themselves at will; but never the peer of Nala. He is the sun

among men, as thou art the moon among women. If the peerless wed the peerless, blessed shall the union be."

"I love Nala," said the wondering Princess; "return and tell him so."

"We go," sang the swans; and while Damayanti plucked the rose they flew back to Nala, and told him all.

The swans took the heart of Damayanti with them. She dwelt no more with herself, but with Nala. The roses faded from her cheeks the more they bloomed in her bower. She grew pale and melancholy, and gave herself up to thought. Her handmaids pitied her secret grief; and one of them, who had heard the song of the swans, told the royal Bhima that his daughter pined for the Rajah Nala. "When maids are sick with love," said the wise old King, "it is time they were wedded." So he summoned the neighboring Rajahs to the betrothal of Damayanti. They crowned themselves with garlands, called their armies together, and, mounting their elephants, marched to Vidarbha. Bhima received them with honor, and they sat on thrones of state in his palace, while the streets swarmed with their soldiers.

The news of the approaching betrothal reached the gods, and Narada and Parvatas ascended to the world of Indra. The Cloudy saluted them. "How fares it with you and your world?"

"It is well with us," replied Narada, the friend of the beautiful Krishna.

"But why come ye alone? Where are mine ancient guests, the kings and guardians of the earth? They are always welcome."

"The renowned Damayanti, the daughter of Bhima, is about to choose a husband; therefore remain the kings. They are hastening to Vidarbha with all their pomp—suitors for the Pearl of the World."

"Let us go also," said the gods; and on the instant they were in their chariots hastening to the earth. As they sank through the air, they saw Nala on his way to the court of Bhima. He drove his chariot as skillfully as the fire-god drives the sun. His hair streamed behind him from his garland of flowers;

his robe fluttered like flame. Now he checked the speed of his flying coursers, whereat they tossed their manes and pawed the ground impatiently. Anon he plied the thong, and they left the wind behind. The celestials stayed their chariots in mid-air.

"Ho! Nala," they shouted, "we have a message for you. Stay, and do our bidding."

"Speak, I will do your bidding," answered the Rajah, folding his arms and bowing his head. "But who are ye, and what is the service ye require of me?"

"Know us," said Indra: "we are the Immortals, and we seek the love of Damayanti. I am Maghavan, the Cloudy; this is Yama; and yonder are Agni, and the King of Waters. Go to the maiden of Vidarbha, and proclaim our coming—say:

'Indra, Agni, Varan, Yama, each to seek thy hand are come;
One of these celestial beings, choose, O virgin, for thy lord.'"

"Spare me, and send me not upon this cruel errand. For how can I, enamored myself, plead for you?"

"Speak, I will do your bidding: such was your promise, Rajah. You know our bidding. Do it. No more delay."

"But how," sighed the unhappy lover, "how shall I enter the palace of Bhima? It is guarded strictly, night and day."

"Thou shalt enter," said Maghavan; and even while the god spake, Nala found himself in the garden of Damayanti. He entered the bower of roses, as the swans had done before him, and there he beheld Damayanti and her maids. It was as if he saw an early morning sky peopled with radiant clouds and governed by the crescent moon. Against a background of rose-buds sat an hundred virgins, clad in white, airy and graceful; and in their midst was Damayanti, the Moon of Beauty. Her eyes were as soft as lotus blooms, her waist as slender as the stalk of the young bamboo, and the waves of her black hair were sown with pearls.

The heart of the Rajah leaped within him, like a stag pursued by the hunters; but he remembered his promise to the gods, and prepared to plead their cause.

The handmaids of Damayanti sprang from their seats, amazed at his beauty and strength; but none dared to accost him before the princess. Damayanti

shared their amazement and was silent, till she remembered that she was the daughter of a king; then, her royalty lending her speech, she thus addressed the Rajah.

"Who art thou so beautiful and strong, and how hast thou entered our palace? The wardens of the king are watchful; his mandates are stern."

"I am Nala," answered the enamored but faithful Rajah; "Nala the messenger of the gods."

'Indra, Agni, Varan, Yama, each to seek thy hand will come;
One of these celestial beings, choose, O virgin, for thy lord!'"

"I hear your words, Rajah, but I cannot obey them. No god shall be my husband. I am content to love a man. Thou art the man, O Nala! Before I saw thee I was enamored, the swans sang thy praise so sweetly; and now that I see thee I cannot but give thee my heart. Wilt thou not give me thine in return?"

When the princess began she smiled, and her eye beamed in the Rajah's face like a star; but as the river of her thought deepened, her eye dropped to his feet, and the smile vanished, leaving a blush to reign in its stead.

Nala was delighted to know himself beloved; but his promise to Indra haunted him; so he pressed his hand on his rebellious heart, and persisted in his errand.

"But what is a man to the gods? Compared to the gods men are as dust: displeasing them, they hasten to death. Who is she that would not wed Agni, who compressed the world in his fiery hand? Or Yama, the King of Justice, of whom the world stands in awe? Or Indra, the Sovereign of the Gods?"

"I am she," said Damayanti; "I worship the gods as gods, I cannot love them as men. I will choose a man, and a man only for my husband. Thou art the man, O Nala."

The soul of the Rajah fluttered like a loori who sees its mate through the wires of a cage. "I have delivered my message," he murmured, kneeling at her feet; "I have plead for others; hereafter I shall plead for myself. Till then weigh me in thy thought."

The blush came back to her cheek, and after the blush the smile. "Come to my betrothal with the gods, dear Nala, and I will choose thee for my husband."

She plucked a rose-bud, and handed it to the Rajah. He pressed it to his lips, and wishing himself back to the gods stood in their presence.

"Have you seen Damayanti, and delivered our message? And what says the maid?"

"I have seen her," answered the Rajah, lifting himself to his full height, like a man ennobled by a heavenly thought; "I have seen the beautiful maiden, and faithfully plead your cause. She rejects your suit, O gods, and chooses a mortal for her husband: even me, your unworthy messenger."

"She may change her mind before the day of her betrothal," replied Indra.

"I hope not," muttered Nala. And the swans at that moment flying past him, he charged them to sing his praises anew.

The day of the full moon came, and Bhima summoned the Rajahs to the betrothal of his daughter. In loving haste they thronged the hall of state. It was splendid with columns of gold, and a triumphal arch of pearl. Fragrant were the garlands over their profuse locks, and rich their pendent ear gems. Some were swarthy and vigorous, with arms like battle maces, others were as lithe and delicate as the five-headed serpents.

They seated themselves upon the thrones, a door was flung open, and Damayanti appeared. She was dressed royally, as became the daughter of a king. Her silken vest glittered with golden spangles, her wrists were loaded with bracelets, and bells of silver hung at her ankles and tinkled as she walked. Her steps were lighter than the steps of a gazelle when it picks its way among flowers.

She glided before the kings like a cloud, looking among their number for her betrothed. She found him leaning against a column. And yet she found him not. There were five Rajahs before her instead of one, five Nalas, alike in form and garb. The four gods had assumed the shape of their messenger to perplex the princess in her choice. She scanned them again and again, but could not discern Nala from his counterfeits.

"How shall I know my betrothed?" she said to herself. And something whispered—"Pray, and the gods will help you." She folded her hands on

her bosom, and bowed her head, and prayed:

THE PRAYER.

"When I heard the song of the swans I said—'The lord of Nishadha shall be my husband.' By this truth reveal him to me, ye loving gods."

"I have not swerved from him in word, or thought. By this truth reveal him to me, ye faithful gods."

"I have pledged him my vow, and it must be holily maintained. By this truth reveal him to me, ye holy gods."

"I will die rather than take another for my husband. By this truth reveal him to me, ye pitying gods."

The prayer of the woman prevailed. The gods assumed their own immortal shapes, and Nala was revealed to his beloved. He stood in the shadow of the column with a drooping garland, while the four gods, Indra, Agni, Varun, Yama, hovered in the air crowned with stars. Unlike Nala, they cast no shadow!

She gazed a moment in their divine eyes, her face bathed with thankful tears, and turning to the Rajah she lifted the hem of his garment and threw a zone of flowers over his shoulder.

"I take Nala for my husband!"

"You have done well," said the gods: but the kings said nothing for sighing. The king of Nishadha stepped from the shadow, and clasped the hand of his beloved.

"Since you take me for your husband, fair Damayanti, know me your faithful lord; as long as my soul dwells in my body—so long am I thine!"

"Be happy!" said the gods, and each gave Nala a double blessing. Indra a firm gait in the sacrifice, and the faculty of seeing the godhead. Agni the stars at noonday, and the boon of fire whenever he wished it. Yama eminence in virtue, and a subtle taste in food. And Varun the power of making water come at his call, and flowers of matchless fragrance.

Thus Nala won Damayanti.

THE BOOK OF THE LOADED DICE.

Let no man think to live without enemies, although he be as pure as the gods. There are always black hearts in the world, and they delight to throw dust on the robes of the good and wise. But the wise and good often fall by their own weakness. If the gods are always waiting to help those who perform their duties, the demons are also waiting to haunt those who neglect

them. The sky is not broad enough for a god: no chink is too narrow for a demon. But let no man despair. The Vedas are a well of truth.

The gods blessed Nala and Damayanti; and having no further desire to remain on earth—for what to them was the pomp of the Rajah's bridal, the splendor of his marriage?—they returned to the sky. Midway between Vidarbha and Mount Meru they met Kali and Dwapara flying earthward like two dark clouds.

"Whither so fast?" said Indra, the Slayer of Giants.

"I am going to the betrothal of Damayanti," answered Kali. "My heart has entered into the maiden, and I mean to make her my consort."

"The gates of that bridal are closed," said the bright-tongued Agni. "She hath chosen Nala in our presence."

The brow of Kali grew black; fire flashed from his eyes. "Heavy be her doom," he muttered with a stormy voice.

"Not so, Evil One," replied the Sovereign of the Gods. "She weds the Rajah by our permission. He is brave and good; he reads the four Vedas, and the Purana, and adores the gods with offerings. He is gentle to all living creatures, and his word and vow are sacred. Whoever curses the noble Nala shall find his curses recoil on himself. He shall be plunged in the torments of hell."

So said the Lord of Heaven and vanished.

"I can curb my wrath no longer," thundered Kali to his evil companion. "I will enter into the heart of Nala, and cast him from his kingdom, and the sweet embraces of his bride. Thou shalt assist me, Dwapara, embodied in the loaded dice."

When the marriage feast was over, and the kings had departed, each to his separate kingdom, Nala bade the king of Vidarbha adieu, and returned to Nishadha taking Damayanti with him. Before them flew the swans, singing a nuptial song: the demons came behind.

Twelve years, twelve happy years passed like a day; the last was sweeter than the first, as evening is sweeter than dawn. The flight of the summers brought Nala and Damayanti two fair children, Indrasen, a noble son, and Indrasena, a beautiful daughter. But it brought them sorrow also; for, when

the wings of the twelfth summer were broken by the arrows of autumn, the demon Kali entered into the heart of the Rajah, and Dwapara was embodied in the loaded dice. Twelve long years the demons watched the Rajah, seeking an opportunity to overthrow him; but his wisdom and discretion baffled them all that time. Nor would they have ever prevailed against him, but that one eve he omitted to wash his feet before praying to the gods.

It may seem a small thing to you, ye men of this atheistical age, to neglect the ablution of water; but what says the Law-giver Menu, the son of Brahma: "Men's bodies are cleansed by water, as their minds are purified by truth." Be warned by the fate of Nala!

Kali entered into the heart of the Rajah, and straightway beckoned Pushkara, the Rajah's brother, to play at dice with him. "By my subtle aid," said the malignant fiend, "thou shalt win the kingdom of Nishadha."

"Come, brother," said the envious Pushkara, when the Rajah had finished his prayer; "come, and play with the dice." Here Dwapara changed himself into a set of loaded dice.

The Rajah shook his head.

"You fear to lose," said the cunning gamester.

The Rajah shook his head again.

"Well, I must play with myself then." And Pushkara rattled the dice, and threw as badly as he could. The Rajah resisted the temptation for a long time; but hearing the rattling of the dice, and seeing how badly his brother threw, he consented to play.

It was dusk when the pair began, and they were in the idol-wing of the palace. They played all night by the light of the sacred lamps, under the very eyes of the idols. The hours passed like moments, and every moment was knelled to its grave by the rattling dice. No matter how carefully he threw, Nala always lost.

At midnight the God of Sleep came to the palace. And being blinded by the lights in the idol-wing, he peeped through the lattice to know what it meant. He saw two sleepless men whose feverish unrest warred with his drowsy quiet; and being displeased thereat, he flew to the chamber of Damayanti, and struck her eyes with his heavy fingers. She slept till dawn, tormented by evil dreams.

At dawn she woke, and wondered at the absence of Nala. She waited and waited, but still he came not. At noon a Brahman told her all. The news of the king's losses were soon noised abroad, for Disgrace is an ill bird that no cage can hold. The Councilors of State and the citizens assembled at the gate of the palace to endeavor to restrain the folly of their ruler. They knocked, and knocked, but he heard them not, he was so intent on the dice. But the Master of the Chariots heard them, and guessing their errand told it to Damayanti.

"Noble princess, the city stands at the gate. Go thou to the king, and tell him so. Say that we, his loving subjects, will freely pay all that he has lost; but that we entreat him to play no more."

"Rajah, the whole city is at the gate," whispered the princess in the ear of her husband. "They come to speak to their Lord; deign to admit them." The Rajah shook his head, like one who is addressed in a strange tongue, but answered not a word. She addressed him again: he turned his back upon her.

"It cannot be Nala," she said, and shut herself up to weep. "It is not Nala," said the citizens, and they went back to their homes sorrowfully.

When the gamesters began to play their stakes were light, a few gold coins at a time; but when the loaded dice had emptied the Rajah's purse, he threw for the diamonds in his head-dress, and the jewel in his signet. Losing these, he gambled away his chariots and horses, and then commenced on the royal treasure. The Lords of the Treasury went to him, and, paying what he had lost, entreated him to play no more. He turned his back upon them and doubled the stakes.

Damayanti sat in her chamber, and the kingly children, Indrasen and Indrasena, sported at her feet.

"They are the children of a king," she thought; "but they will never inherit the kingdom of their father. He will lose his kingdom; and I, unhappy mother that I am, I shall lose my children. But no," she said, "I will save them while there is time." She beckoned Vrihatsena, her old nurse, and made her call Varshneya, the Master of the King's Chariots. He was just returned from a journey, but, honoring

the queen in her misfortune, he came at once, his thong in his hand and the dust of the street on his robes.

"Varshneya, thou knowest the reliance the king hath always placed in thee. In this, his hour of peril, thou must help him. The more he is worsted in play, the more the frenzy of play maddens his heart. There is some cheat in the dice, for the king always loses, while Pushkara always wins. He hears not the voice of friend or kindred; neither will he listen to me, his true wife. Varshneya, thou must aid me. Yoke the steeds of Nala, the flying steeds, and place our children in the chariot, and bear them to Vidarbha. Leave the royal children with King Bhima; also the chariot and the steeds. He will provide for thee, if it please thee to remain in Vidarbha; or thou art free to go where thou wilt. Go, good Varshneya, go."

Varshneya obtained the consent of the Rajah's council and departed, taking the kingly children with him. Bhima received them with open arms; also the chariot and the steeds. He urged Varshneya to remain in Vidarbha; but the master of the chariots could not bear to look upon the beggared children of his sovereign. So he excused himself and went to Ayodhya, where he became the charioteer of the king.

In the meantime, the Rajah, his master, had gambled away his kingdom.

"All is lost!" he cried, dropping the accursed dice.

"Not all," dear brother, answered the wicked Pushkara. "Damayanti yet remains. Let us throw now for Damayanti. I stake my kingdom against her."

"Throw," whispered the demon to the haunted king.

"Yes, throw!" rattled the dice, creeping into his hand. "You will win all back." But Nala resisted.

The baseness of his brother's soul was a dagger in his faithful heart. He spoke not, but stripped himself of the last remains of his splendor. Crown, sceptre, robe—he gave Pushkara all, retaining for himself only a single vest, wrapped in which he wandered from the palace. The whole city stood at the gate to see him depart; but he saw them not, for his eyes were fixed on the ground. Neither did he see Damayanti, his true wife, although she walked beside him.

So Nala lost his kingdom.

THE BOOK OF THE WANDERINGS.

No sooner did the fallen king and queen leave the city than Pushkara issued a proclamation, forbidding the citizens to harbor them under the pain of death. He also sent spies abroad to see that his commands were obeyed. The royal fugitives wandered around the walls of the city three days and nights; their drink was water, their food berries and roots. The Rajah was like a man bereft of his wits, or like a man walking in a dream. He strayed aimlessly from place to place, seeing all things, but understanding nothing. Damayanti followed, guiding and guarding his footsteps.

On the morning of the fourth day, while it was yet dusk, she was startled by the appearance of her old nurse, who warned her and the Rajah to fly, because Pushkara had given orders to slay them both. They arose and fled, and not a moment too soon; for they had hardly gained the highway before a band of horsemen spurred from the palace, and surrounded their old hiding-place. The Rajah was fain to wait and see the end, but Damayanti persuaded him to continue his flight. It was enough for her to see the ruffians brandish their spears in the distance.

The road in which the fugitives found themselves was beautiful. It wound through groves of mangoes, and past lovely gardens. Berries grew on its edge, and brooks of clear water rippled along the hedges. But by and by it changed: groves and gardens there were none; even berries and brooks were few. At last it became a belt of dust in an interminable plain of arid grass. The Rajah began to complain for want of food; but Damayanti complained not, for she felt her husband's sufferings more than her own. As long as there were berries enough for him she forgot her hunger.

The noon of the sixth day found them in a desert of sere grass. There were no trees to shelter them from the fierce glare of the sun, and no brooks or springs at which they could quench their thirst.

"We shall die in this desolation," fretted the Rajah; "bird or beast, no living thing is near."

"My lord is mistaken," answered Damayanti; "yonder are three fine birds."

"Where?" asked the Rajah, casting his eye over the dreary plain.

"There, beside the path," and she pointed to a grassy hollow, as large as the nest of an eagle.

"They are asleep," whispered the Rajah. "I will catch them, and have a banquet."

He drew off his vest, and, holding it in his hand for a trap, cautiously stole towards the birds. They were birds of a strange species, white, with black spots on the breast. Their heads were tucked under their wings. "They are fast asleep," said he, spreading his garment over them; "I have them now."

They snatched the vest from his hand, and sprang up in the air!

"Instead of your having us, Nala," said they, with a human voice, "we have you." And they waved the vest in his face!

"What are ye, ye accursed birds?"

"We are the dice, Nala—the dice that lost you your kingdom. We have followed you ever since you fled from the palace, to see if you had nothing else for us to win. While anything remained, our joy was incomplete. But we are content now, for we have robbed you of your last garment. You are now as low as the lowest—a naked, foolish king!"

When he saw the dice flying away with his garment, he desired to die alone.

"Wife, hear, and profit by my advice. We have come to a forest from which many roads diverge; but all lead to the south. This on thy right hand passes the city of Avanti and the heights of Rishavan. That passes Vindhya, the great mountain, and Payoshni, the river that flows to the sea. Somewhere near, perhaps in yonder forest, are the retreats of the holy hermits. This road will lead thee to Cosala, and that—it is lined with shady trees!—to thy father's kingdom."

"I cannot think of your counsel, Nala; for only to hear it breaks my heart. How can I leave thee, when thou art naked, and worn with hunger and thirst? There is no herb or balsam in sorrow like the care of a loving wife. Let me remain."

"What dost thou fear, thou timid one, that I will leave thee? Fear not. I might abandon myself, but never thee."

"Why, then, dost thou still point out

the road to Vidarbha? If it be well for me to go thither—if thy better counsel says, "*Let her return to her kindred*"—so be it. We will go to Vidarbha together, and be happy there with our children."

The Rajah rose above his ruin, crowned by the remembrance of his lost royalty.

"Thy father's kingdom is a mighty one; mine was once mighty, too. I left Vidarbha, a king: I cannot return thither a beggar. Where I once appeared in glory, to thy joy and pride, I will never appear in misery, to thy sorrow and shame. I return as a king, or I return no more!"

The princess smiled on her husband, and, wrapping a portion of her own garment around him, they wandered hand in hand, searching for water and food. They found neither, although the country by degrees grew richer. At dusk they reached a hut of reeds. Its owners had deserted it, leaving nothing behind them—not even a mat for weary travelers to lie on. The royal beggars sat on the bare ground, and were soon fast asleep. But there was no rest for the haunted king, for Kali created a troop of dreams to trouble him. He dreamed of his lost kingdom, the desertion of his friends, his weary, hopeless wanderings, till, even in sleep, he could bear no more. He woke with an evil thought.

"Is it better for me to die, or to abandon the queen? If I remain with her, she will suffer shame and want; but if I leave her, she may reach her father's kingdom!"

He tried to forget the thought, but it returned again and again, until it persuaded him to desert his wife!

"It is for the best," whispered Kali.

He crept from beneath the garment of Damayanti, and rose softly. "You are naked, king," whispered the demon. "Damayanti must divide her garment with me," thought Nala; "but how shall I take it, and not wake her?" He groped around on the floor of the hut, and at last found a sword. It was hacked, and crusted with blood! Kali nerved his hand, and helped him to rob his sleeping wife. He divided the garment, and fled from the hut; but his heart relented, and he came back.

"Once nor sun nor wind visited thee roughly; but now thou sleepest on the bare ground! How will it fare with

thee when thou shalt awake and find thyself forsaken by thy lord? May the sun and wind bless thee! May the gods protect thee!"

So prayed the Rajah above his sleeping wife, and again fled from the hut. A few steps, and his heart relented; he came back again. Good and evil divided his mind, as the sword had divided the garment. He went backwards and forwards like a swing. But evil finally prevailed—the wretched king fled, and left his poor wife moaning in her dreams.

Hardly had he gone before she awoke. Not seeing him beside her, she shrieked aloud: "Where art thou, Nala? Speak! Hast thou, indeed, deserted me, or do I dream? Never before hast thou broken thy promises—wilt thou leave me, and break them now? No! I wrong thee by the thought. Thou art only hiding to tease me. It was wrong of thee to startle me so; but thou hast had thy sport, so desist—mock me no more, but return. I tremble with fear. Thou thinkest that I cannot find thee! Thou art behind the rushes on the edge of the jungle. I see thee—away! he is not there. Unhappy that I am! he has forsaken me! Rajah, Nala, come back! I will be no trouble to thee. Nothing shall make me mourn, save thy sufferings. Return, Nala, return!"

So mourned the deserted queen by the hut of reeds. And morning beginning to break, dawning whitely in the east, she commenced her search for Nala. Through the rank jungle, where the grass was as stiff as a spear; through the haunted forest, where the undergrowth was dense and black; past the holes of poisonous serpents, the dens of savage beasts. The dead leaves under her feet, the moss and vines in the jungle swarmed with crickets, whose low chirp made itself heard above the chatter of the birds. Birds flitted in the air, or darted from bough to bough, or stood on the banks of the lucid pools, wondering at their images in the water. Now and then a stag came to the pools to drink, or a hump-backed buffalo crushed the undergrowth, in search of the grass he loved. She saw the tawny lion and the spotted leopard slink to their dens, and the wild boar rooting among the leaves. Through arbors draped with vines, and through glens washed with dew; past pools, and rivers, and torrents, and over the shaggy hills. But no sign of Nala!

"Why hast thou fled, O Nala! Remember thy vow, call to mind thy plighted faith, and return. Am not I thy beloved, thy wedded wife? Is it well for me to be alone in this awful forest, where bears and tigers prowl—alone with but half a garment? I wander like a sick deer whom the herd have left behind!"

"From whom shall I obtain tidings of my lord? Who will say—'*Lo! he is here!*' The tiger approaches me with open jaws—the tiger, the lapper of blood. 'Hast thou met my lord,' I ask him, 'Nala, the king of men? If thou hast seen him console me, and show me his hiding-place. But if thou hast seen him not, devour me; I have no further need of life!' The tiger glares at me a moment strangely, and then disappears in the jungle."

"I wander and wander until my feet bear me to the holy mountain, Vindhya. It rises over the forest like a lofty banner, a banner of many colors. Its hundred peaks are clothed with flowering trees; the teak, the sal, the sisu, cocoa nuts, arecas, and all manner of palms: they grow to the very summit. Gigantic creepers festoon their trunks, fruit ripens in the shade of their limbs, and at their feet blossoms a wilderness of flowers. Birds call to and answer each other on the stately cliffs, and water birds dip their wings in the spray of falling streams! The springs from thy peaks, O mountain, wash this forest, the birds fly in its bowers. Have they not seen the Rajah? But thou, thyself, seated upon thy cloudy throne, looking over land and sea, hast thou not beheld the kingly fugitive? Answer me, stately Vindhya, monarch of mountains; speak, console an afflicted woman!"

The spray fell with the streams, the birds twittered on the cliffs, but the mountain was silent. A light wind ran from summit to base, and bowed the heads of the trees, but voice there was none!

"I know not where to find my love," moaned the miserable queen, "I am like a bird that hath lost its mate, a leaf that is parted from the tree: the wind blows, the sun shines, but the dead leaf lives no more. Neither does the poor bird sing, but fly, fly, fly, till she drops down dead in the dust."

The unhappy queen wandered three days and nights. The fourth morning found her in sight of the forest of her-

mits. It was a grim and solemn wood, with grassy spaces in its depths. In one of these spaces the holy fathers had built a circle of huts, and there they dwelt, each in the solitude of his own thoughts. They mortified their bodies by wearing the bark of trees for raiment, and by feeding on roots and leaves; their drink was thrice-strained water lifeless and pure. The cattle of Brahma grazed in their pastures, and tribes of monkeys gamboled in their trees. The Pearl of Women entered the circle of their dwellings, and saluted these sacred men.

"Hail! and welcome!" they exclaimed with one voice. "Be seated, lady, and command us."

"Blessed are you, ye holy men, for sorrow troubles you no more. Ye live blamelessly, with your beasts and birds. The grace of Heaven waits on your thoughts and deeds."

"Heaven, indeed, blesses us—since we have seen thee. But who art thou, thou radiant one—the goddess of the wood, or mountain, or the clear soul of the river? Blessed spirit speak!"

"No goddess am I, but a woman—a suffering woman." Here Damayanti opened her heart, and related the history of her life, from the day when she first heard the song of the swans down to the moment in which she spake. "And now tell me," she said, "ye truthful Brahmans, tell me if ye have seen my husband, the royal Nala. If I see him not, I shall die ere many days, for I cannot live without him."

"There will be a time hereafter," said the eldest of the Brahmans, a white-haired man of four-score. "Beautiful! the hour will come. We see it now, through our devotions; but thou must watch and wait. Assuredly thou shalt find thy husband again, and he shall regain his kingdom. We see him seated upon his throne, glittering with priceless gems. Be patient, lady. The gods are in the sky, the sky is over all!"

"I will try to be patient," said Damayanti, and she bowed her head and prayed. When the prayer was finished she turned to thank the Brahmans, and lo! they had vanished. Nor only they, but their huts, and the cattle that had grazed around; only the monkeys remained, and the trees with their beards of moss! Then Damayanti knew that the gods had sent her a vision to teach her patience.

From forest to forest, from plain to plain; past many a river, and many a pleasant mountain. Wild deer in the woods, butterflies in the plains, and strange bright birds overhead!

At last she came in sight of a caravan on the banks of a river. The river was cool and clear, bordered with golden canes, and set with emerald islands. Red geese clamored on its banks, cuckoos sang in its reeds, and ospreys dropped in its waves like falling arrows. The merchants of the caravan were watering their horses and elephants, when Damayanti approached. Seeing her wild eyes, her pallid face, and her matted hair, they started back in terror, thinking her a demon of the desert. Some jeered at her, while others pitied. These last inquired the cause of her sorrows. She related her history again, and ended by asking if they had met the Rajah in the course of their wanderings.

The captain of the caravan answered her.

"Illustrious lady! I have seen leopards, tigers, and elephants, lynxes, buffaloes and bears in the uninhabited desert, but no sign of the Rajah Nala. Save thyself, I have met no human being. I swear it by Manibhadra, the god of travelers."

"To what realm and city is your caravan bound?"

"To the city of Subahu, the sovereign of Chedi."

"I will go with you, for it may be that I shall find my lord there."

Late in the afternoon the caravan reached a lake, wide and pleasant, fragrant with lotus blooms, and bordered with grass and flowers and shady trees. The merchants halted under the trees and camped for the night. At midnight, when they were all asleep dreaming of their gains, a herd of wild elephants came down to the lake to drink. They scented the tame elephants and rushed upon them, rolling over each other in their fury like a slide of rocks loosened from the brow of a mountain. Their path was strewn with the trunks of trees. The instincts of the tame elephants revived, and they returned the charge of their foes. Then began a terrific battle from which few escaped with life. For elephants not only fought with elephants, but they trampled the dreaming merchants by the lotus lake. They beat them down with their trunks, gored

them with their gleaming tusks, and trampled them under their feet like so many weeds. Some managed to escape into the thickets, some climbed the nearest trees, and others plunged into the lake and hid behind the canes. A new impulse seized the elephants; they ceased to war among themselves and turned against the horses and camels. The noble horses and the patient camels were no match for their clumsy enemies: they were gored and trampled to death.

Then the elephants attacked the merchandise, ripped open the bales of brocade, overturned the jars of perfume, and scattered the pearls in the sand. In the midst of the confusion Damayanti awoke.

"For whose sins are we punished thus?" exclaimed the merchants. "Have we not all worshiped Manibhadra, and the Lord of the Yakshas? Have we not addressed all that might impede us? We started on our journey with good omens, and no planet was adverse. How hath so evil a fate befallen?"

And others answered them: "It is that evil woman with the pallid face and the matted hair. She is either a demon, or a sorceress whom the demons obey. Could we but lay our hands on her we would stone her, or beat her to death with our staves."

"Let us search for the witch," said others; and, lighting their torches, they dispersed in various directions. But Damayanti had heard them, and fled in time. She fled all night, not knowing whither; through forests, over plains, and past lakes and rivers. In the morning she saw a city in the distance, a mighty city. It was the capital of Subahu, the king of Chedi. She wandered up and down its streets, followed by a crowd of boys. As she drew near the royal palace she was seen by the queen-mother, who was walking on a lofty terrace.

"Go," said the queen-mother to her nurse: "go, and lead in that wanderer. She is a stranger in the city, and the crowd troubles her. Despite her pallid face and matted hair she looks a queen. Clouded as she seems with grief, half clothed and wet with night-dews, she makes our palace radiant."

The nurse dispersed the crowd, and brought Damayanti to the queen-mother.

"The greatness of thy birth, lady, strikes through thy present sorrow like the wing of the lightning through

clouds. Tell me who and whence thou art."

THE SONG OF DAMAYANTI.

"I am the handmaid of an illustrious race. My palace was as proud as this; but now I have no home. I wander in woods and caves, feeding on berries and fruit, and drinking water. *I follow my lord like his shadow.*"

"My lord was tempted by fate to stake his kingdom on the dice. He lost, and we fled together. He had one garment left, but that was stolen from him by the birds. We wandered together many days and nights. At length I slept; and, while I dreamed of my children, he severed half my garment and fled. *I follow my lord like his shadow.*"

"You shall have a home with me, lady, while the servants of my household seek your husband. He may come hither in his wanderings; remain and be my friend till he comes."

"Great Queen! I will remain on one condition—that I may live secluded from men. If any man demand me in marriage, let him be punished. If he demand me the second time, let him be put to death. Shall I go or stay?"

"Stay, Damayanti; all shall be as thou wilt."

So saying the queen-mother called her daughter Sunanda.

"Sunanda, this lady is your handmaid. She is noble, and of your own age. Make her your friend."

"I am your friend," said the artless Sunanda, and kissed the hand of the fallen Queen.

So ended the wanderings of Damayanti.

THE BOOK OF THE CHARIOTEER.

In the meantime Nala had entered into the service of Rituparna, the King of Ayodhya. And thus it happened.

He had not fled far from the hut of reeds and his moaning wife before he saw a fire blazing in the jungles. A voice like that of a man called to him from the flames. "Haste, Nala, haste!"

"I come!" said Nala, and he plunged into the flame. It parted before him like a curtain, and he stood in a hollow, enclosed with a wall of fire. Looking around to see who it was that called him, he saw an enormous snake coiled in a ring at his feet.

"I am Karkotaka, the serpent," said the trembling-snake. "Because I de-

ceived the famous hermit Narada he smote me, and cursed me. 'Live in the palace of fire,' he cried, 'till Nala shall lead thee thence. No one but Nala can save thee.' Save me! O Nala, and I will show you the road to happiness. Think not I am too heavy to be lifted. Take me in your hand, and see how light I can grow."

The Rajah stooped and lifted the great serpent, who shrank and shrank till he was no bigger than a worm. Again the wall of fire parted, and the Rajah stepped back into the jungle. As soon as he felt the cool air he stooped to lay the serpent in the grass.

"Bear me a few feet further," entreated Karkotaka; "and as thou movest count thy steps."

The Rajah counted his steps, but before he reached the tenth, the serpent bit him, and he was suddenly transformed into a man of the fourth caste. He was deformed, and had short arms.

"You are as vile a serpent as Pushkara," said the Rajah bitterly, looking down on his altered form.

"Fear not, I have but changed you lest you should be known. I have not poisoned you, but the demon who dwells in you. Steeped in my venom he shall suffer the deadliest pains, until he releases you from torment. To you my poison is harmless. But now depart, and call yourself Vahuca, the Charioteer. Go to the city of Ayodhya, the palace of Rituparna, and become his charioteer. In exchange for your skill in taming steeds, he will give you his wonderful skill in dice. Possessed of that you shall win back your kingdom and be restored to your wife and children. These garments," here the serpent drew from under his scales a pair of celestial vests, "will restore you to your proper form."

Nala took the vests and wrapped them in the garment which he had stolen from Damayanti. The King of Serpents returned to Patala, his kingdom, and Nala started for Ayodhya.

On the tenth day he entered the city, and sought the royal presence.

"I am Vahuca, the Charioteer. There is not my equal on earth in the art of taming and driving horses."

"Vahuca, I bid thee welcome. Be thine the office to make my horses fleet of foot. Thy pay is ten thousand suvarnas. Varshneya and Jivala are

thy companions. Be happy with them. Vahuca, abide with me."

So spake Rituparna the king, and Nala abode with him and became his charioteer. He secreted the vests of Karkotaka and the severed garment of Damayanti, and tried to forget the loss of his kingdom. By day he cheated himself with a show of happiness, so many and swift were the steeds, but when evening began, his grief and loss revived. Every night he sat in the king's garden and moaned—"Where wanders she to-night?"

He was overheard by Jivala.

"Vahuca, for whom dost thou grieve?"

THE SONG OF NALA.

"Tis an old story.

"A perfect lady was wedded to a man bereft of sense. He parted from her, (why, the song saith not,) and went on his way alone. Nightly he broods over his sorrows and sings this verse—*'Where wanders my love to-night?'*"

"Tis the old story!

"The perfect wife follows her husband in the dreary forest. She knows not whither she flies. She hungers and is athirst. The forest is full of savage beasts. She walks amongst them and sings—*'Where wanders my life to-night?'*"

So sang Vahuca the Charioteer in the garden of the king.

But now the Rajah Bhima, the father of Damayanti, collected a band of Brahmans and sent them to seek his son and daughter.

"Go, and find my children, and make me happy. Whoever brings them to me shall receive a thousand head of cattle and the grant of a town. Nay, let him but show me where my children are, and the cattle are his."

The Brahmans traversed the world, through kingdoms, cities and towns, but found no tidings of Nala and Damayanti. Among their number was the Brahman Sudeva, whom a vision led to the city of Chedi. He wandered up and down its streets, reading the faces of all who passed, until he drew near the palace of the king. It was a fortunate day in the kingdom, and a fortunate day to Sudeva, for he saw the queen-mother and the princess Sunanda standing on the palace terrace, and beside them a stately lady in mean attire. It was Damayanti!

"It is she," said Sudeva; "but how

changed she is! Once she was like the full moon, the desire of the world; now she is like the waning moon when it sets in a cloud. She is an uprooted flower, a tree where no bird sings."

He pored over her pallid face and addressed her in the language of Vidarbha.

"I am the Brahman Sudeva, and I have come hither in search of thee, by the command of thy illustrious father. The king thy father and the queen thy mother are well; thy brethren, too: also those babes of thine, the girl and boy. But they ask for thee continually—'Where is our mother that she comes not?'"

"See how fast our handmaid weeps," said the princess to the queen-mother. "Without doubt the Brahman is the bearer of ill news."

The queen-mother left the terrace, and beckoning the Brahman to an inner chamber questioned him concerning Damayanti. He told the queen-mother the whole sad story. How that her handmaid was the daughter of a king. How she had a king for her husband. And how her husband had lost his kingdom at play. "Furthermore," said he; "she has a birth-mark between her eyebrows, a mole in the shape of a lotus."

The queen-mother listened with astonishment, and when the Brahman had called Damayanti, she threw herself on her neck and embraced her.

"Thou art mine own sister's daughter," she said joyfully, "my dear, dear sister's child. We are the daughters of king Sudaman, he who reigns in Dasarna. Thy mother was wedded to the mighty Bhima, I to Viravahu. I saw thee once in my father's palace, a babe in thy mother's arms. I remember the lotus-mole. Thou must return to thy father, Damayanti, to thy father and children."

"I have been happy with thee, mother, thou hast been so kind to me. This thy palace is pleasant, but there is one in Vidarbha more pleasant, because it contains my children. Give me leave to depart at once."

"Be it so," said the queen mother, and she ordered a palanquin for Damayanti, who departed for Vidarbha, guarded by the Brahman Sudeva and a valiant army.

Bhima received his daughter with great joy, and the whole city welcomed

her back to Vidarbha. Her children were well, but both much grown; she left them buds, she found them flowers, the sweetest flowers that ever hung on a mother's bosom. There was but one thing wanting to make her happy—the presence of her lord and husband.

"If you would have me live," she said to her father, "help me to find my husband."

Again Bhima called together his Brahmans and bade them seek the Rajah Nala. Before they set forth Damayanti taught them what to say.

"In all places," she said: "wherever men are assembled be this your speech.

"Where didst thou fly, O gamester, after robbing me of half my garment?

"I wait thy return in the forest. Pity me and return!"

"Should any reply, note him well, and forget not his answer, for ye may light upon my lord in your search. And lest he should mistrust that ye are sent by me, and may again reproach him, return without delay."

The Brahmans departed, and began their search. They traversed forests and plains, explored the cells of hermits, the hamlets of husbandmen, the streets of cities. Wherever men were assembled was heard the wail of Damayanti—"Return, gamester, return!"

The first Brahman that returned to Damayanti was the wise Parnada. "In the course of my wanderings," he said, "I found myself in the beautiful city of Ayodhya. I spake your words thrice in the ears of the multitude, but no one replied. The king himself was there in his chariot, the prosperous Rituparna. After the king had gone, and the crowd were dispersed the king's charioteer came to me. He was ill-shaped, like a man of the fourth caste, and his arms were short and deformed. His name was Vahuca. He saluted me courteously, and groaning in spirit spake words like these. 'Women are better than men, for in grief they possess their souls. Forsaken by their faithless lords they feel no anger. She feels no anger against her lord whose garment was stolen by the birds. He has lost his kingdom, and forsaken her; but she loves him still.'"

"I love him still!" cried Damayanti, and slipping a purse of gold into the hands of the Brahman she sought her mother.

"Let not what we have heard be

known to my father; he has cares enough of his own. But call the wise Sudeva that I may speak with him. He brought me to you, mother; he shall bring my husband to me."

Sudeva came.

"Go to Ayodhya, good Sudeva, and speak with Rituparna the king. Tell him that I hold my betrothal; say—'If thou wouldst win the princess Damayanti, speed, Rajah, speed! The time is reckoned, and when the sun rises she will choose a second lord.'"

"Vahuca!" said Rituparna, when the Brahman had delivered his message, "the princess Damayanti holds her betrothal in Vidarbha. I must go thither in a day."

It was an hundred yojannas!

"Can it be true," thought the wretched Nala, "that my wife will wed again, or is it but a woman's stratagem to bring me back? It may be I have wronged her so that she loves me no more. For my own sake I will obey the king and drive his chariot to Vidarbha. When I am there I can judge for myself." Then aloud to Rituparna: "You shall go, Rajah, in a day!"

He went to the royal stables and made a close inspection of the coursers, debating in his mind which to take. At last he picked out four that blended strength with fleetness; high in courage and blood, with broad nostrils and strong jaws. They were born in Sindhu, and were swift as wind. He harnessed them to the chariot, and the king sprang in it followed by Varshneya. Nala gathered up the reins and they were off. The coursers sprang through the air as if to unseat them. When Rituparna heard the rattle of the chariot wheels, and saw the science of Vahuca he was silent with wonder.

"Is this Matali the Charioteer of Heaven? is it skillful Salihotra who has taken a mortal body? or is it Nala, the wondrous tamer of steeds?" So thought the king as they left the city behind. "If it be not Nala then is Vahuca his equal. They are alike in age and science. But the deformity of Vahuca, his ill-shaped body and short arms—these confound me."

Over rivers, over mountains, through forests, over lakes, they shot like birds. The rushing of the chariot blew off the mantle of the king.

"Hold, an instant, and let Varshneya alight, and pick up my mantle."

"It is too late," said Nala: "it is now ten miles behind us!"

"Wonderful!" said Rituparna. And coming in sight of a tall Vibhittak tree he resolved to show the charioteer his skill in numbers.

"How many leaves are there, Vahuca, on yonder tree, and how many fruit? How many of each have fallen? There are one hundred leaves in the grass, and only one fruit. There are fifty millions of leaves on those two branches, and fruits two thousand and ninety-five."

Nala checked the steeds.

"It may be as thou sayest, O king, but it is invisible to me. I will make sure of it by counting. Until I have numbered the leaves and fruit I cannot know whether it be true, or not. Let Varshneya hold the bridle of the steeds."

"We have no time to stay."

"Either stay, or go. Varshneya can guide the steeds. The road is straight."

"If we reach Vidarbha before sunset I am content."

"The sun shall not set before you arrive," said Nala leaping from the chariot, and numbering the leaves and fruit. "It is even as thou sayest, O king! There are fifty millions of leaves on the two branches, and fruits two thousand and ninety-five. Thy power is marvelous, and had I anything to offer in exchange I would solicit the secret."

"I am skilled in numbers," said the king, when Nala had taken the reins again, "because I possess the science of dice."

"If my lord will make me a master of the dice I will give him my skill in steeds. All that he has seen and more will I impart."

"Be it so," said Rituparna; and the two kings exchanged their magic arts.

No sooner was Nala master of the dice than the demon that haunted him fled. Tortured by the curse of the Serpent, Kali suffered the deadliest pains, writhing like a serpent himself. But now that he had released Nala from torment the poison ceased to work, and he resumed his proper form.

"Curse me not, Lord of men," supplicated the demon with folded hands; "for I have long writhed under the curse of your queen. When I made you desert her, she cursed me in her heart, and from that hour I have borne the very ecstasy of pain. The venom of Karkotaka burned me also. I am plunged in the fires of hell."

"Go, Evil One," said the generous monarch, and the demon disappeared in the Vibhittak tree, which stands to this day accursed. No eye save that of Nala saw the form of Kali, and no ear save his heard the voice. Varshneya and Rituparna saw a dark mist, and heard a mysterious wind; then they were off like darts.

When the setting sun touched the domes and spires of Vidarbha, the sentinel on the walls saw the coming of Rituparna, and proclaimed it to Bhima. While the Rajah was thinking how to receive his guest with due pomp, Rituparna rode through the city gate, and up the broad street, which echoed the thunder of his chariot. The horses of Nala heard the echo of the chariot, and pawed and trampled as if their master were there. When Damayanti heard it her heart throbbed at the old familiar sound. The elephants in the stalls waved their lithe trunks, and the peacocks on the roof stretched their long necks, and clamored as at the sound of rain!

"If Nala be not in that chariot," said Damayanti, "I will mount my bier, and be consumed by the golden fire." She ascended the palace turret from whence she saw the chariot. It stood in the middle court and held Rituparna, and his two charioteers, Varshneya and Vahuca. Vahuca caught the steeds by their bridles, and the Rajah descended from his seat and greeted King Bhima.

"Hail! and welcome: but wherefore comest thou?" asked the king; for he knew not that Damayanti had sent a herald to Rituparna.

"To salute my lord," answered the Rajah, with a ready tongue.

"Hum!" thought the king. "He would never ride an hundred yojannas for so small a matter as that. But I shall learn the real cause hereafter; so let me wait."

He feasted Rituparna grandly, and gave him a wing of the palace, in which to rest. "Rest after your long journey, Rajah. Rest in the arms of sleep!" Rituparna and Varshneya lay on their couches, and Vahuca sat on the shaft of the chariot.

Damayanti remained on the terrace.

"The noise of the chariot was like that of Nala, but no Nala was with it. Can it be that Varshneya hath caught the trick of his lord, or has Rituparna obtained his magic science? But who

is he that sits on the shaft of the chariot!" She summoned her handmaid, Kesenia, and commanded her to converse with the charioteer.

"From what region come ye, charioteer, and for what purpose? the princess would know."

"King Rituparna heard that Damayanti held her second betrothal. 'She weds to-morrow,' said the Brahman:—'speed, Rajah, speed!' It was but an hundred yojannas, so I drove the king myself; I am his charioteer."

"Who is the third that journeys with thee? and who art thou?"

"The third is Varshneya, the charioteer of the King of Nishadha. When Nala was driven into exile Varshneya went to Ayodhya. My name is Vahuca. I am famous for my skill in driving."

"Does Varshneya know where Nala fled? What hath he said to thee?"

"Neither Varshneya nor any living man knows aught of the King of Nishadha. He wanders up and down the world concealed; only Nala's self knows where Nala is, and he will betray no sign."

"Go to him again, Kesenia," said Damayanti, after listening to the report of her handmaid; "take your stand by the chariot, and watch what he does. Should he demand fire or water, as perchance he may, let neither be given him."

Kesenia went, but soon returned.

"I have never seen or heard of his like; he must be a god! You know the second gateway, how low it is! When he passed through it he bowed not his head, as others do; the portal rose above him. After the King, your father, had feasted the Rajah, the golden vessels were brought to this man to cleanse. No water was given him: he looked at them and they were full of water! When they were cleansed and he needed fire to dry them, none was given him. He plucked a handful of dry grass and held it towards the setting sun: it blazed on the instant! He handled the fire unharmed, and dried the vessels. Mixed with the grass were a few withered flowers: he molded the flowers with his hands, and they stood erect on their stems, and blossomed anew with the richest fragrance; I saw no more, but fled to thee."

"It must be Nala!" cried Damayanti, joyfully, remembering the gifts of the

gods; water and flowers from Varun, and the boon of fire from Agni.

She took her children, Indrasena, the noble boy, and Indrasena, the beautiful girl, and sent them to the charioteer. He wound his arms about them, and folded them to his breast: his heart run over with love and he wept. But seeing that Kesenia watched him, he dried his tears. "They are so like my own children that I broke out in tears: but visit me no more, maiden, or men will suspect evil. Depart in peace!"

He kissed his children, and handed them back to Kesenia.

"Mother," said the princess, "we have watched Vahuca narrowly, and we suspect him to be my husband; his form alone makes me doubt. Have him called hither that I may satisfy myself. Tell my father, if thou wilt, that no man may accuse us of wrong."

She left the chamber, but returned in a moment with matted hair and pallid face, wrapt in the garment that she wore in the hut of reeds. It was severed as on that fatal night!

The charioteer shuddered as he saw it.

Damayanti spoke.

"Tell me, Vahuca, didst thou ever hear of an upright man who abandoned his wife at night in a forest? Who was he that forsook his wife? Who but Nala, the king of Nishadha! What offense had I committed that he fled, leaving me oppressed with sleep? I rejected the gods, and made him my husband. I was true and faithful to him, and I bore him children. I gave him my hand in the presence of gods and men. 'As long as my soul dwells in my body,' (such was the oath), 'so long am I thine!' Why did my lord depart?"

The charioteer hid his face in his hands.

"It was not my fault that I lost my kingdom by the dice. It was the demon Kali who possessed me. It was he who dragged me from thee in the hut of reeds. But he was punished by thy curse and poisoned by the bite of the serpent. I became a hell to him, a hell that grew hotter and hotter. But he haunts me no more, Damayanti; the end of our sorrows is at hand. But how can a noble princess swerve from her lord and choose another husband, as thou dost, thou false one! The heralds go up and down the earth by the command of the

king. "The daughter of Bhima is about to take a second husband! Fly to the wedding, Rajahs!"

"My lord, my lord, no heralds proclaim my betrothal. I did send the Brahman Sudeva to the court of Rituparna, but it was to draw thee hither. The words were for Nala alone, not for the Rajah. I knew that no man save Nala could reach Vidarbha in one day. This is the truth. I swear it, and touch thy feet. I have committed no evil against thee, not even in thought."

She called the wind to witness, and the life-giving sun and moon.

The wind answered from the air:

"I have watched her day and night for three weary years. She hath not sinned, O king, but hath kept the treasure of her virtue. Cast away your jealous scruples, and take her to your bosom!"

The sun and moon said nothing; but the sun lifted his disk from the west, and shot a fiery shaft in the eyes of the Rajah, while the moon sunk behind a cloud.

The Rajah drew from his robe the half of Damayanti's garment, and from that the celestial vests. He slipped his arms through them, and was restored to his proper form. He was no longer a man of the fourth caste, but a young and beautiful king. Damayanti shrieked and rushed to his arms, sobbing and laughing in a breath. Nor did their bliss end here; for Kesenia, guessing the result, entered with the royal children.

"Lay your head on my heart, dear wife, while the children lie in my arms."

Great was the rejoicing in Vidarbha when it was known that the Rajah Nala was found. Triumphant arches were erected in the squares, festoons of flowers were hung from door to door, and the streets swarmed with soldiers and gaudy banners. When Rituparna knew that his charioteer Vahuca was Nala the king, he entreated pardon for any discourteous thing that he might have said or done.

"I was treated, O king, more like a brother than a servant. I dwelt as pleasantly with thee as in my own palace."

So said Nala, and the two kings made a league of friendship.

When they had sojourned a month in

Vidarbha, Nala and Damayanti bade king Bhima adieu, and started again to reclaim their kingdom. They rode in a splendid chariot, attended by sixteen elephants, fifty horsemen, and six hundred men on foot. The horses of Nala pawed and trampled; the echo of his chariot shook the earth. When the royal party reached Nishadha, they found the whole city waiting at the gate to receive them.

"I have wealth again, Pushkara," thundered the king, as he strode through the door of his palace. "Come and play."

"Dear brother!" said the false Pushkara.

"I risk all I have, even Damayanti. Stake the kingdom against her, and play for your life. He who wins a treasure must be prepared to lose it, or die. If you shrink from the game of dice, there is a game of swords. Rattle the dice, or stretch the bow in battle!"

"Thou hast treasure to play with me again. I thank thee, brother. Damayanti, too, is a part of the stake. I thank thee again. When I win the treasure, as I shall, she shall stand by my side and wait upon me."

"Talk no more, but throw the dice!"

In a single throw Nala won back all that he had lost—his jewels, his horses and chariots, his treasures, his kingdom!

"The kingdom is mine again, Pushkara; all mine. It was not thee by whom it was won before, but the demon Dwapara embodied in the loaded dice. What prevents me from driving thee out of the land, as thou didst me? ("Forgive him," entreated Damayanti.) But have no fear; thou art my brother still, my father's son. I give thee thy life and estates. Be happy, brother. May you live a hundred years!"

"There is not your equal on earth," said Pushkara, falling at his feet. "May you live a thousand years!"

"Glory to Nala!" shouted the multitudes around the palace, "Glory to Nala, the great, the merciful king. May he live a million of years!"

So Nala won back his kingdom.

Here end the books of the Haunted King and the Loaded Dice. And now, good people, bow while the Brahmins chant the Vedas. "HEAR US! HEAR US! BRAHMA!"

LEWES'S LIFE OF GOETHE.*

WE may apply to Goethe the sentiment of his own *Shakespeare und Kein Ende*, and say that his interest is perennial. The questions which he continues to excite among the critics seem endless, whether we regard their variety or their duration. What has been written about him constitutes of itself no small body of literature. Not to mention the anecdotes, conversations, sketches, lampoons and eulogies, of which he has been the occasion, we might reckon the critical essays upon his works by the thousands. All that he ever said and did has been put in print: his physiology even has furnished a theme to Carus and Hufeland: while his smaller poems have originated bushels of controversial pamphlets, and his larger ones become the texts of elaborate courses of lectures at the universities. Only Dante has caused more dispute, and only Shakespeare been so voluminously bewritten.

The questions which exercise the critics are, whether Goethe was a poet, and of what rank; whether his conceptions of art were the lowest or the loftiest; and whether, personally, he was a god or a demigod, or merely a well-dressed and specious-looking devil? Between Menzel and Riemer, between Heine and Carlyle, we may find all sides of these questions argued with infinite talent and an inexhaustible enthusiasm. It seems to be necessary, in the critical world, to have a theory of his existence and character, just as it is to have a theory of Hamlet, or of the authorship of Junius. Mr. Lewes's book, therefore, is only one more contribution cast upon the heap which, for the last thirty years, has been rising like a pyramid around the bones of the great king of German literature.

We have already expressed our opinion of the work, in a way which, on a closer perusal, we find but little occasion to qualify. As a narrative, it abounds in interest; much of it, indeed, is an acquisition to literature; but the critical parts of it we cannot estimate very highly. Mr. Lewes's principles of art are so superficial, founded as they are on the shallowest of all philosophies,

when applied to the deeper problems of art, that his judgments of Goethe's works are not always worthy. Their more obvious rhetorical qualities he feels and appreciates; but their interior significance, their real artistic value, he often misses. Cherishing a kind of phobia, as every Positivist must, against everything that does not lie on the surface as plain as the nose on your face, and having adopted, at the outset, that stupid commonplace of some of the Germans, that Goethe was a Realist, while Schiller was an Idealist, he flurries and flounders, before the Wilhelm Meister and the Faust, like a frail coasting shallop suddenly driven far to sea. He persists, too, in trying to measure the vast billowy waters with the line and lead that may have served him so well among his native creeks and inlets.

As the result of all that has been said of Goethe, the opinion is fast settling down into a conviction, that the phrase which best describes him is this: the Artist of his age. Mr. Carlyle calls him the Spokesman of his age, and Emerson, varying the term, the Writer; but, it is clear in the case of both, that they use the words as in some sort synonymous with the words poet or artist. He was more than the mere secretary or recorder of the *visa et cogitata* of his time. He was the man who best expressed its results—the utterer of its aspirations—the lens which brought its varied tendencies to a focus. He was an artist in this sense, that his endowments were peculiarly those of the artist; because his whole life and training were artistic; because he produced some of the best specimens of art, in its worthiest department—that of poetry, and because he was so thoroughly possessed by the idea of art, and devoted to it with such a consistent and absorbing devotion. His entire outward and inward life was one great picture; the soft atmosphere of beauty was the element he breathed; while he saw, in the issues of art, results as grand, universal and beneficent, as those which the philosopher ascribes to his science, or the vision of the enthusiast discovers

* *The Life and Works of Goethe*: with Sketches of his Age and Contemporaries, from published and unpublished Sources. By G. H. LEWES. 2 vols. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

in the unfoldings of his religion. He was not, however, like our Shakespeare, the artist of humanity and all time, but only of his age. His mission was to interpret to the first half of the nineteenth century the riddle of its being; to gather up its weltering miscellany of facts, sciences, philosophies, and arts, and to hang them on its front as a garland of flowers; to exhibit the poetry of its vast prosaic explorations; to detect the unitary and the universal amid its infinite details; and to mould its distracted activities into some sort of organic vitality. Whatever his deficiencies, then, they were the deficiencies of his era, and whatever his greatness, it was the greatness of that era consummated in a single head, or, rather, precipitated from its solutions by the wonderful electricity of genius into a single and brilliant result.

We shall the better perceive the force of these truths if, following Mr. Lewes, we first run over briefly the leading incidents of his career, and the more prominent traits of his writings.

All the earlier circumstances of Goethe's life seem to have been peculiarly adapted to the development of his fine natural parts. Frankfurt, his birth-place, cosily lying among the gardens and green fields of the silver-flowing Maine, though a provincial town, was bustling with ancient associations, and beginning to be animated with modern activity. Its fairs and imperial coronations, its quaint old customs and fantastic parades, its cloisters and trenches, and old buildings, contrasting with the bustle of commerce and free-citizenship, were things likely to excite a youthful imagination. The little Wolfgang, with an organization so sensitive that already, in his ninth week, as Bettina amusingly tells us, he had troubled dreams, who could be convulsed by a look at the moon, and was savagely intolerant of any kind of deformity or discord, and withal insatiable in its thirst for nursery tales (of which the good mother fortunately had a store), was early and richly nourished by both the gloom and the glitter of his native city. A genial, brown-eyed, handsome child, he appears to have absorbed all influences with a keen relish, and yet with calm thoughtfulness. For the most part he saw existence on the sunnier side, in country rambles, amid cheerful friends, rural occupations,

home sports, studies of art, and coronation magnificences. Yet the darker aspects were not wanting to him, as we see in what he has told us of his trembling visits to the Jews' quarter, of the skulls of state criminals grinning from the highways, of the judicial burnings of books, of the seven years' war, with its excitements and family feuds, and of the great earthquake at Lisbon, which spread consternation over the world. Mr. Lewes, in his account, has omitted many of these details, because they were already so charmingly narrated in the autobiography.

It was a good thing for the young Goethe, with his sensibilities and impulses, that his father was of a rigid didactic turn, with a hand and eye for art, and an unyielding zeal for discipline as well as knowledge. For he was thereby indoctrinated into science and history, into half a dozen languages, into riding, and drawing, and dancing, and other graceful accomplishments. The warm affection and active fancy of one parent fed his heart and imagination, while the stern monitions of the other trained him into character and self-command. On the one side was the dear and noble literature of the nursery, with its ballads and snatches of old song, and puppet-shows, opening the child's paradise; and on the other was classic lore, severe tutorships, and innumerable accuracies and warnings, with now and then an appeal to ambition. At the same time, the social position of the family drew about it decided men—men of strong natures and cultivation, whose houses were furnished with books and pictures, and whose talk was full of character and thought, all which aroused the intellect of the boy; while, in executing their little errands among artists and tradesmen, he was brought in contact with the humbler classes, where he saw life in its narrowness and debasement. It was, indeed, in one of these excursions from his own charmed circle into the nether regions of want and despair, that he was led into that first serious experience, which imparts so singular a pathos to his boyish life—the passion for Gretchen, at once full of simplicity, fervor, and distress—a passion which rose upon him like a fair young dream, and then, after a few months of delicious dalliance, withdrew into the night, leaving him dark and lonely, and incon-

solable. It was an experience that never entirely passed away; for when the impatient boy had grown into the world-famous man, the vanished Gretchen reappeared as the sad, sweet, imperishable figure of the Faust.

Goethe's youth was a continuation of the same favorable influences, controlled by a strong inward force, which had marked even his childhood. His student years at Leipsic, Strasbourg, etc., of which Mr. Lewes gives the best account that we have seen, vastly better than Goethe's own, where the most interesting parts are strangely disguised, cover a period when opinion on all subjects was undergoing a singular ferment. Full of buoyancy, of hope, of wild, uncouth, provincial life, yet glowing with the consciousness of uncommon strength, "he had," as Wieland said afterwards, "the devil in him at times, and could fling out before and behind like a young colt." He seemed prepared for all fortunes—for fun and frolic, for adventure, for study, for logic, and for love and religion. Among the musty professors, and the wild, break-neck, but withal intellectual students, he was at home with all—a young unacknowledged giant, secretly glorying in his prowess, now and then using it in very grotesque fashions—yet docile, pretensionless, avid of all sorts of knowledge, and possessed of a great, free, and laughing heart.

German literature was very much in the same inchoate condition as himself—in the flush of a mighty youth—striving to emancipate itself from the swaddling bands of timidity, imitation, and awkwardness, and dashing forward to a career of original and self-sustained power. A watery deluge, says Goethe, swelled up to the very top of the Teutonic Parnassus. Yet a rainbow of promise began to form itself upon the clouds. One by one, minds of considerable magnitude managed to emerge from the prevailing obscurity. Gunther, Gottsched, Gellert, Gessner, each in his line, did something to bring back the national writers from the stateliness of Roman decorum, and the tinsel of French glitter, to German nature and truth. But the most complete revolution was effected by three men, very different from each other, Klopstock, Lessing, and Wieland, of whose efforts Mr. Lewes gives a just critical view. The struggle was long and difficult,

giving rise to the fiercest battles of words.

Goethe, with constitutional ardor, threw himself into the thickest of the fight. He penetrated to the very heart of the mystery which had baffled inferior intellects. His good sense, his prodigious attainments in both ancient and modern learning, but more than all, the unerring instincts of the born poet, enabled him to unravel the twists of the critics, and expose the inner and deeper principles of art. Early taught in the school of the noble old Hebrew prophets and singers, and more recently initiated into the wizard ring of Shakespeare's genius, he contemptuously broke through the entanglements of a formal and shallow pedantry, and soared away into the clearer regions of poetic truth. He saw the barrenness, the constraint, the utter futility of the prescriptive principles which then prevailed; he saw that artists were laboring over the stiff and hard shell of the matter, not even suspecting the existence of a kernel; and then, with doubt, it must be confessed—with hesitation, with manifold trial and sorrow, and perplexities—he labored painfully but surely into a conception of what the modern spirit demanded of art.

Yet his attention was not exclusively confined to the literary and artistic strivings of himself and his contemporaries. All the sciences, and nearly all learning, along with civil society itself, partook of the general confusion, while his nature was such that it could not rest till it was all set right in his head. Medicine, philosophy, jurisprudence, religion, he pursued with almost as much fidelity as art; and he endeavored, with the same native and decided force, to master and mould their elements into unity. And the singular triumph of his activity, the great beauty of his power, was, that these tormenting and momentous inquiries were carried on in the midst of a most exuberant and joyous outward life—curious adventures, such as are known only to the roistering student-life of Germany; frequent and frolicsome rambles by flood and field; tavern-scenes; visits to distant famous structures, even to manufactures and mines; love-commitments that stirred the profoundest depths of emotion; a constant interest in all the doings of courts and cottages, alternated with protracted studies, with deep, almost

agonizing questionings of the riddles of the world. Thus, whatever the matter in hand, his broad, mercurial, rich nature was found to get at the bottom of it, to comprehend it, to make it entirely his own. No half-way tasting of existence, in any of its forms, was satisfactory to him: no manifestation of the great soul of humanity, be it a rural pastime or a great world-venerated intellectual system, could be uninteresting to him: he looked at mankind, in all their likings and leanings, with open eye, with a sunny, open heart. In the paraphrase of his own distich—

"Life, his inheritance, broad and fair;
Earth was his seed-field, to time he was heir."

With such a nature, and such a development of it, having met and overcome most of the trials of the more impulsive periods of life—a naturally strong, noble figure of a man, richly adorned and embroidered with all the graces that fortune, family, education, and society can superadd—Goethe found a sphere for which he was peculiarly prepared, in the brilliant court of Karl August. The young Prince of Weimar, attaining his majority and his power just about the same time, was fortunately one who had a heart capable of love, as well as a head fit to rule. The sudden but lasting attachment which sprang up between himself and Goethe, was as honorable to both as it appears to have been cordial and dignified. Thoughtless radicalism has imputed to Goethe, that this, on his part, was devotion to the ruler, rather than to the man; but the fact was, that this friendship was one of reciprocal respect and equal favor, where any social advantages conferred by the arch-duke were more than compensated by the celebrity conferred by the poet. The life of neither of these illustrious personages was made up of court-parades or court-intrigues, but of useful labor in their several spheres. Karl governed his little province with a manly sense of his duty: Goethe immortalized it by the best works of the best modern literature. Indeed, it was a rare and beautiful sight, this intimacy and good-will—commented in earliest youth, and carried on to late old age—between one worthily born of a race of kings, and another destined to become greater than any king. There was nothing in it to carp at—there was much

in it to admire. Goethe, it placed at once in a position where his majestic and graceful intellect could freely unfold—in a circle of cultivated friends, possessed of leisure and means for the pursuit of art, and capable of the most delicate appreciation of his own lofty endowments. An organization so fine, and yet so magnificent, found its genial atmosphere in the almost ideal refinement of the court. The simplicity of his manners could not be corrupted by it, while it nourished and enriched his imagination. True, Jean Paul has said that "under golden mountains many a spiritual giant lies buried;" but had they been greater giants, they might, as Goethe did, have melted these mountains with images of beauty. His court life was valuable to him, however, not because of its glitter and show, but because it simply gave him freedom. 'Tis a mistake to suppose that genius always thrives best in loneliness and poverty; as life, in every sort, finds its most sure and healthful growth in a fitting and congenial medium. Burns as a peasant was no greater than he would have been as a prince; on the other hand, a larger nurture would have aided in a larger development. Men of strong native force will, it is true, overcome obstacles of formidable compass; but the same force will exert itself all the more effectively, where such obstacles are wanting, or are of a less oppressive magnitude. In the one case, we may get a rugged, monstrous upshoot—a very Polyphemus of savage energy; in the other, we are likely to have a mightier, self-poised, majestic Jupiter. True enough, "gold mountains have buried many a spiritual giant;" but there have been many more, we think, in this world, buried in mud-holes and ditches.

Goethe, we have said, valued his prosperous condition for its freedom: it gave him opportunities for a rare and expansive culture; it gave him books; it gave him the instruments of art; it gave him access to all modes of life, to all classes of society, to noble and ennobling companions; and, what was better than all, and so essential to his being, the means of a free communion with nature by observation and travel. That impartial judgment of men and things, which was one of the kindly traits of his character; that many-sided interest in all that relates to the

intellectual destinies of humanity; his unceasing researches into the realms of science, and his miraculous activity in those of literature, are all to be more or less ascribed to the graceful comfort of his external circumstances. Had he been cramped and tortured by the pressures of indigence—as poor dear Richter was—this impassive Goethe—the delight of women and the admiration of men—might have become a rude, double-fisted iconoclast, battering away at all established things, with the fierce rage and revenge of a demon. It would have been a sight, truly, that, for men to look at and tremble! such sights being necessary, too, at times; but we are persuaded that Goethe has served us better in another way.

Let it not be thought, however, that Goethe's life at court was in any degree the life of a courtier. It was a life of universal activity, and of broad intercourse with men. With a princely family at its head, whose taste diffused a love of art and letters, while its active beneficence cherished the best affections of the people; with the two most illustrious of poets to give tone to its opinions, and provide its amusements; with the excellent Herder and kindred spirits, for its preachers and models of virtue; visited all the year by Richters, and Humboldts, and De Staels, by the most eminent in rank, and science, and virtue, of all lands; the centre of thought and literary productiveness to cultivated Germany—it was just the sphere for his peculiar taste. Yet he was not confined to it. He often sought the refreshment of more rural scenes: now wandering away into the sublimities of Switzerland, and then again losing himself amid the beauties of Italy. Who, indeed, can estimate the influences upon his spirit of these far journeyings? The record of them is in his works—in those conceptions of the All-Fair, which, filling his soul, overflowed into his speech. What must Italy, for instance, always so enrapturing to the northern imagination, have been to the fancy of Goethe? A land of wonder, of magic, of glory. Its monuments of the highest that man has achieved in art; its statues, its pictures, its architecture, and its music, its waters and its skies—so early longed after, so passionately enjoyed, as the lover longs for his mistress, and dissolves in the soft ecstasy of her

embrace—translate him into a new and heavenly world. "This day," said he, referring to his first sight of the paradise of art, "this day I was born anew."

Thus, in endless studies, in the freest interchanges of friendship, in the creation of immortal thoughts, in delicious visits to the most delicious climes, the years of Goethe's manhood passed away. For eight years and more he knew "no rest and no haste," like a star, keeping on its "God-appointed way;" and when death came it met him busy with the pen—the implement at once of his pleasure and his power; and he sank, as a child sinks to sleep with the glow of the day's activity still on his cheek, looking forward to a morrow of hope and joy. "Let the light enter," were his last words, echoed back, let us hope, from a region where all is light.

Having seen the life of the man, let us next consider some of those works which were the fruits of it; and, what instantly strikes us, in regard to them, is their variety, in itself a proof of power, if not of merit. He wrote elegies, epigrams, ballads, songs, odes, satires, novels, biographies, translations, essays, tragedies, and books of science, and most of them with a peculiar and exquisite skill. His poems modulate through all the keys. His prose is the most graceful and transparent in German. His works of science, though partly superseded by more recent labors, are yet authorities in the closet. We read them all with delight, and, while we are reading them, think the one immediately before us the best of the whole. It is only on mature critical reflection that we learn to discriminate their comparative value. A few are then seen to be worthless, like *Stella* and his comedies generally; others again, like *Clavigo*, not superior to the average of productions in that kind; but the greater part fix themselves in the memory as permanent and indestructible forms.

Assuming the *Iliad* to be the standard, the walk of art in which he was least eminent was the epic. His *Achilleis*, it is true, seems like a fragment of the old Grecian song, and only a fragment; for it has none of the breadth of outline, and intensity, and weight of interest, which give so much grandeur to the pages of Homer. Could we call

the Hermann and Dorethea an epic, instead of an idyl, we should still have the same qualifications to make; for while it is perfect in its way, full of sweet pastoral simplicity and artless grace, breathing the odor of new-mown hay, and cheerful with the song of birds, its interest is scarcely more than individual or private. The dark burden of war gathers its gloomy folds transiently over the lovely scene; but soon rolls away into the distance, leaving the landscape as gentle as ever, and the men and children and cattle come forth to resume their labors in the glittering fields. Nor can we estimate the dramatic power of Goethe as highly as some have done; in which respect we agree with Mr. Lewes. His dramas are wonderful poems; but are rather dramatic in their external form than in inward principle. It is in considering them as poems, and not as dramas, that they impress most by their richness and variety. Their very names, when enumerated, recall, to the reader familiar with them, a series of the most beautiful images. There is old Goetz of Berlichingen—the burly robber-hero—"the iron-fisted self-helper"—with his robust earnestness, his heroic, tender affection, his violent, deep-rooted feudal hatreds—perishing at last, like the era of which he was a type—in a calm, almost voiceless, despair. There is Egmont, encircled by a mild splendor, like the glory which wreathed the head of his own Clärchen in the vision, walking though the distractions of a tumultuous, corrupt time, as the moon wades among the gathering night-clouds. Noble, famous, rich, glowing with purpose and hope, he is yet too wise or too weak for his age; he cannot yield and cannot conquer, and so exhales, from a troubled, weary environment, amid sweet dreams of love and glory, but to the sound of muffled drums. There is Tasso, in all his strength and weakness, surrounded by the splendors of a court and the applause of the world, yet pining in hopeless love, in morbid self-communings, lofty ideals alternating with miserable jealousies, and the tenderest, noblest of minds going out in darkness, till he seems like some grand ruin of his own Italy, lifting its masses of foliage into the crystal air and deep-blue skies, when the sun retires behind the purple mountains and leaves it alone with the shadows and the stars. And,

then, there is the Iphigenia—that stately Grecian maiden translated into a Christian clime—as severe in her beauty as the creator of Antigone would have chiseled her, and yet as lovely, and tender, and sweet as the modern religion can render the soul of woman. All these are inimitable pictures; but our space, and a more important work at hand, warn us not to dwell upon their detailed graces.

The most original, grand, versatile, and altogether wonderful of Goethe's dramas, is unquestionably the Faust, which stands alone in its kind, as the Iliad and King Lear do in their kinds. We know of no poem in any language to the writing of which there was requisite a more various and exalted combination of faculties. Other poems may be more organically perfect, and demonstrate a larger possession of certain high faculties, but none a more general possession of several of the highest faculties. It is epic, tragic, and lyric, all at the same time—a complete story, and a development of character, mingled with gushes of song. Almost every feeling of the human breast is expressed in it, in every style of art. The grand, the pathetic, the thoughtful, the capricious, and the supernatural alternate through its mystic pages, as in a dream: grotesque and scornful faces peer on us from the air; visions of baffled efforts, and wasted hopes, and broken hearts, break in among choirs of angelic voices, and men, and monsters, and seraphs, and the Supreme God, take part in the ever shifting play of faces. Wild as the drama is, however, tumultuous and many-voiced as are its sounds, from the harsh discords of devils' laughs, to the sweetest, tenderest human utterances, it is singularly true in its delineation of character. The personages, of the first part more especially, are real living beings, as much so as Macbeth or the Moor. Faust himself, with his far-reaching thoughts, and insatiate but baffled thirst for knowledge, is as near to the mind of every thinking man as ever was the generous, unhappy Hamlet. His early yearnings for truth, his weariness at the stale, flat, and unprofitable commonplaces of the world, his eagerness to love, his great wrestlings with evil, and his subsequent self-abandonment and woe, reach the depths of our hearts, and seem experiences that

have been, or may yet be, our own. We feel, the most of us; that we, too, have been borne along the same tempestuous waters of life. His companion, Mephisto, has also been our companion. We recognize him as a well-known individual, always true to the laws of his own being, who has whispered many a temptation into our ears, or, what is worse, has whispered many a consolation. He is a hideous disguised consistency throughout; and, as some one has said, the identical devil of modern times. But in equal clearness—strongly contrasted from him by her innocence, and from Faust by her contented simplicity—stands the gentle Gretchen, whose story unseals the deepest fountains of love and pity. We take to the artless maiden, as a true product of nature, from the first; we grow happy with her in the brief paradise of affection and reverence that opens upon her young hopes; our heart breaks with her, in her cruel betrayal, and, when she departs, during that horrid night in the dungeon, her poor distressed brain, like Ophelia's, quite shattered, we listen to her expiring words as a voice from the spirit-land, summoning us all to judgment on her account. It seems as if the whole world were condemned by the sad issue of such a tragedy.

The prose writings of Goethe manifest the same original and masterly genius as his poems. We might give in evidence of this his *Werther*, which set all Europe agog, and his *Elective Affinities*, which extorted from all Christendom a howl (while all Europe, and all Christendom, devoured both); but we shall confine our remarks to *Wilhelm Meister*, which is, doubtless, his master-piece. As a narrative, it is pronounced generally destitute of interest; for, like the needy knife-grinder, "story, God bless you, it has none to tell, sir;" while there is only the slightest development of plot in it—no highly-wrought or intense scenes, no grandiloquent or morbid personages, who stamp and tear about for nothing, and only events, for the most part commonplace and unimportant, following each other in a languid way that quite persuades the admiring reader to a gentle sleep. Compared with the mob of incident that dash and thunder through more modern tales, it is tame even to extreme dullness.

Yet, by observing a little while, we find in it a clear self-existent world, filled with actual men and women, whose actions, though not great or extraordinary, are very much the actions of humans. They are characters of real life; their foibles and virtues alike drawn with an unsparing hand, presented as samples of this very various world for our study, and not as heroes for our worship. The author writes as though he had no further interest in them than he would have in the same number of indifferent individuals anywhere; he merely raises a curtain to let us see what they are at, and all their sayings and tricks, some of them fantastic enough, he watches with imperturbable gravity. At times, we are inclined to think that he despises the whole pack of them, yet he goes on parading them with the utmost calmness, betraying not the slightest disapproval or vexation at anything they do, and shrinking from no untoward discovery. He writes their biography with the most scrupulous fidelity—a fidelity which has this advantage for us, that we get a deeper interest in their proceedings. We come gradually to watch their movements, to listen to their long talks, and even to suspect that, after all, they may possess some deep significance. This suspicion is helped out by certain general remarks we happen upon—quite too simple and obvious as they seem at first—but which cling to the memory, and transform themselves, in some way or other, to profound suggestions, as if the observation and insight of a long, busy life were suddenly deposited there. Then we are aroused here and there by single passages of a splendid and majestic eloquence; criticisms of art, brief but rare, penetrating, comprehensive, keen, far-reaching glances into practical life and the philosophy of trade, business, and human nature, accompanied by a most provoking tolerance of all seeming human weaknesses, and a most genial sympathy with all human strivings. There are also chance allusions that open up wondrous depths; obscure hints growing every moment more palpable, till they stand forth as luminous, world-embracing truths; light sparkles of wit, which merely flash at the outset upon the senses, but, before the end of it, condense in the mind into rare gems of wisdom; manifest traces of an al-

most universal culture in the author; little outbreaks of song, that make the whole heart ache, we know not why: to say nothing of entire pages of poetry, in the shape, perhaps, of a critique on Hamlet, or of lofty sentiments, and noble original views of religion—all flowing in a language of liquid sweetness. The upshot of the matter is, that our dull-seeing, slow-moving "Thespis cart" is changed, as if by enchantment, into an ideal world: the theatrical life of the hero, with its trivialities of all sorts, its high aspirings and slender realizations, is seen as an illuminated picture of a still higher life; where every incident has a higher end, and every character embodies higher phases in human development. The vivacious Philena, the clear-minded Jarno, the beneficent Natalia, the manly Lothario, the dignified Abbe, the cultivated Uncle—the mysterious melancholy Harper, and that singular child of enthusiasm and suffering, the wild boy-girl Mignon—a beam from heaven struggling through the dank vapors of earth—all attach us to them with a feeling of brotherhood, as elements of that manifold rich life of which we, too, are a part—as notes and tones in that universal melody which nature is ever sending up to her God.

If Goethe, who is everywhere great, is anywhere greatest, it is in his songs and ballads. It was his habit through life, to turn all his experiences into poetry, that he might thereby work off the burden of his emotions, whether joyful or sad. His songs, therefore, are remarkable for their freedom and spontaneity. Yet a writer in the British Review, in a generally able article, describes his lyrics as marked by "deliberativeness," comparing him in this respect with Wordsworth. Now, to us they seem to be the very opposite of deliberative. They are the very outpourings of his mind in all its moods; a melodious diary of his daily and almost hourly changes of feeling; simple breathings of the inward life; sparkling jets of momentary thought and affection. There is perpetual freshness and reality about them, like the bloom of new spring-flowers. They are outgrowths of every-day existence, speaking of the present, the actual, the world around and in us, and possessing a hearty human interest. Even when their meaning is insignificant, they ring

through us, to haunt the memory and imagination, like snatches of Mozart's music. The correspondence of the form with the substance is so perfect, yet simple, that the charm defies all analysis. It is felt but not detected. As Carlyle says of Burns's song, too, they sing themselves; they are favorites with composers as they are with the people; and once heard cling to the brain like spells. Then again, how diversified these lyrics; some as simple as the whimperings of a child; others grotesque, naive, or full of a devil-may-care animal spirit; others tender, plaintive, thoughtful; others wild, unearthly, and smelling of the cloister; and others again, proud, lofty, defiant, like the words of a Titan heaping his scorn upon the gods. Dwight, one of our finest critics of art, says of these, that "they are as remarkable for their wild grandeur of thought and language as they are for their irregular, unrhymed, dithyrambic measure. There is something in their Greek, chorus-like, mysterious style and movement, which cannot be lost without losing all their poetry. They breathe the old Greek atmosphere of *Æschylus*. The soul's proud assertion of itself in 'Prometheus,' the child-like, unquestioning awe and wonder, and even admiration, with which the sublimity of destiny is celebrated in the 'Limits of Man,' in such lofty unalterable language, as if destiny itself had fitted each word in its place; the delicious unrest of the 'Spring' feeling, the yearning to be taken up with which nature's beauty overcomes the ravished soul, so sweetly clothed in the fable of 'Ganymede,' the simple majesty of the 'Godlike,' all have an air of unpremeditated inspired beauty and grandeur, which defies imitation; and they lose much of their reality and charm in any other language. What ballads, in any literature, are comparable to the 'Bride of Corinth,' the 'Erl-King,' and the 'God and the Bayadere?'"

Without dwelling, however, upon the mere literary excellence of Goethe's performances, or even attempting a general characterization of his literary genius, let us proceed to explain why he is called so emphatically the artist of his age. It is the more important because his biographer, true to the behests of an incompetent philosophy, seems to ignore this as part of the mat-

ter altogether, and stands dumbfounded in the presence of the pervading symbolism of Goethe's writings. A work of art, as well as a product of nature, is to him a simple fact, having relations to other facts, but no inward spiritual meaning. He is, therefore, perpetually quarreling with what he terms the mysticism of Goethe (although he has already pronounced him a great realist), and is pained at the obvious lapse of his faculties in the latter parts of the *Meister* and the *Faust*. But this "mysticism" is as much a part of his being as his clearness of vision, or his serene wisdom, and demands as much the nicest study on the part of his critics.

The explanation of it, in our view, is simply this: that Goethe, as a man of genius and poet, was profoundly penetrated and possessed by all the vague struggling influences and aspirations of his time, and sought to give them melodious expression. The breath of the Divine Providence, which animated his century, only animated him the more interiorly and strongly, and the task of his genius was, to embody the movement of life in permanent forms. He lived from the middle of the eighteenth century (1749) to the beginning of the nineteenth (1832), through the most remarkable period of crisis and transition that the world ever saw. An old era was coming to an end, amid the decay and destruction of many things, and a new era was endeavoring to get formed. There was agitation, confusion, perplexity, everywhere; "private life," as Varnhagen von Ense says, in unfolding a similar view of Goethe, "—— full of suffering, and the world at variance with itself; for, the old forms of society, long diseased and baneful, were unable to bind the fresh life to their own death, and the new unfolding forms were yet without a sanction."

Now, these were the elements with which the poetry of that epoch, or so much of it as was true and not a reminiscence, had to deal. Accordingly, we find, in the series of Goethe's works, a complete bodying forth of the successive steps of progress in the mighty struggle. In the earliest, the *Goetz*, we take a look back into the feudal time, and see it perish before us, in the person of the tenacious, stalwart hero, with a cry of woe to those that come after. *Wehe der Nachkommenschaft!* Then follows the *Werther* with its vapid sen-

timentalism, and passionate whinings, and morbid self-love and sorrow, expressive of the chronic discontent of society, full of skepticism and black despair, and which, unable to reconcile itself to its condition, or get extricated therefrom, goes off in explosive violence.

In the *Elective Affinities*, though written long afterwards, there is a recurrence to the same theme, but with greater depth of passion, and less external vehemence. Restlessness has subsided into impatience or suppressed hope. The soul asserts its natural freedom, but submissively, and with a sad consciousness of its impotence in the presence of inevitable circumstances. Without revolting openly, therefore, against existing forms, it postpones its fruitions to another world, where hearts long severed may unite again in the bonds of a free, spiritual attraction.

In *Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship* the view of life has reached a higher plane. Doubt and distraction have not wholly ceased, but the prospect of a free and noble natural existence is not shut out from the present earth. Casting aside all petty personal grievances, the hero submits to all manners of living and doing, in the hope of working off every disquietude by a placid and perpetual activity. In the very exertion of his powers, he is made conscious of new and potent charms in life, so that its most commonplace details are set to a music, not wholly divine, and yet more than earthly. The moodiness and madness of the self-torturing spirit, give place to tranquil, serious endeavours: the clouds fall away; a mild effulgence reveals vistas of pleasant fields, and, though we reach no great ethical height, no broad Christian views of things, we still catch glimpses of the infinitely rich and varied possibilities of life, under a noble human culture. But it is only in the *Wanderings* that the inadequacy of the previous view is filled up, and work becomes worship, and the discordant elements of society are reconciled by a scheme of coöperative and constructive freedom.

"In the *Wanderjahre*," says Varnhagen "a comprehensive view of a new order is drawn in firm, not rigid characters, with poetical freedom. The necessities of daily life take their rank by the side of the highest elevation of mind; Christianity works in the form

of mild piety; education spreads out her establishments, powerful and all-comprehensive; the taste for art, richly bestowed on individuals, becomes a universal advantage; the mechanical arts and trades, led by wise arrangements from their destructive rivalry, take their station without fear beside the higher arts, certain of receiving from them due honor and appreciation; natural disposition and capacity determine and ennoble every occupation. The false and incongruous position of woman disappears before rightly-assorted marriages, which bring together unequal classes. They are exalted into free ministers of a religion of love and beneficence. A new estimate of things and of actions, a new choice and distribution of the lots of life, a new sense of the good and the beautiful, are disclosed, by means of an Association, extending over the whole earth, full of liberal activity, of respect for the highest and for the least; busied in extinguishing crime and want, and affording the rich prospect of mankind advancing in culture and in industry; whose maxim may be, in worldly things, a fair share in the possession and enjoyment of the stock of good existing for every member; in what relates to the attractions of mind, the liberation of the prohibited possible from all fetters that can be broken." It is evident from this, that if Goethe had given us a third part of the *Meister* (necessary to the completion of the original design), we should have had, in Wilhelm's *Meisterjahre*, a wonderful anticipation of the various socialistic experiments of this age. But the time was not then ripe.

For the full and condensed expression of all this, however, we must turn to the two parts of *Faust*, which, begun in the author's earliest years, and completed only near his death, runs parallel in its development to his own being. It is the grand resumé and consummation of his thought and hope. Abysmal, wild, and heterogeneous as it seems, there is yet a unity pervading it which, though not wholly organic, gives to it a certain consistency and life. All the spiritual worlds are gathered to watch its issues; all humanity is involved in the result. As a legend, the fable had its origin in the middle ages, but in its actual working out, the century of Goethe is transfixed on every page. *Faust* comes before us as one who has

exhausted science in the pursuit of individual and selfish ends; as a representative of the age, of "victorious analysis" and natural research. Having worn away the golden days of youth in the service of the intellect, his manhood is weary of the result, is saddened, disappointed, withered, and would fain throw away its barren and empty life. A nameless unrest surges through his soul, and no attainment in knowledge, no conquest of nature, is able to speak the word of peace to the billows. All his selfish-seeking turns to vanity in the fruition. It drives him but further from his fellow-man and from God. A chill isolation and solitude is the recompense of his toil. Musty parchments get heaped about him, and skeletons and grinning skulls, till, in the agony of baffled endeavor, he curses life and all its fancied joys, and even that patience which endures its woes. There is henceforth for him only contempt, and mockery, and denial. And it is of this mood that Mephistopheles, his evil spirit, his other and lower self, the incarnation of the intellect and the senses, is born—Mephistopheles, who hurries him along, from moral indifference to sensual indulgence, from debauchery to seduction, and from seduction to murder, till his soul, in its hideous riot and self-abandonment, breeds the monstrous crew who celebrate their triumph in the fearful witch-dance of the Brocken. The principle of evil works itself out, at the close of the first part of the tragedy, in a scene of heart-rending dislocation and distress.

In the second part we are shown the social effects of the same evil—an incoherent society, which is but one vast masquerade, where the spokesmen are fools, and the only recognized nexus—money—a stupendous paper lie. *Faust*, as the representative of humanity, plunges into the midst of the mad whirl, strives to penetrate the mystery of its iniquity and errors, but in vain. He summons the antiquated faiths, and finds them the children of chimera: he worships the spirit of ancient beauty, in the person of the rejuvenated Helen, and she disappears as suddenly as she had appeared, leaving him only the vesture; he engages in war and commerce, and everywhere guilt, and care, and distress dog his steps—till at last, old, blinded, baffled, rich, and miserable,

he deliberately abandons his quest, surrenders his purpose of directing his own way, abjures his individual ends, and gives himself up to work. "What ho! ye myriads of humans," he cries, "relinquish your empty search and go dig the earth! Spread yourselves, in free, creative activity, over the globe—lay fire to the snug little private dwellings of the fond old couples—fill in the remorseless marshes and pools—rescue the land from the devouring ocean, till nature is brought into obedience to man, and ye shall all stand a free people upon a soil as free." But no sooner has Faust discharged himself of responsibility for himself, no sooner has he resolved upon a life of spontaneous creative activity, than he finds the goal is won. He calls upon the beautiful day to linger because his earth is now transfused into heaven. The sin, and suffering, and sorrow of the past are forgotten in the glories of a better consciousness; legions of angels drop roses from the celestial voids; even the rocks break forth into song; and all who had ever sinned and suffered reappear, as the leaders of a heavenly throng who welcome the spirit of Faust to the regions of the redeemed, in a mystic sevenfold chorus of hallelujahs and praise.

This is, of course, the very meagerest outline of Goethe's richly varied magnificent representation—like a single thread drawn from a tissue of cloth-of-gold—and yet, we venture to say, that it will not fall upon the reader with a stronger sense of the impotence of the conclusion than the original does, amid all its splendid accessories of music and picture. For everybody must feel, how much soever he may be impressed by the miraculous vigor and variety of the poem, that it nowhere strikes the highest key; that it nowhere utters the demiurgic word; and that the massive and beautiful world it builds up in the realm of thought is, after all, a bubble world, destined to no continuous life, as in gorgeous sunset we see innumerable colored lights dart and flash among the gold and silver-edged clouds, but we do not behold the sun. Glimpses there are of the great open secret of destiny, in that high doctrine of spontaneous labor for the good of others, in that immortal line—

"Das Ewig-Weibliche zieht uns hinan;"

but the author has not surrendered him-

self fully and joyously to its divine inspiration. Neither he nor his age felt, though it might have seen, nor does our age feel while it sees, what was proclaimed eighteen hundred years ago, that out of the heart are the issues of life; that goodness is greater than truth; that affection is better than culture; that wisdom is only wisdom in so far as it is a manifestation of love.

Mr. Lewes adopts as the motto of his book a sentence from Jung Stilling, to the effect that Goethe's heart was as large as his intellect; but in doing so has missed the point precisely which explains alike his failures and his successes. We do not mean to intimate by this that Goethe was destitute of heart, as the slang-whangers of criticism boisterously contend; for we do not see how he could have been a poet at all, without a large endowment of that sympathy which is the alchemy of genius. But we do mean to intimate that, large as his heart was, it was not commensurate with his intellect. Over all the outgoings of his spirit the intellect kept watch and ward, and, like a muffer over the mouth, too often discharged his breathings of their inward vital heat. His grand ideal of universal self-culture, to which all the circumstances of his existence were bent—his readings, his study, his companionships, his travels—was an ideal prompted by the head, and not by the heart. Those multifarious excursions into the realms of nature, while the warmer provinces of human history lay neglected, were excursions dictated by the head and not by the heart. That long life of shifting love-relations was a life over which reason rather than feeling presided, and as the persons of Frederica, Lilli, Sybilla, Kätchen, and the French girl, rise before us, with disheveled tresses mantling their wan and mournful faces, we see the noble form of Goethe standing stern and impassive in the midst of them, like a mountain from which the cold winds of the summit have torn all the clinging vines and clustering flowers. We admire Goethe for the manful courage with which he met and worked down the ills of life, "carved a way for us through the impassable;" we are charmed into ecstasy by the eolian melodies which ever floated about his brain; and we are awed into mute reverence by the prodigious grasp and grandeur of his thought, and its deep reverberations

through his soul. We lay our hearts against his, and feel the pulsations of a mighty spirit, which has looked through all the ways of men, and firmly chosen its own high path. But in the midst of our admiration and delight we feel an atmosphere around us, which does not quite repulse, nor yet quite win

us. We are dazzled by the necromancer, in his sky-woven robes—may even be healed by his most potent charms—but we do not call him friend. We do not clasp him to our bosoms as we fancy that we might the old child-like Homer, or the genial Shakespeare, or even the stern "father of Tuscan song."

saved to notice testimony of it. It did not follow that an eagle-eyed man of quality, and a most accurate observer, saw these "colored" fruits in the old and a patch of red and yellow, and a few did a plea for quinces and quince-trees.

A PLEA FOR QUINCES AND QUINCE-TREES.

LE GRAND, in his "Vie privée des François," has informed us that the quince first came from Cydon, a city of Crete. Later naturalists, with but few dissenting voices, have accepted this authority as conclusive, in confirmation of the common tradition. Even if we cherished any doubts on the subject, we would hardly adventure now, as the *fugaces anni* have somewhat stiffened the Hotspur joints of life within us, to assault a body of testimony so respectable, and sustained by so many stalwart followers. We apprehend, too, if we did, that our chivalry would be rewarded like the task of Sisyphus, or that of those almanacs and country newspapers, which annually insist, in the face of the popular illusion, that the "Irish potato" is a native of South America, instead of Ireland. It is wiser, then, to let the Cretan origin of the quince pass as a dogma of the orchard. This tradition, indeed, aside from the presumptive evidence afforded by the botanical name of the fruit (Cydonia), and from any claim formerly presented by the islanders themselves to the honor (which, according to Titus I. 12, might be religiously regarded as apocryphal), derives significance from the glimmerings cast upon the subject by ancient classic literature. Pliny informs us that quinces were often suspended about the images of the gods in the sleeping-apartments of Roman houses. The most plausible reason we can find, for the selection of the quince among fruits, as a decoration for the Pagan divinities, rests upon the presumption that it flourished in Crete, and especially about the venerable steeps of Mount Ida, so far back as the era of mythology. We are told by the poets, that Jupiter received his edu-

cation there, in a cave, under the tutelage of the Corybantes. How probable, then, and how agreeable the surmise, that a quince-orchard was the airing-ground of the student Thunderer! With this conjecture once established, we have no difficulty whatever in explaining, by honest, logical sequence, the mystery of the subsequent sacred association of the fruit. This hypothesis also confirms a suspicion we have long entertained, that the celebrated golden apples which Juno presented to Jupiter upon their wedding day, and which were intrusted to the safe keeping of the Hesperides, were quinces—the *Chrysomeliana mala* of Columella, and the *Aurea mala* of Virgil. This supposition admitted, the nuptial gift of the divine bride, by the genial allusion it contained to the early associations of her lord, becomes invested with a truly graceful meaning.

In social winter nights, with "Dory" upon our knee, and other upturned diminutive faces below, embroidering the domestic hearth, it was not unpleasant formerly to tell, by the hour, of the enchanting favors of fortune suddenly amassed upon men of our acquaintance, especially, as it happened, upon certain worthies whom, as common lads of the town, it was once our agreeable prerogative to hold in contempt; but who, by virtue of this blindfolded divinity's unbounded grace, had mounted rapidly to posts of distinction in society far above our head. Our uncle's clerk of the counter, for example, had become one of these roseate favorites, who, at an early day, left us for Texas, and a career of glory, when we all thought he had left for Texas, and a career of ruin. The misery of the thing was, however, that all such phenomenal exemplifica-

tions of American progression, afforded no healthful moral lessons for the proper culture of the little school of hearts before us. For the life of us, we could not mould them, at the end, after the manner of useful apologues, to any good purpose. We have accordingly concluded that it is better, as a general rule, for a prudent parent to exclude fast men and filibusters from his fire-side tableaux. The steady, systematical growth of fortune, by sober industry (with a side lift, perhaps, from the railroad), as disclosed in the conservative life of the farmer, or fruit-grower, makes a much safer picture for the young scions of the homestead. It is not so charming, we know, and your boys upon the rug may soon become drowsy; but when you observe this tendency, consider, for your solace, that the orthodox scheme of moral culture is analogous, in many elementary respects, to the practice of medicine, and is based upon the doctrine, that the heart of childhood is replete with morbid germs of evil; consider that your "olive plants," bobbing at your feet, find no exception to this organic law, and therefore that the prints of frugal virtue you are sketching from life for them, may, in the manner of other opiates, after all their drowsiness, preserve them in the end to become useful members of society.

The farm and orchard are the country's anchor of hope. Our public men and political journalists, with some few exceptions, have evinced but little sympathy with the tranquil enterprise of fruit-growers, and the astonishing recent improvements of the orchard, which, nevertheless, are diffusing through the country its truest wealth, and providing all classes of society with cheap and healthful luxuries. Higher grades of political science—for example, the policy of protective duties—are more fascinating, and engross, accordingly, both the facile plasticity of the newspaper press and the lucubrations of more systematic economists. Thus, some proposed change in the tariff, which, perhaps, promises, at best, benefits of little or no perceptible advantage to the aggregate of society, will elicit, for months, daily animated comments from the press, that serve to awaken public attention, from one extremity of the Union to the other; whereas, a fine exotic pear or grape—procured and

naturalized, with much expense and trouble, by some rural philanthropist—or a valuable seedling apple—patiently obtained, after years of experiment, and liberally propagated by ingraftment—is suffered to pass as a sterling contribution to our national wealth, without a notice from our metropolitan journalism. The public good effected and the name of the benefactor are virtually doomed to attract the interest of no wider circle of readers than that of the congenial few who peruse the agricultural monthlies. The prototypes of our pomologists, in the old Roman republic, had their services rewarded in a very different manner. Those, especially, who introduced foreign fruits into the domestic orchard, were publicly honored, as the great benefactors of their country. Sir William Temple has noticed the fact with his usual felicity: "The great captains, and even consular men, who first brought them over, took pride in giving them their own names; by which, they ran a great while in Rome, as in memory of some great service, or pleasure, they had done their country; so that, not only laws and battles, but several sorts of apples and pears, were called Manlian and Claudian, Pompeyan and Tiberian." DeKille, in his "Les Jardins," charmingly paints this feature of Roman appreciation, as it appeared at the triumph of Lucullus, who had brought home the cherry-tree, from Pontus:

"Quand Lucullus vainqueur triomphoit de l'Asie,
L'airain, le marbre et l'or frappoient Rome éblouie;
Le sage dans la foule aimoit à voir ses mains
Poser le cerisier en triomphe aux Romains."

We augur better things, however, in the future, from the patriotic genius of our own model republic. The American Pomological Society, aided by the numerous horticultural institutes disseminated over the country, is rapidly accumulating the statistics of the American orchard; and, we doubt not, the day is close at hand, when its important claims, having become palpable, will be honorably acknowledged by the great moulders of national sentiment.

But the American orchard has not yet attained its perfect symmetry. From some inexplicable cause, the quince-tree, especially, has been much neglected by our industrial votaries of Pomona.

This venerable tree—which comes down to us from antiquity, studded with classic seals—is treated like a step-dame, in the proud family of fruits. Banished from the pleasant fruit-grove, where the apple, pear, and peach sport their genial gifts, and from the garden green, where the cherry and plum mature their luscious tribute, it finds precarious toleration, perhaps in the weedy sward that borders some neglected paling of the homestead. We will not attempt to conceal our chagrin, as we inquisitively paced the beautiful hall where our County Horticultural Society exhibited, last fall, the wonderful trophies of the season's fruitage. Apples and pears, represented by a hundred varieties, beamed all around, in their pale or ruddy prime; and late peaches, cream-colored, golden, or tinted like the blush of love, enchanted the eye from every side; but not a quince—a solitary orange-quince—encountered our searching glances! Could we suppose that this omission was peculiar to our own pomological exhibition, we might, indeed, for the honor of the neighborhood, deplore the local indignity; but, at the same time, would extort abundant consolation from our attainments in the geography of the Union, and our knowledge that sectional disparagement has often been amply repaired by a just national appreciation. No such cheering relief, however, exists. The Report of the Commissioner of Patents, for the year 1854, upon the subject of Agriculture, recently published, may be justly taken, where it treats of fruits, as a true index of the estimation which the quince enjoys among fruit-growers generally over the country. The section devoted to fruits embraces nearly one hundred pages, and is compiled in part of thirteen reports, which had been forwarded from twelve of the chief fruit-growing states to the American Pomological Society, during its session at Boston, in Sept., 1854, and partly of "condensed correspondence," received directly from various points of the Union. Of the reports, which form the main body of the section, but four mention the quince at all: and whilst the sum of what is said upon the subject, in these papers, is made to inflate a

space of eleven lines, the information might, without detriment to its value, be compressed within the fold of a single line! We give, as a sample of the curious in national statistics, the circumstantial flourish with which the meagre intelligence, contained in one of these documents in relation to quinces, is ushered before the public, by the United States government:—"Statement of William Reid, of Elizabethtown, and J. W. Hayes, Newark, Essex County, New Jersey, being that portion of their report which relates to quinces, to the American Pomological Society, at their annual meeting held at the city of Boston, in September, 1854." Expectation rises on tiptoe. Here is the statement:—"Apple and pear-shaped quinces are both cultivated. The apple-shaped we think best for general cultivation, and, with ordinary care, produces fine crops." That antiquated fable of the mountain in travail will sometimes steal irreverently upon the mind, by the malignant law of association. The "condensed correspondence" is comparatively diffusive in relation to the subject. The casual notices of the quince, dispersed throughout this part of the section, if accumulated upon a single page, might cover, perhaps, about half its face. Gershom Wiborn, of Victor, Ontario County, N. Y., is the only correspondent, in fact, who expends more than a feather's weight of serious thought upon this fruit. Thanks to Gershom Wiborn, even for his measured appreciation!

Modesty itself is constrained to censure this degradation of the quince, when the venerable grace, with which ancient classic learning has invested it, is duly considered. This estimable tree singularly followed the stream of civilization, in its shifting course, through early time. We first faintly perceive it through the chinks of mythical antiquity, in its native Crete, expanding its golden fruit amidst the earliest dawn of science and literature. Thence it probably passed, as a companion-piece, with the laws of Minos to the continent, where, we know, it embellished the classic plains of Greece, during the era of their surpassing glory. In genial fellowship with literature and

*Other portions of this "report," given here and there through the section in relation to the fruits of N. J., form valuable contributions, and abound with interest.

the arts, it was afterwards domesticated in Italy. The charming enthusiasm, which impelled the pens of ancient naturalists, when they described the multifarious excellences of this fruit, is unusually refreshing. We are assured by the elegant Columella, who scattered incense upon the altar of its virtues, that it contributes to health as well as pleasure. The elder Pliny, with the fond instinct of the true pomologist, eloquently descants upon its valuable properties, and paints the tree, as it appeared about Rome, with its branches depending to the ground, jeweled with starry fruit. In fact, the clever criticisms of this early naturalist soon become lost, amidst his enchanting panegyrics. Different varieties of the quince (more than we possess now), he tells us, were cultivated in profusion throughout Italy, both for ornamental and useful intents. Like the orange and lemon in our northern states, it appears sometimes to have been grown fancifully in boxes, which were exposed for admiration in the ante-chambers of the great. Its health-imparting and medicinal properties are extolled to the heavens. Never did our modern tomato, whose supposed fine hygienic qualities, a quarter of a century since, almost invested it with the character of a panacea, elicit higher praises. The warmth of our ingenious author, enlivening his classic page, must inevitably fill the modern admirer of the quince with enduring delight; but possibly a less amiable sentiment may triumph, for a moment, at one point, (shame upon his pride!) when he finds this Roman commander and dignified sage voluntarily humiliating his patrician mind to compete with rustic housewives in their own province of empiricism. In these plebeian lists, he affirms the juice of raw quinces to be an infallible remedy for phthisis, dropsy, and the spleen!

One of the most fascinating effusions of Virgil's genius, the beautiful lament of the shepherd Damon in the eighth Eclogue, honors the quince by placing it among the select exponents of a higher order of nature—hypothetically conceived to illustrate the irremediable determination of the lover's despair.

The conception was suggested by the third Idyl of Lucretius. We copy some lines to our purpose:—

"Nunc et oves ultro fugiat lupus, aurea dura,
Mala ferant quercus, narcisso floreant alnus,
Pinguia corticibus sudent electra myrica."*

With the first triumph of letters in modern Europe, the quince once more glimmers upon our view. The genial, robust taste of England, during the reigns of Elizabeth and James I., educated by her Spensers and Shakespeares, her Raleighs and Bacons, assigned it its appropriate place among the gems of the orchard. We find in Peachem's "Emblems," published in 1612, the following description of a fruit inclosure belonging to that period:—

"The Persian peach, and fruitful quince,
And there the forward almond grew,
With cherries knowne no long time since;
The winter warden, orchard's pride;
The phillibert that loves the vale,
And red queen-apple, so envide
Of school-boys, passing by the pale."

We turn, with undisguised satisfaction, from the degeneracy of taste around us, to peruse the eloquent import of this early picture, in which we discover the quince enjoying its ancient peerage among peaches, almonds, and cherries, and maintaining an equal state beside the august queen-apple. We are led, by this survey, to admire, more than ever, the noble sense of appreciation which distinguished the Augustan age of England.

Among fruits prepared for the table, the quince affords the most healthful of simple domestic luxuries. An exquisite edible is, therefore, almost excluded from our daily repasts, in consequence of the meagre supply which, if grown abundantly, might gladden the whole land by its virtues. Arcestratus traveled over land and seas to examine, with his own eyes, the esculents and culinary arts of different nations, that he might, by new discoveries, improve the voluptuousness of the table at home. We cherish not, indeed, his philosophy, nor the aspirations of Apicius, or Aristoxenes, or the English Chesterfield, to excel in culinary finesse, and have our name gratefully invoked, by elegant

* Now also let the wolf voluntarily shun the flocks; the solid oaks produce quinces, the alder-tree flower with daffodils, the tamarisks distill from their rinds unctuous amber.

epicures, at select dinner parties. Our aim is somewhat plebeian, but, at the same time, we imagine, more truly philanthropic; and, we must confess, to an incorrigible temper of idiosyncrasies, if it be thought that our passion, for having the table-use of the quince extended among families generally, should be prudently suppressed; lest, perhaps, like some visionary hobby, it might raise a smile, and shroud our reputation with the umbrage of ridicule. It was not the design of Providence, we are sure, that the quince should be confined, in its gastric uses, to poignant dainties, and secluded in the form of jelly, marmalade, or pellucid preserve, within the inner pantry, beside West Indian rarities. It possesses, as we have seen, a historical right to a more catholic destiny. Apple pasties and "apple butter" are always enriched by the delicious, acidulous seasoning of this fruit; and, among stewed dishes for the table, few are found to compare with the quince for thrilling excellence. Fruit-growers express uneasiness lest an enlarged culture of the quince tree might soon tend, by a profusion of the fruit, to cloy the market. We think its current high value, proclaiming, as it does, the great excess of demand over the supply, should of itself allay, to some extent, the pulse of apprehension here. Modes, however, both old and new, exist for preserving this fruit by the quantity. Downing assures us, that "dried quinces are excellent;" and the recent introduction and generalization, in domestic economy, of the *hermetic seal*, disclose new and cheering prospects in the future for the cultivator of perishable fruits, and serve

to give his timid forecast but the air of hypochondriac presentiment.

The quince-tree is not fastidious in its habits, requiring, for its healthy growth and productive power, neither a rich soil nor high culture. Indeed, in a genial mould, the hand of wisdom will refrain from its cultivation altogether, in order that its expanding branches, by a slower development, may carry with them sufficient solidity to resist the desolating epidemic to which it is liable (fire blight). Downing, we are aware, recommends a deep, fertile soil, and annual cultivation; but that genial professor of horticultural aesthetics had not, we apprehend, duly considered the evils to which a rapid, tender growth exposes this tree; or, rather, those evils have become more decided, and enjoy a more fatal prevalence since his lamented death. The finest samples of quinces produced in the country have ripened upon thin soils.*

What, indeed, of its kind, is more truly beautiful than a full-grown quince-orchard, studded, in the mellow days of autumn, with radiant fruit, like globes of gold? No wonder the classic garden of the Hesperides, if our conjecture in reference to it be correct, professed so potent a charm for the mighty knight-errant of mythology! No wonder the genius of Virgil found, in a forest of quinces, the enchanting token of a transcendental style of nature! Within such an orchard, for its congeniality and suggestive force in the pursuits of literature, we might not envy Petrarch his *Val Chiusa*; and in such a retreat, with a purer frame of mind, we might identify the "Golden Grove" of Jeremy Taylor, which was consecrated to sacred thought.

* "In no portion of the United States have I seen quinces to compare with those grown in the mountain region of North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia. In this county (Habersham) it is not unusual for them to measure from 5 to 5½ inches in diameter, fair, smooth, and beautiful to look at; in flavor, equal if not superior to any I have ever met with."—*Pat. Off. Cor. of J. Van Buren, of Clarksville, Georgia.*

A WORD FOR MEN'S RIGHTS.

THE notions which rule inside of men's heads, and the phrases in vogue to represent them are hardly less liable to fluctuation than is the fashion of the outward adornment, whether by hats, caps, bonnets, periwigs, or powder. Sixty or seventy years ago, scarcely anything was so much talked of as the rights of man. Where this phrase came from, we cannot tell. It is not to be met with in any writer of prior date to the middle of the last century. James Otis used it in his famous tract on the Rights of the American Colonies, nor are we aware of any earlier appearance of it in print. Sudden, however, and obscure as its first appearance was, it took, and soon became one of the most fashionable of phrases. It played a great part in the American Revolution. It found its way into our Declaration of Independence, and into the fundamental laws of most of our states. It played a still greater part in the French revolution. Ten or a dozen French constitutions, more or less, were founded upon it. Thomas Paine wrote a famous book, with this title. For a while, nothing was so much talked of as the rights of man—talked of, we say—for, as happened in the case of the thirsty Indian, so with respect to these rights, it was pretty much all talk, with very little cider.

In sixty years, however, fashions have changed. The rights of man—once in everybody's mouth—are seldom heard of now-a-days—unless it be in an abolition convention—or, if mentioned at all, in Congress and other respectable places, these rights, once the hope of humanity, are referred to, only to be sneered at, as a flourish of rhetoric—a chimera of the imagination.

Still, we are not left speechless nor hopeless. Hope still remains at the bottom of the box, with a fine sounding phrase to back it. Let the men go to the deuce. What of that? Does not lovely woman still remain to us? To-day, the fashionable phrase is—woman's rights.

The women have discovered, or think they have, that they are, and long have been tyrannized over, in the most brutal manner, by society, the laws, and their husbands. Woman's rights is now the watch-word of a new movement for

social reform, and even for political revolution—the women, among other things, claiming to vote.

It must be confessed that such general outcries are not commonly raised, without some reason. They are the natural expressions of pain and unsatisfied desire. It was not without reason that America and Europe, towards the close of the last century, raised the cry of the rights of man; and so, we dare say, it is not without reason that the rights of woman are now dinged into our ears. Nor is this cry without a marked effect, not merely upon manners and society, but also upon laws. Almost all our state legislatures are at work, with more or less diligence and enthusiasm, modifying their statute books, under the influence of this new zeal. To that we do not object. Putnam is for reform. Putnam is for progress. Putnam is for woman's rights; but also for man's rights—for everybody's rights; and, in that spirit, we are going to offer a few hints to our legislators, whose vaulting zeal, on behalf of the ladies, seems a little in danger of overleaping itself, and jolting on t'other side. It is well to stand straight, but not well to tumble over backward, in attempting to do so.

Those who go about to modify our existing laws, as to the relation of husband and wife, will do well to reflect that the old English common law on this subject, if it be a rude and barbarous system, little suited to our advanced and refined state of society—which we do not deny—is also a consistent and logical system, of which the different parts mutually rest upon and sustain each other. In the repair, or modification of such a system, it is material that every part of it should be taken into account. Changes in one part will involve and require changes in other parts; otherwise, alterations, made with a view only to relieve the wife from tyranny and oppression, may work a corresponding injustice to the husband. Nor are the changes already made in our laws, partly by legislation and partly by usage, free from glaring instances of this sort.

The English common law makes the husband the guardian and master of the wife, who stands to him in the relation

of a child and a servant. In virtue of this relation, the husband is legally responsible for the acts of the wife. If she slanders or assaults her neighbors, he is joined with the wife in the action to recover damages, and he alone is legally responsible for the amount of damages recovered, even to the extent of being sent to jail in default of payment. He is likewise responsible for debts contracted by the wife to the same extent that a father is responsible for the debts of his minor children. Even in criminal proceedings, it is he who must pay, or go to jail for not paying the fines imposed on his wife; and there are many cases, even cases of felony, in which the wife, acting in concert with her husband, is excused from all punishment, on the presumption that she acts by his compulsion, though in fact she may, as in the noted case of Macbeth's wife, have been the instigator. Public opinion goes even further than the law, and holds the husband accountable, to a certain extent, for all misbehaviors and indiscretions on the part of his wife. Not only is he to watch that she does not steal, he is to watch that she does not flirt, and every species of infidelity, or even of levity on her part, inflicts no less disgrace upon him than upon her—disgrace which the received code of honor requires him to revenge upon the male delinquent not only in defiance of the law which forbids all breaches of the peace, but even at the risk of his own life.

The law and public opinion having anciently imposed all these heavy obligations on the husband, very logically and reasonably proceeded to invest him with corresponding powers and authority. Standing to the wife, as he was made to stand, in the relation of father and master, the law very reasonably invested him with all the rights and authority of a father and a master. How, indeed, was he to exercise the authority and to fulfill the obligations which the law and public opinion imposed upon him, of regulating the conduct of his wife, unless invested at the same time with means both of awe and coercion? Accordingly, the law and usage of England authorized the husband to chastise his wife—in a moderate manner—employing for that purpose a rod not thicker than his finger. The husband was also entitled to the personal custody of his wife, and was authorized in proper

cases—if, for instance, she seemed disposed to run off with another man—to lock her up, and, if need were, to keep her on bread and water.

Now these, it must be confessed, were extensive powers—harsh and barbarous powers, if you please—though the law always contemplated that, in his exercise of them, the husband would be checked by the same tenderness towards the wife of his bosom which tempers the exercise by the father of a similar authority over his children. But however extensive, however harsh or barbarous the powers of the husband may be, we appeal even to our female readers—if, indeed, a single female has had patience and temper to follow us thus far—we appeal even to that single female (or married one, as the case may be), to say how, in the name of common sense, is the husband to keep the wife in order, to the extent which the law and public opinion demands of him, except by the exercise of these powers, or at least by the awe which the known possession and possible exercise of them is fitted to inspire? If the fractious child is neither to be spanked nor shut up in the closet, how is domestic discipline to be preserved? What more effectual sedative to an excited and ungovernable temper, which might provoke both suits for assault and actions for slander, than retirement in one's closet with the door locked and a glass of cold water to cool one's burning tongue?

And so of another great topic of complaint on the part of the advocates of woman's rights—the power which the husband has by the common law over the wife's property. He being responsible for her debts and her acts, and being bound to provide for the support of the children, has, as a corollary thereto, the custody and disposition of the wife's property, if she chances to inherit or to acquire any—which, unfortunately, in the middle ranks of life, where these notions of woman's rights most extensively prevail, is, we are sorry to say, but too seldom the case.

Such are the relative rights and duties of the husband under the old English common law. Under this law a husband is not a mere chimera, a surd and impossible quantity. There is a logical consistency about him. He is, as Horace says of the stoic philosopher, *teres et rotundus*, round and whole,

armed at all points, provided with powers adequate to the duties expected of him.

In America we have no such husbands. Long before the cry of women's rights was openly raised, the powers and prerogatives of the American husband had been gradually undermined. Usage superseded law, and trampled it under foot. Sentiment put logical consistency at defiance, and the American husband has thus become a legal monster, a logical impossibility, required to fly without wings, and to run without feet.

Women care nothing for logic, but they have a sense of justice and tender hearts, and to their sense of justice we confidently appeal. Who can wonder that the men are so shy in taking upon them the responsibilities of the married state? Those responsibilities all remain exactly as in old times, while the means of adequately meeting them are either entirely taken away, or are in a fair way to be so. By the law as it now is, we believe in every state of the Union, the husband cannot lay his finger on his wife in the way of chastisement except at the risk of being complained of for assault and battery, and, perhaps, sued for a divorce, and (which is worse than either) of being pronounced by his neighbors a brutal fellow. The nominal custody of the person of the wife, which the law still, in some of the states, affects to bestow upon the husband, is a mere illusion. If he attempts to lock her up, she can sue out her *habeas corpus*, and oblige him to pay the expenses of it; and if she wishes to quit her husband's house, and go elsewhere, he has no means of compelling her to return. He may sue those with whom she takes refuge, for harboring her, but if he obtain damages at all, they will be only nominal. In many of the states, laws have been enacted and soon will be in all of them, giving the wife the exclusive control of her own property, acquired before or after marriage, by gift, inheritance, or her own industry.

While the wife is thus rendered to a great extent independent of her husband, he, by a strange inconsistency, is still held, both by law and public opinion, just as responsible for her as before. The old and reasonable maxim, that he who dances must pay the piper, does not apply to wives—they dance,

and the husband pays. To such an extent is this carried, that if the wife beats her husband, and he, having no authority to punish her in kind, applies to the criminal courts for redress, she will be fined for assault and battery, which fine he must pay, even though she has plenty of money of her own, or, in default of paying, go to jail! Such cases are by no means of unprecedented occurrence in our criminal courts.

Now, what sense or reason is there in making the husband responsible for the licences of the wife's tongue, after he has lost all power to control it? If the wife is to hold her property separately, ought she not to be sued separately, both for debts and damages? If her property ought not to go to pay the husband's debts, why ought his to go to pay hers? If the husband has lost the power to control the goings in and runnings out of the wife, why ought public opinion to hold him any longer responsible therefore?

We have no objection to an amendment of the law in relation to husband and wife. Public opinion demands it. The progress of society requires it. But the new wine ought not to be put into old bottles, nor the old garments to be patched with new pieces, lest, as the proverb says, the rent be made worse than before.

But there is yet another recent innovation in the law, liable to still more serious objections. Not content with placing the unfortunate husband in an absurd and anomalous condition, not content with still demanding of him certain duties and obligations, at the same time that he is deprived of the powers and the rights essential to their fulfillment, reducing him in fact to a position hardly less ridiculous, and not at all less embarrassing, than that of a short-tail bull in fly-time—the law (as if conscious that, before entering into such an unequal alliance, the men would grow pretty critical as to the personal qualities of the women in whose power they were about so completely to place themselves) seeks to entrap us into matrimony against our inclinations, by holding, as it does, that any man who shows signs of having been impressed by a woman, becomes, if she is single, her lawful prize, and is bound to marry her if she insists upon it, or else—stand a suit for breach of promise.

Though suits for breach of promise of marriage are comparatively a recent thing, in order fully to understand their nature it is necessary to go back to the dark ages. We pretend to be protestants; we rail against the popish church; yet in how many important matters are we still the mere slaves and tools of that church! The canon law was one of the most crafty devices of the middle age theocracy, and is a standing topic of reproach against catholicism; and yet in the most delicate of all our relations, that of marriage and divorce, we protestants are to this day substantially governed by the canon law! The canon law was made by monks, men forbidden to marry themselves, and therefore destitute of any personal experience by which to shape their legislation on this subject. They had, indeed, the Roman law as their guide, but this they departed from in the most essential particulars, as being altogether too reasonable to suit their ascetic theories or serve their purpose. The monks who made the canon law looked upon marriage as a sensual and unholy state, only to be tolerated in the gross laity, to prevent something worse; and they seem to have exerted their whole ingenuity to render this sinful condition as uncomfortable as possible. Hence the excessive hostility of the canon law to divorce, it being held a just punishment of the immorality of marrying at all, that persons unsuitably or unhappily married should be kept during their natural lives tied together neck and heels, so that their torments in this world might give them, as it were, a relishing foretaste of what married sinners had to expect in the next. But while unhappy marriages were thus cursed with a perpetuity beyond the reach of the parties or the law, the ingenious canonists at the same time suspended over the heads of every happy couple the terror of an involuntary and forced separation, which should unmarry them and bastardize their children. One of the means employed for this devilish purpose was the doctrine of pre-contracts. A promise to marry was, according to the canon law, equivalent to a marriage, and every subsequent marriage to another party, pending the life of the party to whom the promise had been made, was vitiated by it. The canonists even went so far as to allow suits for the

specific performance of these marriage contracts—the officers of their courts, on the suit of some disappointed virgin, entering the household of love, breaking up the family, stigmatizing the woman as a concubine and her children as illegitimate, and compelling the man to take his legal wife—as by virtue of some pretended pre-contract she was held to be—into his house and his bed. It is from this canonist doctrine of pre-contracts that our suits for breach of promise are derived. The common law, indeed, being the work of ruder hands, is ignorant of that beneficial process of the Roman law—the suit for specific performance. In the case of the non-performance of a contract, the common law contents itself with attempting to set matters right, by awarding damages for the non-performance. In this particular case, even this defect in the common law was a very fortunate thing, as otherwise, instead of merely having damages to pay for refusing to marry against our inclination, we might have been brought up to the ring-bolt of specific performance, and forced into the yoke any how.

It is often said that no woman of any delicacy or self-respect ever would or ever does bring a suit for breach of promise of marriage. That may be so; still nothing prevents a great many women, who would be entirely unwilling to confess to any deficiency of delicacy or self-respect, from taking advantage of the law, or more properly speaking, of the public sentiment out of which the law grows and which sustains it, to force their once lovers, but lovers no longer, into a reluctant and repugnant marriage ceremony. Whose private experience does not enable him to recount instances, in which men of sensibility and honor have suffered themselves to be thus forced into unsuitable matches, of which the unfortunate result has corresponded with the inauspicious beginning? Contrary to every principle of common sense, as well as to every instinct of sentiment, as are suits for breach of promise of marriage, yet undoubtedly they are fully sustained by the prevailing public sentiment. Otherwise it would be impossible to explain the extravagant lengths to which courts have gone in inferring a promise of marriage from the most trivial circumstances—waiting on a lady home from church; go-

ing to see her of a Saturday night; asking her twice of a winter to a ball; corresponding with her, though nothing is said in the letters about love or marriage; allowing her to darn your stockings. There is, indeed, no circumstance, however light or trivial, upon which the busy tongues of a country parish get up a rumor of an engagement, which is not held amply sufficient by our courts of law to establish the fact of a promise of marriage, and to lay the foundation of a suit for damages.

It is not, however, upon these extreme cases that we rest our opposition. We object to the proceeding in any case, no matter how solemn and formal the promise, nor how often renewed. We object to the whole idea of obligation in such a case, and, of course, to the enforcement of such supposed obligation by law. The whole thing is a gross abuse—to speak the truth—a scandalous abomination. The very idea of marriage, according to any but the grossest and lowest conception of it, implies the free and full consent of both the parties to it. On the part of the man, if not of the woman, it implies something more, not a mere tacit consent, but a forward, active, joyous consent. A great deal of sympathy has been expended over women forced by tyrannical fathers to give their hands without their hearts. A miserable case, truly, but altogether less miserable than that of a man, drawn, by a false sense of honor and a ridiculous public opinion, to speak a public lie, and, in the face of God and man, to pledge himself as a husband, when he knows he cannot be one. All promises are made with this implied reservation—that he who promises shall have it in his power to fulfill. This is true even of mercantile promises. No man is held to be under any moral obligation to pay his debts, any further than he has the means to pay; and upon giving up the property that he has, our insolvent laws will discharge him from the legal obligation. A promise to marry carries with it the implied reservation that he who promises shall continue to love. The promise is not, and is not understood to be, either by him who makes, or her who receives it, a promise merely to assume the legal responsibility of marriage; it is a promise to assume the moral and sentimental responsibilities also; and if, by change

of circumstances or change of mind, it has become impossible to fulfill one part of the promise, if it is impossible to love, the whole necessarily falls to the ground.

What is the object and intent of that intimacy called an engagement of marriage, unless to enable the parties to live together in that freedom of intercourse which the mutual expectation of marriage inspires, for the very purpose of giving them an insight they would not otherwise have into each other's character, and an opportunity of repentance and retraction before taking the irrevocable step? And if this be the object of an engagement—as who will venture to say it is not—how absurd to hold a man bound to marry, by the very process of seeking to discover whether it will be judicious for him to marry or not?

Of all miserable things in this world of misery, a miserable marriage is the most miserable, yet every acute observer must have noticed that the misery of many of these marriages arises from causes too immaterial, so to speak, too spiritual to attract the notice of the casual observer. At a time when our courts and our legislatures are besieged by wives and husbands struggling to get rid of uncongenial partners; when the laws on the subject of divorce are loudly complained of in so many quarters, as failing to afford that relief which they ought, one measure, it would seem, might suit equally well both the friends and the enemies of the freedom of divorce. An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. It may be necessary to allow those married persons to separate, who have become not merely tiresome, but hateful to each other; but how much better to avoid the blunder of bringing such people together? Divorce at the pleasure of either party, after the marriage has been consummated, and especially after children are born, is limited to some very weighty objections; but what can be the objection to allowing the freedom of separation in cases where no marriage has yet been celebrated? If, indeed, to seek the intimacy of a lady with a view to discover if she is fit to be your wife, is to carry with it the obligation to make her so, at all events, we are in no respect better off than the Chinese, who marry their wives without ever having seen them. So far, indeed, as the wife's person is concerned, we have an advantage

over the Chinamen, in the privilege of seeing so much of it as she exhibits to the world at large in the street, or as she displays to a select circle in a ball-room. Looks, however, in this climate, are not much to be depended upon. American beauty fades with marvellous rapidity; while, as to the lady's temper, and mental and moral traits, which in our state of civilization are of at least equal importance with her face, if we are so impertinent as to peep into them, the law and public opinion insist that in so doing we have contracted an obligation to marry her. Thus, in fact,

we are worse off than the Chinaman. He, if not suited with one wife, can take another, and so on, till he is suited. We, when once married, are done for. We can neither get rid of our uncongenial wife nor take a congenial one. Under these circumstances, we ought at least to have the privilege of making a choice with our eyes open, and not be held by the very act of examination to have precluded ourselves from declining to accept an article, which, however taking it might seem at first sight, proves, on being more closely looked at, not what we wanted.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

AMERICAN LITERATURE AND REPRINTS.

AFTER carnival comes lent; after the access of fever, the reaction; and after the book-plethora of the holiday season, a depletion as remarkable. Last month, we were overwhelmed with new publications, and this month we are compelled to hunt them up. Yet, the month has not been deficient in literary interest, in that it has witnessed the close of the great contest between the publishers and the critics—a contest which, at one time, threatened to become a protracted Crimean campaign. We are not going to revive the dispute, nor even state the grounds of it, lest we should state them wrongly; but, we mean to say, that we are glad that it occurred, and to express a hope that good may come out of it to both parties.

It is universally felt, we believe, that the literary criticism of our newspapers is not what it should be. It is neither intelligent nor just; but, with few exceptions, a system of indiscriminate laudation and puffery. Books, which are not only utterly worthless, but pernicious in the extreme, we have seen praised, in such terms as a conscientious writer would not allow himself to use in regard to the master-pieces of eminent genius; and that, too, by critics who set up to be no inconsiderable authorities. We have seen novels, that were ungrammatical, trashy, immoral, and silly, described as works of high art, and the authors of them placed on a level with Scott, Dickens, and Thackeray. It was

only the other day—though we are not green—that we were induced to purchase one of these on the strength of notices which we read in two of the leading papers of this city, and had not perused more than fifty pages of it, when we were compelled to fling it out of the window, into a congenial mud-pool, where we hope it still rests. It was a sentimental, inflated, half-crazy rigmareole, without characters, descriptions, thoughts, or feelings, and yet it had been pronounced one of "the most instructive and entertaining romances of the day," "full of fine insight," "abounding in humor and wit," and of "intense interest." Indeed, we know of a dozen novels, that are now circulating on the rail-road cars, and covering parlor-tables, under the endorsement of leading literary journals, which have no more merit in them than a saw-dust pudding has of nutrition; and whose reputations have been entirely made by persevering puffery. This "puffery" is partly the work of editors, and partly of publishers; proceeding, in the case of the former, from a gross moral indifference as to what they allow themselves to print, and, in the case of the latter, from a knowledge of the fact that the public are always attracted by notoriety. Our reading world is, unfortunately, not discriminating. It is apt to take success, however temporary, or however produced, as a proof of desert, and to run after the lion of the moment, as children run after the circus, when it

comes into the village. More than one of our former literary celebrities, who have handsomely feathered their nests, by some sudden access of popular regard, cannot now get a publisher for anything they write, and are quite as much puzzled at their utter desertion now, as they were formerly at their unexpected triumphs. They are as dead as any of the forgotten worthies of the Lower Empire, or the historians of the era of Ramses the Great. Their entire elevation was factitious; and, having been sent up, by force, "like a rocket," they have come down by their own weight, "like the stick."

It is, of course, impossible for the newspaper writers to express mature and careful judgments of all the books they review. They cannot get time to read the new works, much less to digest them, and to write about them, with elaboration and finish. If they describe the nature of their contents, and, from a rapid perusal, state the general style of their execution, it is all that they can do, and all that should be expected of them. But they can prevent themselves from uttering unqualified commendations of books which they have not read, or which, if they have read them, they must know to be of no worth, or only of mediocre merit. They can prevent the publishers from insinuating into their columns notices written by their own paid puff-writers, and then quoting these manufactured opinions as the sentiments of the journals in which they were printed. We do not intend to say, however, that this is an habitual practice of publishers, or that it is done at all by all publishers, although it is done by some, and allowed by the editors. We wish some new satirist, like the author of the *Vision of Rubeta*, would arise, to perform judiciously the work which he undertook with so much vehemence and rancor—that of criticizing the critics, by holding their criticisms up to the light. What a funny, or, rather, what a sad exposure it would be! What an awful miscellany of remembrances for the unhappy editor? What a wild Walpurgis-dance of queer shapes—mingled of monsters, mice, and men—could the literary opinions he has expressed take form, and throng about him in living reality, as Swedenborg says our affections will, in the next world. The grotesque dreams of poor painter Blake, after a hearty pork

supper, could not have been more fantastic or numerous.

—*A Critical Dictionary of English Literature, and British and American Authors, living and deceased, from the earliest accounts to the middle of the nineteenth century*, by S. AUSTIN ALLBONE. Philadelphia: Childs & Peterson, 1855. We have here four hundred and sixty pages of this work, extending to the end of the letter C, affording a sufficient sample and promise of the complete book; and bound in triplicate to exhibit the form, execution, size, and fashion of the volume as it will appear when ready for delivery. This enables us, *ex pede Herculem*, to form a satisfactory judgment of the whole, as it will be when ready for publication.

The principal features of the work are the following:—

1. It is arranged in alphabetical order.
2. British and American authors only are within the plan; but, in several instances, writers whose works have naturalized them in the republic of English literature are included.

3. A succinct biography of each writer of note. Those of the first class are treated briefly in particulars, but with ample comprehensiveness of incident. To Addison, for instance, five columns are given; to Akenside, three; to Lord Bacon, fifteen; to Joanna Baillie, two; to Bancroft, three; to Robert Barclay, five; Jeremy Bentham, four; to Richard Bentley, six; Albert Barnes, two; to Henry C. Carey, four; and others of like rank in proportion. Less space is given to the less distinguished; but the dates of their birth, death, and of their several publications, in almost every instance, of all the host of minor authors, are punctually recorded.

4. The number of authors whose works are noticed is about thirty thousand.

5. The critical judgments of the works, and of the character and genius of the authors of distinction, are very seldom the opinions of the compiler. He has adopted the plan of recording the opinions of men of acknowledged authority upon all men of celebrity. This is promised in the preface, and the promise is fairly kept and very fully performed throughout that part of the work which is already printed.

6. The work is so full and complete as to names, that we have not been able to think

of any, among living or dead authors, whose initials fall within the scope of the sheets before us, which are omitted.

7. The dates of publication of all the books noticed are given with wonderful thoroughness and exactitude. Books which have worried and provoked us with the difficulty of ascertaining the time of which they spoke, have their ages faithfully registered in this record of brain-births. The fullness of these tables is worthy of all praise, and is of the highest importance to the general reader, who is, at the same time, a student and a thinker.

8. "The second division," says the preface, "consists of a copious index of *subjects*; so that the inquirer can find at a glance all the authors of any note in the language, arranged under the subject or subjects upon which they have written. Under Agriculture, the farmer will find authors' names alphabetically arranged; and, by turning to each one, can see the title or titles of the work or works, and probably an estimate of the value of his labors." The same thing holds as to Antiquities, Chemistry, Divinity, Drama, Law, Medicine, Biography, etc. This arrangement, the compiler very justly believes, will confer a great value upon his book, presenting, as it does, in one volume, a Comprehensive Manual of English Literature—Authors and Subjects—a Manual which is to the literature of the language what an ordinary dictionary is to the words of the language. It strikes us that Clergymen, Lawyers, Physicians, Merchants, Farmers, Mechanics, Booksellers, School Committees, Librarians, and Literateurs, must all find, in such catalogues of authors, under their several departments of science and letters, with the references afforded to critical notices in the first division of the work, an invaluable help in their several researches.

The volume will probably contain 1500 pages. The size is, we believe, called royal, or imperial octavo. It measures as much surface to the page as Webster's quarto dictionary, but is much more shapely—being an inch longer and an inch narrower, and thereby much more portable and supportable also. The publishers have done everything for the volume in paper, type, and elegance of execution, which the present perfection of their art affords—matters, in a book of this character, only

short of the importance of the authorship itself, in their available uses.

The author of the Critical Dictionary—author, we say—for, although the work is in the main necessarily a compilation, and the better for being a compilation of criticisms as well as of facts, it is by no means a servile collection of authorities—seems to us singularly well qualified, and as happily conditioned for the successful execution of his herculean undertaking. He is a merchant of Philadelphia: not a book-maker by profession. His resources are ample for his achievement, vast as it is; and, as to the spirit in which he has worked, we cannot but commend the fairness of his book in all the particulars of which we are competent to judge. Wherever he betrays a prejudice, it obviously grows out of the honest earnestness of his opinions. It is impossible that he should be free from all the biases of faith and feeling which find occasion in such a work, and just as impossible for him to repress them. Indeed, in the instances where we fancy we detect them, they may be no more than the antagonist sentiments of our own; at any rate they are his convictions, and have just as much intrinsic weight and authority as those which conflict with them. But they are never material, either as merits or demerits; they are not confused with the staple of his articles, and can work no evil to any one, either subject or reader. A healthy intellect and a good conscience are evinced wherever the author appears in person in his pages. The book is the work of years of loving labor in the field of Biography and Bibliography. It will stand long on the most convenient shelf of the libraries of the people; for it is a book to answer the inquiries started by our every-day reading; and this is not its most eminent value either, though this might be enough—it will excite to study, and direct the way for thousands who may have no other prompter or guide in intellectual industry.

—MR. T. B. READ is an artist who revives the good traditions of the great age, by painting in words as well as in colors. His genius is essentially mild, fanciful, gracious. His poem, the *New Pastoral*, is full of fair Virgilian pictures; and all who love the meadows and the quiet of green fields, will pause and linger over many of his pages. But Mr. Read has been living

long in Italy, and within the immediate sphere of a poet very different from himself—Robert Browning—and this fact, we doubt not, must go for something in explanation of the mistake which we think he has made, in employing himself upon a subject at once so metaphysical and so intense as that of the *House by the Sea*. The House by the Sea was the home of a man

“———Whose look
Seemed to reflect some parchment book,
Writ in a cave by a wizard gray,
To spirit both body and soul away.”

This man was Roland, who had lived and suffered in the world, had been “as a weed that is chafed by the beach; but now, having been thrown high out of the way of the waves, had fixed himself on his lonely perch, and resolved that henceforth his

“Sole companion should be
His sorrow embodied.”

From his window he looks over the world and the sea, and his eye fell on the “child and the light of the fisherman’s home”—a fair young creature, who comes into the poem

“Singing as if her soul would pass
Into the air, and o’ertake that bird
Which sang in the sky, less seen than heard.”

As Roland gazes on this lovely girl, at her evening prayer, old emotions rise in his heart, an unpleasant “mad demon” tempts him with a horrible laugh, and makes him cry out bitterly for death—that death may save him from being false to one whom he had loved, and wronged, and lost, and on whose dying heart he had sworn an oath “to be true, ay, as true as the tomb to her dust.” His departed Ida comes back from the spirit world to interpose between the tempter and her lover. Then begins a drama, of which the ingenious reader will easily foresee the end, but not as easily the machinery. The demon throws ashore in a storm the form of a beautiful woman, which Roland rescues, and bears up to his house. The beautiful woman revives, and, wonderful to see, is his own lost Ida! She tells him a tale, most mysterious, of her misfortunes, and of how she came to be drowned! He, simple soul, is quite deceived. The false Ida of course finds the fisherman’s daughter, Agatha, and lays a spell on her, whereby, after a good deal of suffering and song, Agatha, driven to despair for Roland, leaps into the sea. Roland plunges after her, deems her dead,

and bears her to the church. Just as they reach the sacred hill, a serpent-ring, which the false Ida had given to Agatha, “leaps from her finger, and as lightning, passes a crooked flame that vanished in the grass.” Of course, in the church Agatha comes to life under Roland’s kisses. The false Ida stands without at the doors, like a wild beast beyond a circle of fire; and, seeing her plans all come to naught,

“Shrieked a fiendish shriek of wrath,
And with a hollow, sepulchral sound,
Her body fell upon the ground,
And lay a corpse along the path!”

Well rid of his demon, Roland lived with Agatha, his wife, who daily grew more and more like his “lost Ida;” he kept no more aloof from men, but “lived and moved”

“Among his fellows revered, beloved.”

having learned that the worst temptations are not in the world, but within the darksome, selfish mind.

Such is the theme of the poem, ill suited, as we have said, to the poet’s genius, but treated at least with tenderness and feeling. If the *House by the Sea* is not so grand and awful as the builder could have wished, it has, at least, some chambers which only a poet could have planned, and is adorned with not a few true and lovely pictures.

—A piece of work, which ought to have been done long ago, has been done, at last, and very well done, by Mr. FRANK MOORE. The *Songs and Ballads of the American Revolution* is a collection of the most popular lyrics, in which the Whigs and the Tories of England and America gave vent to their opinions and sentiments, in those days of trying struggle, through which the great colonies passed to the power and dignity of independent states.

Our fathers were by no means so familiar with Apollo as with Vulcan and with Mars; and, it must be confessed, this record goes to prove that the Tories, who had the worst of the battle, had the best of the ballads. The Know-Nothings of our day will be shocked to find that one of the most popular of the revolutionary war-songs was the work of an Irishman. “Paddy’s Epistle” is decidedly superior to most of our native effusions, in rollicking spirit and lyrical movement.

As illustrations of the temper of the times, these Ballads are invaluable; and

Mr. Moore has done a good service in collecting them. We have been specially struck with the evidence they afford, that the notion of separation from the mother country was one of slow growth, and very reluctantly admitted by the popular mind. It is clear that our ancestors felt themselves to be contending for their rights as Britons, and that they, as well as all thoughtful men in England, knew that the liberties of England were at stake in the New World. Mr. Moore's book is printed as well as its decided merits deserve; and it makes one of the neatest volumes of the season. Moreover, it has a good index; a merit which we specially notice, because we consider the man who makes a good index to a good book to be a public benefactor, of no ordinary sort.

—Still handsomer than Mr. Moore's book—indeed, in some respects, we think, the handsomest book yet issued in America—is a small volume of *Selections from the Writings of Walter Savage Landor*, edited by GEORGE S. HILLARD, and published by Ticknor & Fields, of Boston. The paper of this volume is soft in color, delicate in texture; the print is the large, grave, clear, and graceful type of the earlier days of printing. A worthy casket, in short, it is, for the finely cut cameos and polished gems which Mr. Hillard's taste has selected from the affluent cabinet of Landor.

It is strange that a writer so large of heart, so brave in spirit—a man, of genius so unquestionable, and of such ripe culture—the last, and by no means the least, of the literary giants of the past age—should be so little known, as Landor certainly is, in America. Of all Englishmen, he should be the most familiar to right-minded and high-souled republicans; and we shall be glad, indeed, if this beautiful volume shall serve the purpose intended by its accomplished editor, and prove a tempting vestibule to the temple of genius and wisdom, which has been reared by the author of the *Imaginary Conversations*. We ought not to forget that Mr. Hillard's book is enriched with a fine steel engraving of Landor's strong, stubborn, high-spirited head, taken from a drawing, which we owe to the friendship and the talent of the Count D'Orsay.

—The *Cousin Veronica* of MISS WORMLEY is a novel, mainly of Virginia life, although a few of the opening and closing scenes are laid in England. It turns upon the clauses

of a singular will, which a heady old gentleman, Mr. Lomax, made in regard to the disposition of his property; whereby it was to go to two cousins, in case they married each other within a specified time. These cousins had been attached to each other; but this method of binding the bargain, by making the inheritance of property conditional upon it, was a pretty sure way of rendering them doubtful about the sincerity of their attachment. The course of true love between them does not, therefore, run smooth; but, at the same time, after some divagations and ripples, gets to the end that the reader wishes. The story is well told, with a good perception of character, and a marked local fidelity. A little more humor and variety in the incidents would relieve it; but, on the whole, it is a sensible and interesting tale, suggesting sound truths, and awakening good feelings.

—The *Ravelings from the Web of Life*, by GRANDFATHER GREENWAY, as Mr. C. J. Cannon calls himself, is a series of vigorous tales, varied in character, but healthful and sound. There is a vein of humor in some of them which shows a genial nature on the part of the author, and a close observation of the oddities of American life.

—The *Blind Girl of Wittenberg* purports to be a translation from the German, and we suppose it is, though it would have been more satisfactory to the reader to be told more about the original. It is a story of the time of Luther, in which that decided and peculiar character plays a principal part. He is vividly drawn, in all his impetuosity and boldness, and with an occasional glimpse at his weaker side. As a picture of the time, it is painted with no little fidelity.

—Among the other novels of the month, are *Amy Lee*—by the author of *Our Parish*—and *Lily Huson*; the *Autobiography of an Orphan Girl*.

—The woman who was the first, we believe, in this country to break through the prejudice which excludes the female sex from the liberal professions, Miss HARRIOT K. HUNT, has written an account of her life. It is called *Glances and Glimpses*; or, *Fifty Years Social, and Twenty Years Professional, Life*. We opened it with expectations of finding an original and impressive narrative of peculiar experiences; for we

though that a person capable of achieving so signal, and, as the world goes, eccentric a career, would be equally capable of describing it with a marked and bold hand. But we must say that we have been somewhat disappointed in Miss Hunt's book. It is earnest enough, truthful enough, and vigorous enough—a hearty protest against the monopolies which man has taken to himself—but otherwise rather dull. The events of her life have not been very astonishing, nor are they told in a very skillful way. She has fought (manfully, we were going to say, but wont) valiantly for the rights of her sex—has encountered a good many rebuffs, and has traveled extensively over this country; but for some reason or other, she does not invest the incidents of her course with any special charm. Her sentiments are noble, her purposes good, and her judgments of men and things both honest and charitable; but she does not possess the art of conveying to others her own impressions with vividness and magnetic power. It is owing, perhaps, to the fact that her nature is deficient in the poetic element, that we find her narrative slightly tedious. Or, perhaps, the fact that the work is one of principles rather than of events, has, to a certain extent, falsified the promise of the title, which holds out the hope of a look into life, instead of into abstract truth.

—*Life of St. Bernard.*—No character of the twelfth century stands out more prominently than that of St. Bernard, the pious and indomitable monk of Cîteaux. Along with Anselm Francis, Bonaventura, Peter Damien, and Loyola, he occupies a most conspicuous position among the saints of the Roman calendar. As preacher, ascetic, mystical writer, controversialist, reformer, administrator, diplomatist, and statesman, he is equally distinguished, and evinces an ability which would have won for him a foremost place in almost any condition of society. He was one of those strong, earnest natures, of which heroes are made, who grasp life with keenness and tenacity, and work out their convictions with a kind of inevitable and tremendous force, as if they were fatalities.

The "*Life*" before us is a translation from the French of the ABBÉ RATISBONNE, which is, we believe, a standard in French ecclesiastical literature, executed with skill by some sisters of St. Mary's Convent, in

Greenwich, England, and introduced by HENRY E. MANNING, D. D. It is presented opportunely, at this time, as St. Bernard was one of the most strenuous asserters of the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin, in his day, which has now become an established dogma of the Church. Written, as all biography should be, by one who sympathizes with the subject of it, we have a genial, unquestioning narrative, which meets with no critical obstructions, and furnishes a picture of the man as he must have appeared to his contemporaries. We that read it may take the opportunity to be critical, if we please, but we like biographers who allow us the chance, and do not cheat us of it by assuming the entire business to themselves, as if they alone were Rhadamanthuses, and all the rest of the world only the court crowd.

—*OLMSTED'S Seaboard Slave States.*—We have lately had many fictitious representations of slavery, but in this important work—the most elaborate and carefully prepared that we have ever read upon the subject—we have a true account, from an eye witness. The author, a young farmer of the North, has traveled at leisure over Virginia, North and South Carolina, and Georgia, to observe their actual condition, their trade, and society, and has given the result in a series of letters, written with the utmost truthfulness, and yet with vivacity. He directed his attention more particularly to the influence of slavery upon the material prosperity of the people, and has shown, as well by an array of statistics, as by his observation, and the confessions of planters, and other interested parties, that they are uniformly deteriorating. His calm, clear, and unprejudiced statement will be read with deep interest, both by North and South alike, and ought to have an effect in correcting the opinions of those who suppose slavery to be commercially a benefit. As a book of travel merely, it is highly fascinating, by its sketches of manners, etc., and as a book of principles, it is no less valuable.

—*MISS MURRAY'S America.*—A book on the United States, by the Honorable Miss Murray, is likely to secure numerous readers, without much regard to its real deserts, by these two facts: first, that Miss Murray is announced under a flourish of trumpets, as "Maid of Honor to Queen Victoria,"

which will give a fillip to our democratic curiosity; and second, that she is understood to take a different view of slavery, and its influence, from that which all English men and women are expected to take, which is something new.

As to the book itself, it is simply respectable, with nothing particular to commend it. It is made up of the letters written home, during an extensive tour in Canada, the United States, and Cuba, containing a great many personal details, of no interest to the public, and a great many descriptions of places, which have been elsewhere much better done. Miss Murray was greatly surprised at the general good-nature and civility of our people; remarks upon the delicacy and want of out-door habits of the women; says the men are physically degenerated by their excessive business anxiety, and admires the almost universal comfort. The discussion of slavery, though not very original, nor very striking, evinces an amiable disposition, and a desire to do justice to the slaveholders.

Mr. E. G. SQUIER was "formerly Chargé d'Affaires of the United States to the Republic of Central America," and, since he relinquished that lofty position, he seems to have constituted himself perpetual Chargé d'Affaires of Central America to the "rest of mankind." Some time ago, he gave us two goodly tomes of information and disquisition concerning the amorphous State of Nicaragua; he has published more articles on the subject than we have space to enumerate, and now he re-appears with a fat volume of *Notes on the States of Honduras and San Salvador*, with maps and illustrations.

The world ought to be much obliged to Mr. Squier, who has, no doubt, rendered service enough to the cause of geography, to warrant his dedication of his new "Notes" to the illustrious Ritter. The States of Honduras and San Salvador ought to be particularly grateful to him. The maps of their dominions, drawn by Mr. Hitchcock, under the direction of Mr. Squier, are the best yet given to the public; and, if we are to believe Mr. Squier, Honduras and San Salvador can never have known how great were their charms, till this new admirer came to tell them. What Nicaragua, the former object of the Chargé's special regard, will say to this political coquetry, is another question.

If Mr. Squier's fancies were as valuable as his facts, his "Notes" would be worthy of all the currency they may obtain. He writes with fluency, and describes with force. It is worth noting, perhaps, that his best passages reminded us constantly of a gay little work on the "Mosquito Coast!" entitled *Waikna*; which work, we are sorry to say, was more vivacious than veracious, and the paternity of which has never been satisfactorily fixed upon anybody in particular.

But Mr. Squier has a pet theory and a pet terror; and these pets of his, being no better behaved than pets in general, contrive to worry his readers sadly. They are as vexatious as a lady's lap-dog, that *will* unexpectedly snap at your legs; or a spoiled child, that snatches off your wig. Whenever Mr. Squier comes in sight of an Indian, a Sambo, or a negro, off goes his theory of the "irreversible laws which decree the disappearance of the lower forms of humanity." Whenever he "smells the blood of an Englishman," he jumps his terror, and scents treason in the air. The "meteor-flag" is to him a portent, dire as was a comet to the rustics of the middle ages.

If all that Mr. Squier has written, about "manifest destiny" and "British intrigues," were merely nonsense, it would not much matter. But nonsense ceases to be trivial, when it is taken up into the creed of a great party, and the policy of an administration; it then assumes an importance which forbids us to dismiss it, without inviting to it the serious attention and the decided rebuke of all patriotic and intelligent men.

—The process, known in America as "Annexation," wears, in Asia, the name of "Absorption." The phrases differ delicately enough, but the operation is substantially the same; or is varied, at the most, by some such specific distinction as might be established between an Englishman, leisurely consuming his chop in a London coffee-house, and a Yaukee bolting his chunk of pie at a railway-station. Mr. Squier subtly invites his countryman to a prospective banquet of "Annexation." Dr. ALLEN, in his work on *India, Ancient and Modern*, chronicles the gastronomic feats of "Absorption," already performed by Britons, in the East.

Such a book, as this of Dr. Allen's, has really been a desideratum. Many a stump

orator declaims about British tyranny in India, who could not, for the life of him, tell what British India is, or how it came to be British India. India is a peninsula so vast as almost to deserve the name of a continent, and it is peopled by nations which differ from each other as much as from the English nation, professing different religions, speaking different languages, governed by different laws. The history of the political changes, by which these nations have been gradually brought under the dominion of Britain, is complicated and interesting; and, unless it be clearly understood, nothing like justice can be done to the individual Englishmen, who, from time to time, have taken a prominent part in Indian affairs, or to the general policy of that great East India Company, which has been the grand agent of British dominion in Asia.

Dr. Allen was, for twenty-five years, a missionary of the American Board in India; but he writes very little like an ordinary missionary, and very much like a discreet, clear-sighted, and unaffected gentleman. He seems to deal as fairly and frankly with questions of religion as with questions of policy and economy; and he gives us a great deal of valuable information upon all subjects connected with the welfare and the prospects of India. He speaks in a firm, fearless way, of the steps by which England has mounted to supremacy in the East; but he is fully convinced that India owes to the English domination all the greatest blessings which she now enjoys.

Prosperity, peace, and progress England has given to her Indian possessions, and, in the worst days of the worst governor-general, the native populations have been more justly ruled and more reasonably treated than they ever were before by indigenous rajah, or foreign sultan. We ought, perhaps, to except the extraordinary reign of Mohammed Toghlick, who, during his forty years of power, built fifty canals, forty mosques, thirty colleges, one hundred caravanseries, thirty reservoirs for irrigation, one hundred hospitals, one hundred public baths, and one hundred and fifty bridges; and all this in the middle of the fourteenth century, while the sovereigns of England were wasting their substance in a mad attempt to ravage and desolate the kingdom of France.

Dr. Allen is satisfied that the British

power is fairly rooted in India, and we think our readers will be edified by the language in which a leading Indian press speaks of the prospects of England's Eastern dominion: "Every one out of England is now ready to acknowledge that *the whole of Asia, from the Indus to the Sea of Okhotsk*, is destined to become the patrimony of that race which the Normans thought they had finally crushed six centuries ago, but which now stands at the head of European civilization. We are placed, by the mysterious design of Providence, in command of Asia."

It is a comfort to think that the "destiny" of Asia is just as "manifest" as that of America.

—Who will not be glad to hear that Dr. Kane is about to give us another delightful book about the Arctic regions?

It is a snug thing to sit by one's fireside, and read of the perils of gallant men in unknown seas. We get the heroism without the pains and the chills, and are, all of us, better and braver men for the fortitude and the courage of our hero. We don't utter a prophecy—we merely draw an inference—when we say that Dr. Kane's new book will be "delightful." It is simply impossible that a man, who has done such good things as Dr. Kane has done, and has once described his deeds with such modesty, and taste, and feeling, should not write a delightful book.

Messrs. Childs and Peterson, who have charge of the publication, have engaged the best ability they could command, for the copious illustration of the text, and will make it one of the most elaborate and elegant works ever issued in America.

—The *Year Book of Agriculture*, by DAVID A. WELLS, is, as the title imports, an annual of agricultural progress and discovery, for the years 1855-6, exhibiting the most important discoveries and improvements in agricultural mechanics (with views of machines), chemistry, horticulture, botany, geology, meteorology, together with the statistics of American growth and production, classified tables of American patents, catalogues of fruit adapted to different sections, and details of foreign agricultural movements. Mr. Wells, the editor, is known by his *Year Book of Facts*, which records the general progress of science, and has done well in separating agriculture into a distinct pub-

lication. Its interests are now so broad, and the improvements suggested and discussed so numerous, that they require separate and enlarged treatment. In this country, particularly, the cultivation of the earth has become a matter of such vital moment, that every fact, likely to benefit it, ought to be made universally known. Our newspapers do much towards spreading the light; but their agricultural columns are, for the most part, got together with so little care and discrimination, and they are so easily lost or mutilated, that we need some permanent record of facts and statistics, such as we have in this book. We think Mr. Wells's selections are made with skill, and a wise reference to the probable wants of the largest number of readers. The illustrations are well-executed, and add to the value of his volume.

—It is rare that one meets with a book that is at the same time didactic, charming, and brief; and yet he may find it in the little essay of Mr. R. STORRS WILLIS, on the music of the churches. No person in the country is better qualified than he, by education and taste, to write on such a subject, and his neat and pretty volume is worthy of his ability. Mr. Willis has not made a learned disquisition on the technics of sacred music, but a plain, practical, and intelligent exposition of what is wanting in its present condition. He writes with vivacity, but at the same time with accuracy, and an earnest feeling of his subject. He writes both for pastors and people, and we wish both pastors and people would take up his expostulation, and give it serious heed. We are sure they will be delighted by his enthusiastic love of his art, as well as improved by his strong common sense. Nothing more needs the hand of judicious reform than the music of our churches; and it seems to us that the recommendations of Mr. Willis are judicious. We desire not only a better style of execution of music, but a more sincere and devout use of it, and a more general participation of the people in its use. What he remarks of the listless manner in which psalms and hymns are sung in our Protestant churches, must strike everybody as true; while the picture he paints of a Sunday in one of the German cathedrals, shows how much better the thing might be done. His protest, too, against the hortatory or doctrinal character of so much of

"sacred poetry," is deserved. Again we say, let both pastors and people read this little book.

—*The Criterion*.—We ought to have announced last month the appearance of this new literary weekly, and should have done so, if we had had room. It is modeled after the *London Athenæum*, being devoted exclusively to reviews of books, and literary intelligence. As far as it has gone, it has shown great intelligence, independence, and spirit. The editors, whoever they may be, are practiced writers, capable of thinking well, and of expressing well what they think. As such a periodical is much needed, we hope the undertaking will be largely supported, by publishers no less than by readers.

—*The Crayon*, heretofore a weekly, has been changed into a monthly. It preserves its old form and spirit, however, with an increase in the number of pages. As the only periodical in the country exclusively devoted to art, as well as on account of the ability with which it is conducted, it deserves the amplest support.

—*The Home Journal*, always a favorite in the family circle, adds to its usual attractions for the coming year a new poem, by MORRIS, a new tale, by WILLIS, and a new poetic narrative, by JAMES T. FIELDS. In its contributions, as well as its selections, the *Home Journal* has a character of its own—blending the light and the agreeable, in the most readable way, with the instructive and useful.

—*Frank Leslie's Illustrated Paper* is, thus far, a decided success—we mean as to its execution. The plates are as finely finished as those of the best London illustrated papers—far better than anything of the kind hitherto published among us—and show not only skill, but talent in the artists.

—We must afford space for *Dr. Antonio*. And this not only because Dr. Antonio is a delightful novel, but also because the author is an Italian, whose command of the English language, remarkable as it is, is his least brilliant attribute. M. RUFINI is a fine type of the best class of modern Italian minds, at once clear-sighted and impassioned, poetic and practical, large in sympathy and decided in conviction. It is such men as Rufini that have given to Sardinia her high and honorable rank among the nations,

and every Italian state boasts such men; Manin was not alone in Venice, nor Poerio in Naples. None see more plainly than these men the true causes of the degradation of Italy, none know better than they, how far that degradation is from being hopeless.

Rufini lives in London. His first attempt to write an English novel was attended with extraordinary success. *Lorenzo Benoni* was welcomed as a positive addition to our wealth of fiction; and the picture which it gave of Italian life, political and social, at once astonished and enlightened the English reading world. *Dr. Antonio*, too, is a novel of Italian life, full of the beauty—full, too, alas! of the sadness—of Italy. The story is simple. An English baronet and his daughter, traveling along the glorious Cornice-road, between Genoa and Nice, beneath the purple Apennines, and above the blue Mediterranean, are overtaken in their carriage, and the lady's ankle is broken. Dr. Antonio, a Sicilian refugee, practicing medicine at Bordighera, is on the road and comes to their help. The wounded lady is conveyed to the Osteria, and Dr. Antonio devotes himself to her cure. Of course, Dr. Antonio is young, handsome, accomplished, honorable—an Italian gentleman of the highest stamp. He falls in love with Lucy, and Lucy with him; but he soon sees that the father of Lucy will never consent to her union with a "foreigner." So they linger on in their dream, that must ever be a dream, till at last Lucy's brother comes from India—a great hulking dragoon—sees the state of the case, and whisks Lucy and his father back to England. Lucy suffers, goes into society, marries, becomes a widow, and goes back to Italy pale and ill, in 1848, to find Dr. Antonio a leader of the Sicilian patriots. The frightful scenes of the Revolution transpire at Naples. Dr. Antonio and Lucy come to an understanding in the moment of the outbreak; the Doctor hurries away to do his duty to his country, is wounded, captured, and

condemned to nineteen years' imprisonment.

He is sent to Ischia. Lucy takes a villa on the island; buys a yacht; concert measures for Antonio's escape; carries them through; is foiled by Antonio himself, who refuses to leave his companions, and in her despair dies. This catastrophe is the great blot of the book. It is unnatural, unartistic, thoroughly disagreeable. It is at war with the character of good sense, good feeling and dignity, which the author had constructed in Doctor Antonio. Such a bit of melodramatic heroism might be perpetrated by a Frenchman tipsy with vanity, but never by a grave, earnest, just, and rational man.

The English baronet is somewhat overdrawn, but well conceived; the Italians of the lower order are genuine, living, and breathing creatures. The style of the book is admirable, the English very correct, and just dashed with a dainty foreign flavor, which adds piquancy to its grace. Here is a scene which shall speak for itself:

"Lucy turned sharply around, and embraced at one glance the wonderfully varied scene before her. To the north, a long, long vista of deep, dark, frowning gorges closed in the distance by a gigantic screen of snow-clad Alps; the glorious expanse of the Mediterranean to the south; east and west, range upon range of gently undulating hills, softly inclining towards the sea; in the plain below, the fresh, cosy valley of Taggia, with its sparkling track of waters, and rich belt of gardens, looking like a perfect mosaic of every gradation of green, chequered with winding silver arabesques. Ever and anon, a tardy pomegranate, in full blossom, spread out its oriflamme of tulip-shaped dazzling red flowers. From the rising ground opposite, frowned mediæval Taggia, like a discontented guest at a splendid banquet. A little further off westward, the eyes took in the campanile of the Dominican church, emerging from a group of cypresses; and, further still—on the extreme cliff—the sanctuary of Our Lady Della Guardia showed its white silhouette against the dark sky."

ART MATTERS.

A month since, we were chanting the dirge of the Opera. It left us with the New Year, crowning the season with an excellent performance of "Don Giovanni."

People are asking each other, "How much did Mr. Paine lose?" Nobody asks—How much have we lost?

They went—singers, performers, and

manager—to Baltimore and Washington. But what chance had Meyerbeer and Rossini against Banks and Richardson—what hope for sweet melodies among men with souls set on the manifest destiny of Central America, and the misbehavior of this or that foreign potentate? In Boston, Mr. Paine will fare better. Boston saved Mr. Hackett; Boston may send us back our Lagrange, and our Hensler, and our Salviani, and our Nantier Didiée, wreathed in smiles, and Mr. Paine himself, with a purse fortified for another siege, and other bombardments in Fourteenth-street. And then, perhaps, we may go in a grave, conscientious way, as becomes our responsibilities, to pass judgment on Mr. Arditi's new opera—"The Gipsy"—unless, indeed, it should have been performed during the recess, as some people seem to expect, notwithstanding the dearth of singers.

It is whispered—only whispered, mind you, and that in a select circle of persons, of tried discretion—that ere very long we may have Jenny Lind in America again. She has been singing in Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, at Exeter Hall, and the critics wrote about her just as they used to do in times past. Madame Goldschmidt's voice is as splendid, her genius as triumphant as Jenny Lind's; there is nothing changed but her name, and even that alteration is masked. Tears ran down the cheeks of the good people of Brighton—just in the old fashion—when she sang them "John Anderson, my Jo;" and the great artists of England thought, with a sigh, when they listened to the Sanctus of Angels, that they might never hear the like again.

Three doors from her London residence, Madame La Marquise di Candia has just presented her husband with a daughter—a future queen of song, perhaps. Perhaps when the fledgeling shall have passed into the nurse's arms, the mamma may become Grist once more. There is Mr. Smith, of Drury Lane, who would give his eyes for her to open his new opera season—always provided the subscribers come forward, and pay up their guineas in advance.

The last of the trio of *divas*—Madame Alboni—has just been engaged at the Italiens, in Paris. They wanted her badly. Up-hill work there, too, for the manager. And though a maestro, Pedrotti, has written a new opera-buffa—*Fiorini*—where-

with the refined audience of the most fashionable of theatres have expressed their joyous satisfaction, the critics are by no means easy in their minds about its merit, or success.

With us, concerts have not been numerous of late. It is well known that all musicians are men of fortune; that most of them roll in wealth; but still, this is hardly a reason why they should go on, month after month, and year after year, giving concerts to people who, to tell the truth, don't care much about hearing them. The second Philharmonic was, however, very well attended. Something was due to Gade's graceful symphony; something to Weber's *Euryanthe*; much to the famous skill and taste of the excellent orchestra. At the next concert we are to have an overture of Cherubini's, and one of Sterndale Bennett's; the symphony is by Mr. Bristow, and report speaks loudly in its favor. Mr. Gottschalk, too, fares well. He has promised us a series of *matinées* and *soirées*. Of course, no lover of music will miss them.

We shall not see Rachel again. Pity the poor people who said, when she was here before, that there was time enough—they would go see her when she returned! She was to leave Havana on the 9th; by this time she is safe once more in the fold, and Jules Janin is a happy man. We hope he will find his "daughter" uninjured by her wanderings among the savages of America. We venture to say, he will find that she has not been gouged, or otherwise mutilated, as he seemed to apprehend; that she was never forced to dance the waltz round a camp-fire, or chased by buffaloes through the streets; that she was not always in fear of her life from the native females of the country, and that it did not always happen that, by the end of the fifth act, every seat in the theatres where she played was whittled to shavings. Startling as these facts will appear to the chubby critic of the *Débats*, he will need to fortify his mind for still ruder shocks; he will be told that audience after audience—chiefly composed of persons whose knowledge of French was so slight that to follow the play was a task—gathered to hear Madame Rachel wherever she performed in the United States, and thoroughly appreciated her; that she bore away larger rewards than were ever reaped by

English, German, or Spanish actors in Paris; and that, when she left us, the day of her departure was marked with a black stone, by all lovers of high art and classic drama.

Now that she is gone, we have nothing to do but to laugh. So we go to see King Charming and the Blue Bird, and the ugly princess that wanted to marry him, and the pretty one that he wanted to marry; and we shake our sides at the puns and the funny things that all these funny people say to each other. To see Pocahontas, too, the best burlesque ever written in America; and we laugh more than ever at the droll sayings of King Powhatan and his comical court. Why not? See what Jules Janin's friends are doing. At the Français, they have a new piece, *Joconde*, in the style of the younger Dumas, which would have brought a blush to the cheeks of Margaret of Navarre, and made Bocaccio repent his excessive modesty; at the Variétés, Clairville has reviewed the year, in a two hours' string of puns, honestly christened *Le Royaume des Calambours*. In London, people are trampling each other, to see a grand burlesque on the meeting of the Cloth of Gold, whereof the crowning charm consists in processions of gorgeously-caparisoned horses, and queer-looking knights, with long candlesticks, in guise of spears, and other enormous originalities. Pocahontas is high art, compared to this.

We hear it said that the theatres are doing badly—that the war, and the Nicaragua troubles, and politics, and the "cold terms," injure them. It must be that these sly managers don't want us to know how rich they are growing. Else, why should we have a new theatre—a very pretty one, too, with boxes à la *Européenne*, and some very good actors and actresses—springing up, all at once, and doing a famous business, without hurting its neighbors, apparently? Why should people, who are able to dig or sew, think of writing plays, in the absence of any sort of copyright? All are not crazy, and there must be nuggets somewhere, to reward so many diggers. We hear of a new five act comedy, by Mr. Brougham—whose industry is such, that Lope de Vega was a trifle, in comparison, and who, it is said, would not sleep, if he

had not thrown off, at least, a farce after supper. Of a great American piece, with a double-dyed American character, of the Western go-ahead sort in it, for Mr. M. Vickar. Of a couple of comedies, by Mrs. Bennett-Barrow, both of which are highly commended. Of farces and burlesques beyond counting—a burlesque on poor old Don Quixote, a promising subject; another, on the minstrel Blondel, whose trials and touching devotion to his master were made the subject of a pretty comic opera, nearly a hundred years ago, by Grétry—and so on.

These grapes do not grow on thorns. Some of them, perhaps, had better not grow at all. Time will do justice on what is silly and mischievous. Time, too, will surely teach that wit is not incompatible with truth, and that plays may be moral and reasonable, without ceasing to be amusing.

We are to have a child's theatre, it seems, with a host of well-known juvenile comedians, and some infant phenomena besides, whom fame as yet ignores. We hope, if this project be carried out, that the management will follow the example of the French *Gymnase des Enfants*, in the selection of pieces. When the Gymnase was started, the manager applied to several dramatic authors, for pieces specially adapted for children—with child-like dialogue, and plot turning on the passions and accidents of childhood. Our children's theatre could not do better, at first, than adapt these French pieces—many of which are very beautiful.

We must bestir ourselves, or the Athenians will call New York Bœotia. They have been importing ancient sculptures into Boston by the ton. Seventeen tons of them they have landed at once—tons of Assyrian bulls, tons of stiff Babylonian archers, tons of date-trees done upon stone. The whole to be sold for the benefit of the owners. They say the Bostonians will not let a single ounce of all these treasures go out of the city. What an excellent thing it would be for some enterprising person to buy up the whole seventeen tons, without warning to the Athenians, to unite them with Abbott's Egyptian collection, and lay the foundation of a grand Museum of Antiquities at New York!